APRIL 1931

The American MERCURY

Edited by H·L·MENCKEN

WHY PROHIBITION HAS FAILED
Richard R. Peabody

LADIES IN DURANCE VILE — *Ernest Booth*
THE ST. LOUIS *POST-DISPATCH* — *Samuel W. Tait, Jr.*
MR. CARMICHAEL'S ROOM — *Winifred Sanford*
THEIR LORDSHIPS — *Herbert Parrish*
TEAM BELLS WOKE ME — *H. L. Davis*
THE MAKING OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT — *H. Carter Davidson*
THE INEVITABILITY OF WAR — *Hoffman Nickerson*
MEMOIRS OF A PEARL DIVER — *George S. Schuyler*

Reviews of the New Books and Music

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Commander-in-Chief.*
By Thomas G. Frothingham.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$5 9⅜ x 6; 405 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Frothingham describes Washington's military operations calmly and in great detail, and though he refuses categorically, at the end, to put an estimate upon them, he plainly believes that they showed a considerable competence. Now and then, to be sure, Washington blundered dreadfully, as, for example, at Long Island, but that was not often, and usually the primary fault lay in the unreliability of his forces, or in the exigencies of politics. He had had more experience in the field than most of the other American officers of field rank, and was by no means lacking in boldness and originality. To the somewhat precise devices of the Frederician tradition he added the tricks of an old Indian fighter, and not infrequently the combination was very effective, especially in operations of the smaller sort. The capture of Stony Point may be cited. It was adroitly planned and brilliantly executed, and its effects were excellent, both on the military side and on the political. Mr. Frothingham writes simply, and though he deals almost exclusively with military affairs, the laymar will not find it hard to follow him. His maps, unfortunately, belong to the period, and are thus hard to use. His book is only sparsely documented but it has a good index.

A VAGABOND TROUPER.
By Jefferson DeAngelis & Alvin F. Harlow.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$3.50 8½ x 5⅝; 325 pp. *New York*

Mr. DeAngelis's autobiography is more interesting and instructive than most works of its sort, for he has a better story to tell than the average actor, and he is a more modest and amusing man. The usual hollow boasting is pleasantly absent, and so is the usual silly pretension to high social consequence. No less than 277 of his 325 pages are devoted to his early days as a poor trouper—in the Western mining camps, in Australia and in South Africa. Born in San Francisco in 1859 as the son of one of the early minstrels, he was thirty years old before he got his chance on Broadway. He did so well that he was presently in great demand as a comedian in light opera, and during the thirty-five years following he passed through a hundred or more parts. Of late he has abandoned opera for straight comedy, and at seventy-two he is still active. His real name, he says, is Jefferson DeAngelis, and the common assumption that he is a Jew is not sound. His paternal grandfather was actually a Corsican resident in Brooklyn, who married an Englishwoman. His maternal grandfather was a German named Loudenschlager, married to a girl born in Ireland. DeAngelis himself married a young English widow whom he met in South Africa, and lived with her happily for more than forty years. His story is full of odd stuff, and his collaborator, Mr. Harlow, has written it in a very effective manner. The book is illustrated, but lacks an index.

UNDER THREE TSARS.
By Elizabeth Narishkin-Kurakin.
E. P. Dutton & Company
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 231 pp. *New York*

Mme. Kurakin was on terms of intimate friendship with such celebrated figures in the last years of the Russian monarchy as Alexander II, Alexander III, Nicholas II, Prince A. M. Gorchakov, and Chief Councilor Pobvedonostzev. The present book, edited by René Fülöp-Miller and translated by Julia E. Loesser, forms her memoirs of those days. There is a great deal of material in it that will be valuable to the future historian. Mme. Kurakin was a shrewd observer of character, and her political sympathies were very liberal. What she says about the last of the Romanoffs agrees with what everybody else who knew him has said about him: "A man of small horizon and a narrow outlook. . . . His adolescence began comparatively late, and he developed slowly. . . . He had no confidence in himself. . . . and could not issue an order without immediately beginning to doubt its wisdom, and revoking it, or if the latter course were impossible, he would be willing to compromise." There are fifty illustrations. An index is missing.

ADAM FERGUSON & THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN SOCIOLOGY.
By W. C. Lehmann. The Columbia University Press
$4.25 9 x 6; 268 pp. *New York*

Ferguson was a Scotch preacher, philosopher, and economist, who lived in the years 1723-1816. For a time he was professor of pneumatics and moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, and his numerous writings on social questions, particularly "An Essay on the History of Civil Society," commanded the respect of Adam Smith, Hume, Robertson, Gib-

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WHY PROHIBITION HAS FAILED

BY RICHARD R. PEABODY

THE revolt against accepting Prohibition as a *personal* way of living is so widespread, so persistent, so blatant, and in many sections of the country so complete, that it can only be accounted for on the ground that the desire to drink alcohol is based on a fundamental psychological urge. By personal way of living I mean the manner in which an individual expresses himself in his actions, rather than in his lip service to the Puritan ideal, or in his attempts to satisfy his conscience by "right voting" at the polls.

The popular reasons for this failure are superficial even when plausible; they are illustrations of the *expression* of a desire rather than a profound *explanation* of it. Because the true explanation rests, I believe, on elemental psychological bases, efforts at enforcement will be as impotent in the future as they have been in the past. On the other hand, if the desire to drink did not have such far-reaching roots in the individual psyche, Prohibition would have been an accomplished fact when the stocks of legally obtained alcoholic beverages had been exhausted.

This article is not concerned with the merits or demerits of Prohibition, nor with determining the point that it has reached on the scale between success and failure. Both these questions have been treated exhaustively in the Wickersham report. The sole present purpose is to show the psychological causes of that wholesale disregard of the law which has at last been recognized officially.

As a preliminary, let us consider the conventional reasons why Prohibition has not prohibited, even to the very modest extent that its most skeptical critics originally anticipated. Why has the intended Sahara become a battleground for bootleggers who have so planted it with oases that, in the more densely populated parts of the country at least, a foreigner might (and frequently does) wonder if Prohibition is anything more than a name?

This inability to enforce the Volstead Act is popularly attributed to five main factors.

1. The attitude of the older generation has been one of stubborn refusal to accept a radical change in its mode of living. In the beginning it was hoped that the members of this group would willingly renounce the more liquid sins of the flesh for the sake of their own offspring in particu-

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lar and posterity in general. If they could not bow to the inevitable gracefully, then they were to die of thirst in silence. Unfortunately for the drys, they have done neither, and it is patent to all but Fundamentalists and professional evangelists that they never will.

2. If Old America is recalcitrant, Young America presents an even more discouraging problem to those who labor for Prohibition. The members of the new generation, it seems, think it is smart to drink, and are more determined if possible than their elders to show their independence. Their only concern with theory is to be opposed to that which interferes with their own good time. The great majority are no more conscious of doing wrong when they break the Eighteenth Amendment than are the citizens of Mississippi when they break the Fourteenth. (This phase of the enforcement problem has been a particularly bitter pill for the drys to swallow, for they were confident eleven years ago that the adolescents of that day would be saved from the ravages of alcohol because they themselves had had the wisdom to legislate it out of existence.)

3. The motivating philosophy behind this illegal behavior is said to be an exaggerated individualism which is apparently in revolt against all conventional authority and morals. People who are afflicted with this perverted egocentricity seem determined to drink what others who tend toward cupidity seem equally determined to sell them. All, except those whose "thinking" is indistinguishable from wishing, admit that this state of affairs has led to an appalling condition of corruption and violence, but they are still trying to persuade themselves that it is a legacy of the Great War and therefore transitory.

4. Another reason offered for the current alcoholic lawlessness is that Prohibition has not been in existence long enough to have its merits made clear to the general public.

5. The fifth and last excuse need not seriously concern us, for it is merely a matter of mechanics. It is still argued that enough enforcement agents have not yet been employed at a rate of pay sufficiently remunerative to offer competition to the bribes of the bootleggers.

This, I think, is a fairly complete if somewhat brief statement of the conventional reasons that are given for the failure of Prohibition. But, as I have said, those with any validity are in reality nothing more than descriptions of the actions arising from an underlying desire or urge.

Why, for instance, is the older generation so persistent in doing something that has been made illegal, expensive, and to some extent unattractive if not actually dangerous; and why does the younger generation continue to enjoy and search for contraband goods, now that the novelty of becoming intoxicated has worn off and they are no longer conscious of becoming he-men when they indulge in liquor? Why are both these groups so determined to amuse themselves in a manner that they admit is to some degree detrimental, unless they are actuated by a very powerful motive?

Whether conditions under Prohibition are the cause or the result of the present attitude of "every man for himself" is beyond the scope of this article. The fact remains that billions of dollars would not be spent in breaking a law unless that particular form of lawlessness was interesting to millions of people who, far from belonging to the criminal class, are well represented throughout society, whether it be considered from the racial, religious, economic, or social point of view.

The time element is rapidly becoming a

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better argument for repeal or moderation than it is for continuance of the present régime. A great many people who originally felt that Prohibition would be desirable if it could be enforced are now definitely convinced that such is not the case. They feel that the attempt to coerce the determined will-to-drink of what is at least a large minority (and which would probably prove to be a large majority if conduct rather than votes could be tabulated) has brought so many attending evils that the law as it stands should either be repealed or modified, and money no longer squandered in a futile attempt to compete with the bulging war-chests of the rum-runners.

One competent observer, Dr. Raymond Pearl, writing in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for December, 1928, has suggested that the phenomenon of theoretical abstention going hand in hand with open indulgence is to be explained by the fact that there exists in our national character a more or less unconscious hypocrisy, rooted in Puritanism. This trait expresses itself in the willingness to pass legislation for the benefit of others, but always with an unspoken refusal to allow one's personal liberty to be so circumscribed. Or to put it another way, this discrepancy between theory and behavior is clear evidence of a desire to go on record as supporting virtue at the polls and henceforth to consider the debt to virtue paid. If this is true, and there is, I think, little doubt of it, the country is in reality far more intent on drinking than even a rapidly rising wet vote would indicate.

This exposition explains adequately the contrast between the laws and the customs relating to drinking. But it is a philosophical approach to the problem, and philosophy, whether individual or collective, has its roots in psychology.

II

For those whose attention is not entirely absorbed in questions of moral conduct perhaps the most striking feature of drinking is its universality in the past as well as in the present. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that some form of alcoholic beverage has been drunk at all times and in all quarters of the globe, save where a fanatical religion has been successful in preventing it.

More interesting even than racial history is the observation of the great variety of types which seek pleasure in drinking under the most contrasting conditions. The poor and the rich, the genius and the moron, the fortunate and the dispossessed, the young and the old, the religious and and the non-believer, east, west, south, and north, all contribute their quota to the great army of those who to some extent depend upon alcohol as a means of environmental adaptation.

What is the underlying reason for this world-wide, age-old demand for a substance which has in the last analysis some degree of unpleasant reaction—a reaction that is dependent, to be sure, on the amount taken and the organism taking it, but which has been the source of permanent help to relatively few and of disaster to many?

The answer is comparatively simple. People drink for the same reason that they do almost everything else, because they want to; *and they want to because alcohol temporarily produces a state of mind extremely gratifying to certain basic instinctive urges.* Inasmuch as the damage done in this process of gratification is not very apparent, save to the dissipated, the average normal drinker will only renounce his medium of adaptation to social life after such a struggle that the goal of the

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Prohibitionists cannot possibly justify the violent measures necessary to reach it. As time goes on the legal and executive methods required to make the United States dry will appear less and less feasible except in the eyes of fanatics and those with something to sell. *Because the underlying psychological motivating urge to seek gratification in a stimulant-narcotic has been too strong, Prohibition has been a failure.*

This is why the drys will be fortunate if they can maintain such "successes" as some of them seem to feel that they have achieved thus far. For this reason they are more likely to lose in the next decade most of the "gains" they pride themselves they have made in the last eleven years.

Those who have never imbibed cannot be expected to understand that the real causes for drinking are rooted in instinct-sentiments. On the other hand if any one equipped with the most elemental knowledge of dynamic psychology will analyze his mental reactions to even a small amount of alcohol, he will discover, I think, that his reasons for taking it are more fundamental than a mere determination to beat Prohibition, and more complicated than an apparently childish desire to have a good time.

After making such an analysis few men would dispute the statement that the pleasurable states of mind arising from the use of alcohol as a beverage may be grouped under two headings: (1) Those which produce a feeling of calmness, poise, peace of mind, in other words relaxation; and (2) those which enhance the feeling of self-importance, ego-maximation, or will-to-power. Exhilaration results from the fusion of these two effects.

The first (relaxation) is sought by all men at all times; it is universal, it is fundamental. It is at the root of all our systems of comforting philosophy. It is the ultimate object of all our efforts, whether of work or of play. We want to be happy, which is another way of saying that we want a peaceful and relaxed state of mind.

The second reason (the desire for ego expression) is one of the primary instinctive urges, the other two being self-preservation and sex. In modern times the thwarting of the instinct for self-preservation as a conscious stimulation to unhappiness is for the most part restricted to war, for civilization has put a very great majority of the people beyond the reach of habitual violence, destitution, and chronic disease. Whether sex is more or less of a fundamental force than the ego I shall leave to the schools of Freud and Adler to determine. However, despite the Puritan obsession with the sinfulness of sex, I believe that the satisfaction of this impulse, for the majority of *men* at any rate, is far more common than an adequate ego adjustment in such a highly complex and competitive civilization as exists in America today. Even those who favor sex-repression as a more fundamental cause of psychic motivation will not, I think, dispute the importance of ego-repression as a determinant of action, and so the correctness of this thesis will in no way be contingent upon whether the sex or the ego urge is the more important.

Unless a man is in very serious difficulties, he not only forgets all his troubles but he feels as if he had realized his highest aspirations, once he has taken a few drinks. Intellectually, to be sure, he can remind himself of reality, but if he does so he is as unaffected by the remembrance as is a little girl by the knowledge that her dolls are not alive. He is calm, poised, and self-assured; the past is forgotten, the present is attractive, and the future is going to be one long, sweet song. As he continues to

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drink his affective inhibitions are more and more released from the constraining influence of an oppressive civilization and he can and does become pleasantly emotional over prosaic and trivial events. This desire to exercise constantly the emotions is not given the consideration that is due it when the motives behind our conduct are analysed. It is the root of many of our pleasures, particularly those of more childish men. It accounts for the wide popularity of organized athletics, as well as for the theatre, the movies, and the great bulk of our "literature."

But above all the man under the influence of drink has a glowing confidence in himself. Only such portions of the past as are stimulating come to mind; he is careless of public opinion, for nothing can dim the splendor of his self-sufficiency. Money, health, and fame are just around the corner, when they are not actually at hand. Laziness and reticence are replaced by an exaggerated energy which strives to express itself in any capacity and direction. Everything is possible and everything is good fun. Whatever his troubles may be, the drinker temporarily feels able to handle all situations that may arise, with gusto as well as with equanimity. While this description may vary with the individual and the amount consumed, it is a faithful picture of the average man's normal reaction to alcoholic stimulation. At times, to be sure, he may weep about nothing at all or criticize himself in a disparaging manner, but you may be certain he is doing so because he is as much amused by this form of emotional detumescence as are his friends by their laughter and boasting.

When in sobriety he reviews his alcoholic conduct and finds on the debit side only a headache, a slight loss of efficiency, a few foolish remarks, and here and there a Puritan with a long face, is it any wonder that the next time he has to take part in a social function he seeks to dispel worry, overcome fatigue, and in general loosen up by recourse to a stimulant-narcotic that has been accepted socially for centuries? Why should he be deterred because he knows a few drunkards? He is not expected to give up smoking because his friend John Doe has a tobacco heart. He has found a way temporarily to nourish a starving will-to-power without taking any time or trouble, and at a price which seems to him by no means exorbitant.

III

Let us now consider the conditions which are most conducive to imbibing alcohol. In my experience in the treatment of inebriates (men who take their first drink, at any rate, for much the same reason as their more moderate friends) I have found that the desire to drink is particularly conspicuous under three different mental conditions: (1) When the individual is unusually happy, particularly if this happiness is accompanied by excitement; (2) when he is bored or fatigued and therefore wishes to induce condition number one; and (3) when he is worried or unhappy.

The last stimulus for drinking is so obvious that it needs no further explanation. The second is somewhat the same, though it may be suggested that a great many men are doing things of a social nature which makes them ill at ease when they are not fortified by strong drink. But they feel impelled to do these things because their friends are doing them, and they do not know of any other method of escape from the dismal void of their inner mental life. No other form of diversion and relaxation from their fatiguing responsibilities suggests itself.

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An understanding of the first situation, that of drinking when in a happy, excited frame of mind, is less obvious. My own theory is that people are more easily thrown off their emotional equilibrium than they have any idea of, and that as a result of this emotional dislocation they are not as happy (calm and confident) when they are pleasurably excited as they appear to be even in their own conscious minds. The confidential revelations of apparently self-assured people often disclose a surprising amount of shyness.

So when they are forced to meet a group of their friends and acquaintances in open competition *they are afraid of them*, unless the meeting has such a definitely intellectual purpose that it either satisfies or diverts their attention from their own egos. The larger and more imposing the crowd the more they are driven into themselves (introverted) if they are sober; and they become extroverted, *i.e.*, expansive, self-confident, and poised, to the extent that they become intoxicated. Strangely enough, the more conspicuous they are the less conspicuous they feel.

If the foregoing explanations of the urge to drink are valid, to what nation in the modern world are they more applicable than to the United States of America? This is the country *par excellence* of extremes. Men are rich one day and poor the next. The quest for power is inordinate. The gambling instinct seems to be in the blood, so that the large majority of Americans go through an almost uninterrupted cycle of ups and downs. Competition is keen and ruthless; youth more and more forces middle age into the discard. The Yankee, though seemingly cocksure, is in reality full of uncertainty, and well he may be. The pack is at his heels and he must keep going or fall by the wayside.

As a result of this continual battle with his environment the average man is almost perpetually in a state of elation, depression or uncertainty. If by chance he escapes these demoralizing moods the sensation is so novel that he is bored if not actually frightened. Part of the population has its nerves constantly agitated by the high-speed life of the big cities, while a still larger part sits monotonously in front of some individuality-crushing machine or laboriously follows an agricultural implement back and forth across the fields. It is hard to tell which manner of living is worse for the nerves.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the great majority of men emerge from their work bored, worried, depressed, or unduly stimulated. Too many days out of the year they feel the need of a solace, a sedative, a pick-me-up, particularly if there is something to be "enjoyed" in the evening. For a good time with friends is still relentless competition, and the fact that it is social rather than economic does not diminish their fear of failure. They must be as amusing as their neighbor, and if he has bought his rejuvenation at two or three dollars a pint they cannot afford to be handicapped by failing to avail themselves of the same elixir.

Of course, these reactions of the individual to his environment are human before they are American. The inhabitants of all the Northern countries at least drink for much the same reason as do those of the U. S. A. But here the pace is swifter. Though competition is keen the prizes are open to all and hence the fear of failure is correspondingly heightened. The same reason (emotional and environmental instability) that has made America a nation of bad drinkers, relatively speaking, has also made it a nation of individuals who are determined not to give their drinking up, law or no law.

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Whether Prohibition was passed by intimidation, unconscious Puritanical hypocrisy, misguided patriotism, or sincere but unreflective idealism, no one can ever tell. But intelligent and honest lawmakers, capable of analyzing a national psychology, should have realized the futility of attempting through legislation to deprive a nervous, high-strung people of a narcotic that has been socially acceptable since the beginning of time, even though this same narcotic tends in the long run to make them slightly more nervous and high-strung.

It may be suggested that as my time is spent in treating chronic alcoholism (a serious and abnormal nervous condition, with which this article is in no way concerned) I have become warped in my theories concerning the moderate use of liquor. Some readers may consider that I have confused normal with abnormal alcoholic behavior, and that as a result unnecessarily complicated explanations have been given of a relatively simple procedure. It may be argued that the majority of normal men drink because it amuses them to do so in exactly the same manner as it amuses them to play golf and read the *Saturday Evening Post*. Though I grant the plausibility of such a line of reasoning when the subject is viewed superficially, I unhesitatingly challenge its fundamental validity.

Save in those cases where alcoholic beverages are enjoyed solely for their taste (an exceedingly rare phenomenon in America, even in pre-Prohibition days) I believe that almost every drink of alcohol is taken in the effort to modify or eliminate some undesirable mental condition, some manifestation of fear, even when this condition is unconscious and takes such a paradoxical form as pleasurable excitement.

Such being the case, I believe that the satisfactory enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is as impossible of achievement in the preponderant part of the United States as is the enforcement of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments in the Southern portion thereof.

As long as the gods continue their practical joking, *Homo americanus* will attempt to defend himself with *spiritus frumenti*.

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LADIES IN DURANCE VILE

BY ERNEST BOOTH

A HAPHAZARD, emergency building scheme had placed the women's department in one corner of the main prison yard. It was a low, two-storied, U-shaped building. The lower floor, facing the men's yard, was occupied by the captain's office and the runners' desks, and at the corner, by the turnkey's office, the mail office, and the Bertillon room. The quarters of the incarcerated ladies were on the second floor, and over the captain's office was their work room. At one corner was their recreation room.

The results of this delightfully stupid arrangement were, for the prisoners, a constant titillation of excitement, and for the officials, the labor of constant surveillance. Such enticements, alas, know no barriers. The captain had a favorite moan: "Some of my most trusted men have betrayed my confidence because of them broads up stairs."

To go to the hospital, the women, with a matron accompanying them, came out through the turnkey's office, walked the length of a porch on which a dozen male prisoners were invariably awaiting the daily grief on the mourner's bench, and then, with their heads turning and their faces smiling, crossed the flower beds to the hospital, where another group of male prisoners were always "accidentally" lounging. Often it was necessary for them to walk through a veritable gauntlet of men, and often the men knew them, and often the notes exchanged contained morphine—although that was a risky connection.

I worked in the photograph gallery, a small building close to the side of the women's department. Every incoming woman was brought to the gallery, a number was pinned on her breast, and she was mugged: front and profile. A large slate, hung on her by the matron, showed her name, age, crime, sentence and nativity, and the county in which her crime was committed. That was indeed a hard-boiled bobbed- or straight-haired bandit who passed through the ordeal without shedding at least a couple of tears.

In the courtyard of the women's quarters, on the outer wall of which an armed guard patroled, there was an almost constant sound of voices. Probably the chatter of the ladies was no louder than that in the men's yards, but at any rate it *seemed* louder. If one girl called from the courtyard to another girl in the cells or work room, her voice always seemed to carry a note close to hysteria. The slightest excitement in the offices was immediately reflected by the rising of the women's voices. When in the early evenings they were in the recreation room, a small place about twelve by fourteen, they banged the piano lustily, and their singing was both a treat and a torment to the men working beneath them.

The magnetism passing between the two departments was so powerful that the walls ceased to exist. The office men visualized

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all of the girls, and discussed the probable place of each one as indicated by the sound of her voice. In short, they lived on our side of the division, and we lived over there with them. Many of us had, under one pretext or another, been in the women's department. Myself and an assistant had gone in to photograph the rooms, newly decorated for the matron; Jack from the bakery, to carry a basket of bread into their kitchen each day; several of the plumbers, to repair the bathroom; and carpenters, upholsterers, runners, shoemakers, painters, chaplain's men from the library, tinners, cooks, stone masons—all of these found work in the women's department. One day the matron said: "With all the attention we receive from the repair men, our department should be as strong as a fortress. But it seems to be always needing further repairs."

What the matron was either blind to, or philosophically accepted, was the fact that no matter how many men worked there, an army corps could not repair the calculated but surreptitious vandalism of the girls. Whenever one of the small wooden tables in the cells was broken, it went to the carpenter shop. It was repaired, painted and returned—with the legs hollowed out and filled with generous quantities of smoking tobacco, notes, matches, or narcotics. Meanwhile, the matron bemoaned the fact that the girls smoked! This vice seemed to worry the chaplain also. He wanted them to lead pure lives, free from all taint. He counted that day lost when he did not go to their quarters and pray with some girl struggling for the higher ecstasies. What he never discovered, apparently, was that some of the girls slipped notes into his coat pockets, and that these notes were later extracted by the prisoner librarians when he returned to his office.

The first girl that comes to mind, of the many I saw pass through, is one Blanche. An attractive hula-hula dancer, she had worked with a carnival, displaying her charms in the sideshow for which her lover sold tickets. Following the performance he would usually have to listen to the importunings of some yokel who had, that night, become enamoured of Blanche. It was hard to arrange a meeting with her, her lover would protest. Just because a girl was with a carnival, that didn't mean that she was easy. She was a nice girl . . . She was supporting an aged mother, two shell-shocked brothers, etc. . . . But still——

The yokel would become insistent, and the argument continued until the lover ascertained the size of the yokel's purse. Well . . . If he would stick around after the show closed, perhaps the beautiful hula dancer would speak to him . . . but there was nothing certain . . . He would have to see her himself.

Invariably he did. Often, because of his position in the town, he preferred to talk where the lights were not bright. He could, and did, walk with Blanche, guiding her down streets which insured safety from prying eyes. The lovely climate of California was a boon. For on those mild, scented evenings, what lovelier scene of love than the star-sprinkled night?

Blanche's lover was an expert at selling tickets, but his real specialty was collections. When the idyllic strollers had reached a sufficiently secluded spot, the yokel would suddenly experience an emotional thrill—a thrill compounded of the sight of a revolver and the command: "Get 'em up!"

Relieved of his money, he usually bade Blanche a hasty good night and departed swiftly. But there was, in the end, one staunch supporter of law and order who left the field and galloped straight to the

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constable's office. He may have been a gosh darn fool to go gallivantin' with that dancer, but, by God! right was right and wrong was wrong—he would have the law on 'em. And he did.

I first saw Blanche in the turnkey's office. She and her lover were being booked together. When the matron told her to come over to the photograph gallery, she whirled and threw her arms about her lover. She clung to him with a long drawn-out kiss that should have lasted a lifetime. The matron and turnkey smiled. Several prisoners working in the office grinned. One wit called: "Time!" And after Blanche had tightened her embrace in a last convulsive sob and then released her lover to stagger drunkenly after the matron, one of the office men exploded: "Boy, that's real love!"

While she was being photographed, Blanche smiled dreamily, happily. I got the impression that she had not yet come to a realization that she was in prison.

II

Grace, whose fourteen-years-served had bestowed on her the title and dignity of con-matron, was a large, dark-haired, generously built woman. She had disagreed with her husband years before, chopped him up, put him in a trunk, and shipped him to a country station, thereby earning a life sentence.

Although styles had changed, Grace clung to her heavy braids, to her long dresses, to her princess figure. She had a marvelous complexion: a creamy color, with a skin that looked as soft as peach fuzz. Her eyes, dark and bold, had no wrinkles about them; and, although she was forty or more when I first saw her, she looked half her age. Her movements were quick, she walked with a decisive stride, and her large rounded capable arms were usually bare to the shoulders. Although she covered her calves, she wore very low-cut dresses which her semi-official position allowed her the choice of designing.

Handling the women in the absence of the matron, Grace was like a section foreman. Her voice carried easily, and to me it always seemed to have a hard brown autumnal color in it. When she stood on the balcony in the women's courtyard, I could clearly hear her talking to the other girls. She was not always successful in handling them.

Just before noon the squads of men working in the vegetable gardens returned along the road that ran parallel to the rear wall of the women's department. Some of them called to the girls when the wall guard was napping. Sometimes it was possible to throw a note over the wall. During this hour Grace often stood on watch within the courtyard.

One day at noon the sounds of the returning squads reached me clearly. Then I heard Grace explode: "Don't pick that up, Blanche!"

"The hell I won't," Blanche replied in her off-key voice.

Sounds of Grace's heels on the iron stairs. Sudden silence. A flurry, then the rich angry voice of Pat (Patricia Geraldine Washton), a hard-boiled Negress: "Let 'at gal 'lone, Grace!"

Other voices joined in. There came the protestations of a reedy English girl doing time for issuing rubber checks. Then the excited chattering of Dot and Mae, two hypos, one in for shooting a narcotic agent after he had ditched her boy friend, and the other for the burglary of a hotel room. Then the staccato exclamations of an Italian woman, a gaunt angular vixen with the nose and eyes of a hawk. She and her

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husband were doing time together for possession of a still. Into the rising whirlpool of voices there came a new sound. It was the authoritative metallic voice of the matron:

"Stop! Stop! Blanche, Mae, Dot, Washton! I'll isolate you all for a month! Stop! Stop!"

The rising voices held steady a moment, then, like water running out of a tank, the noise subsided into uneasy gurgling. Over this came the disciplinary admonitions of the matron. Dot and Mae should go to their cells. Pat should return to the kitchen. Grace was to bring Blanche upstairs and the matron would attend to her. The rest of the girls, immediately, under threat of going without lunch, were to return to the dining-room . . .

Beside me, on the rail at the entrance to the photograph gallery, was the locksmith who had a corner in the gallery. He was a former railroad switchman. He grinned. With his large pop eyes in a sun-and-booze-reddened face, he lifted the grin until it puckered the corners of his eyes and he looked like an old house dog. "Them cats," he snickered, "is just naturally onery. They bust 'em locks on the cells on purpose, 'an when the cap'an sends me up to fix 'em, them cats cuss hell outa me."

I left him and walked toward the front porch. I wanted to see a friend who was coming in with one of the garden squads. At the edge of the building I stopped. There on the porch was Blanche's lover, trying to explain to the captain that the guard on the wall had erred in singling him out as the man who had thrown that note into the woman's courtyard. The matron's quarters were directly over where he stood, and doubtless Blanche could hear him. He was loud and vehement in his denial, but he lost the argument.

With a guard, he passed around the end of the building and down the sloping road to the dungeon cells. They were located directly beneath the place where on Sundays men knelt to pray.

The windows on this side of the women's department were barred and the glass was frosted, but into one of the panes had been let a metal circular vent which rotated. By removing one of the leaves, the girls had a sight of the gallery and the road to the dungeon. I glanced at the window and saw the leaf removed. I assumed that Blanche was watching her lover's departure to the dungeon. But just then her voice mounted in a scream that rose above the combined voices of the matron and Grace.

Out in the courtyard I heard Pat, too, expressing herself. The girls at the vent in the window shouted something unintelligible. Blanche's screaming was coming from the matron's quarters, but it grew louder as she fought through the sewing-room. Hastily the leaf was replaced. A moment later Blanche was in the room, fighting furiously. Grace was calling out loudly in that brown tone of hers, so heavily weighted with hatred. The matron seemed to have her hands full with Dot and Mae. Out of the yard came the hard-boiled declarations of Pat. Then she came upstairs and entered the corner room. By now probably twenty of the eighty women confined in that small building had joined in the free-for-all. The electric bell over the captain's office door insistently implored aid.

While the captain and several guards prepared to enter the courtyard, it was discovered that the key was with the turnkey, who was out to lunch at his home. With his short black mustache bristling, the captain came to the locksmith for help. While that worthy sought through his bag for a duplicate key to the lock, the riot in-

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creased in violence. Glass was broken from a window in the corner room. Some one hurled a chair at the other window, and the leg of the chair stuck out between the bars. Glass danced on the pavement.

Pat's activity in the corner room was marked by some of the highest pitched screaming I ever heard. The matron yelled in horror. Pat lunged with a knife, and the matron retreated until she was pressed against the bars of the glassless window. Grace appeared against the other window, and Pat's frenzied "I'll cut you loose from all you evah owned!" became a regular chant: "I'll cut you—LOOSE—from all—YOU evah owned!"

Then the matron was slugged. She turned imploring eyes to the window and to the captain, still waiting for the locksmith. Her hands clasped her stomach. "Oh, I'm *so* sick . . . Oh-o-o . . . Help, Captain, Pat is murdering me!"

She dropped from sight. In the window now appeared the tousled blonde head of Blanche. Seeing the captain, she loosed a stream of objurgation that would have done credit to an evangelist. She traced the genealogy of both the locksmith and the captain from the time when they were trembling movements in the primeval slime. And she returned them to that state with a thoroughness worthy of a scientist. Through it all the captain stood with his hands in his pockets, his eyes calm, his teeth chewing slowly on his mustache. In a whine he urged the locksmith: "Better hurry up a bit, Jim. They're needing us upstairs."

Eventually the captain, the locksmith, and three guards entered the courtyard. Behind them the large iron door closed. Some of the girls, having dropped the matron and Grace, hurried down to meet the captain. There was a swift clash of forces. Through the partition it was easy to follow the battle. Pat threatened the captain with her knife. He loudly invited her to do her worst, and then dropped her with a punch to the jaw. Suddenly the door opened. I saw the locksmith fighting with the Italian woman and a large Swedish girl. The captain was trying to shake off Mae, who had fastened her teeth in his hand. Two girls were prostrate beside Pat. Blanche scurried up the stairs with several other girls.

The guard who came out before the door was closed was a squat, broad-shouldered man with snow-white handle-bar mustaches. He always walked with a precision that provoked chuckles from the prisoners. He had gone in with the captain. The door had closed behind him. There had been the sound of that first furious encounter. The door had then opened. Out he walked: his carefully kept mustaches bent all out of shape, his cheek cut below the eye, and his coat ripped completely up the back. Like a little duck he walked, looking neither to the right nor to the left, directly through the office, across the porch, and along the path to the front gate. In his wake his torn coattails fluttered.

Gradually the turmoil lessened until only one girl's voice was raised. She had been down early in the fight, and she now started where she had left off. She was captured and forcibly escorted up the stairs. Suddenly her voice stopped with the abruptness of a radio turned off.

Presently, the captain came down, his hands bloody, his clothing torn. The guards followed, likewise disfigured. But it was the locksmith who attracted most attention. His heavy blue-grey pants and shirt had been ripped to shreds, and one of his eyes was swollen shut.

"What a beaut!" one of the men near me exclaimed.

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"Think so?" the locksmith inquired, belligerently.

As the captain and guards went out the front gate we were alone.

"Yep, I think it's very appropriate. You sure lent the captain a lot of assistance—locking them broads into them cells. He ought to get you a parole."

"Uh, huh," the locksmith smirked, "I did good work——"

He was interrupted by the man who spat at him in loathing: "You lousy——! You ought to be wearing a badge!"

Later I learned that it was Blanche the hula dancer who had kicked the locksmith in the eye. And several years later, when prison was but a memory to Dot and Mae and Blanche, and several of us were together at a party in San Francisco, I congratulated her on the kick.

"That one wasn't so hot," she smiled mischievously. "You ought to have seen the darb I caught Grace—right in the nose!"

I asked her what started the row, and she said that nothing started it; it was just always there, waiting below the surface, ready to break out at any time.

Memory of the lover who had come to prison with her returned to me and I asked if she had seen him since his release.

"Him!" Blanche was contemptuous. "I should say *not!* He was nothing but a hoosier kid I picked up to work with. He beat it right back to the plow when he got out. I got a regular guy now."

III

One of the prisoners was a cultured woman serving time for so-called criminal syndicalism. She was wealthy, educated, and carried herself with a dignity that even the prison uniform could not efface. I admired the fine disdain with which she viewed the mugging process. I admired her reserve in answering the brutally embarrassing questions of the entrance clerk. I admired her friendliness with the girls, and it was to me small wonder that even the matron called her *Mrs.* Loring.

Although prison life was strange to her, for she had been on bail until after the highest court had affirmed her conviction, she had that easy adaptability which ever bespeaks tolerance, intelligence, and a broad understanding. Thanks to her influence, some of the ancient atrocities of the women's quarters were abolished. The girls were allowed increased privileges. When a situation became unbearable, and the tormented girl was frantically seeking any emotional release from the awful reality closing in upon her, it was to Mrs. Loring that she always turned. Even Mae, ruthless, rowdy little gun-moll that she was, respected her.

"What did she do in the way of work?" I asked Mae.

"Same as the rest of us. She could have been boss of the sewing-room anytime she wanted. Or she could have had the ace job of taking care of the matron's rooms. But she just stuck with the bunch, and sewed that baggy old underwear same as the rest of us."

"How long did she do after I left the joint?"

"About a year or so. They wanted to parole her. But she had the notion that by taking parole she was somehow pleading guilty, and she always said there was no guilt attached to her." Mae wrinkled her forehead. "It's hard to figure out, sometimes." Again she frowned heavily. "I don't give a damn myself—I'm a thief, and nothing they can ever do will hurt me. But Mrs. Loring, now, she was different. That jolt did hurt her bad. But she wouldn't let it show, and all the time she

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was helping other girls, getting them jobs to go to on parole, or writing letters to judges and D. A.'s getting them to lay off some girl who was trying to get out. She had her friends outside see a lot of people in my case. I'd probably done my time solid if she didn't get the explanation to my judge that I only killed that narcotic snitch because I was hooked at the time, and that in prison I got off my habit and was ready to take my place in society and all that bolony. And all the time Mrs. Loring knew that I was getting junk through those religious books that the psalm-singers used to bring me from a friend who loaded them up outside. But it didn't make any difference to her. She knew that it didn't do no one any good to stick too long in that madhouse . . . She was one hundred per cent!"

Mae blew out a long breath. "Geez, I get all mushy thinking about her. Give me a drink."

IV

Facing the women's department, but separated from it by seventy yards of flower garden ("The Garden Beautiful"), was the first building of the men's cell blocks. On the second tier were ten or twelve double cells in which condemned men were stored. In the afternoon these men exercised on the pavement in front of the cell block. There they could see the girls going to the hospital, or going out to receive visits (ironically called "receptions"). There, also, they could hear the voices of the girls, and, in the evenings, listen to their music and see their forms, dimly, against the frosted glass of the windows.

I have often watched the eyes of the condemned men follow the girls as they crossed the garden. Since they had nothing to lose by an infraction of the rules, they frequently waved or called to the girls. By adroitly hiding notes along the edge of the pavement in the evening, when the condemned men were locked up, several of us prisoners were able to supply them with a certain sad entertainment. Just why a "guy waiting to be topped" should develop a passion for a distant girl whom he could never hope to see nearer than seventy yards is one of the mysteries of the human mind.

In the corner room of the women's department was a window with another vent through which the girls could watch the condemned men playing catch or walking. Notes dropped through the gallery side of the room were easy to collect in the evening. The large Swede girl, who had been in the middle of the battle with the captain and guards, became infatuated with a tiny killer in Condemned Row. I learned of it when I opened a roll of camera film which the matron had sent to the gallery for development. One of the girls had inserted a note from the Swede in the film roll, asking me if I would get it to "that little guy in the next to the end cell that's waiting to be topped for killing that 'Frisco copper."

I agreed readily and after that got notes regularly from both parties. The Swede's notes were dropped out of the vent in the window, and the killer dropped his where a friend of mine in the band-room could recover them. These replies were got to the Swede by inserting them in the daily bread from the bake-shop and marking the loaf so that Pat could detect it. The notes were terse and elemental, and proclaimed deathless passion. During the swift development of the affair, for each feared the approach of the day which would mark the end of their love on this earth, I followed their meteoric passions with as keen an interest as though I had been one of the principals.

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The killer was without funds. His appeal to the State Supreme Court had been decided against him. A new date for his execution had been set. He had less than fifty days to live, and love. The Swede was serving a five-year term for larceny. She had stolen a flock of jewelry while employed as a maid. When arrested, she dumbly refused to answer questions after her initial explanation that some man had taken the jewelry from her and vanished.

When the killer had less than two weeks of life left to him, I noticed the Swede going out for a visit. During the walk to the front office, her eyes remained on the killer, who was leaning against the cell block smiling at her. At first she looked at him dumbly. Then she appeared to realize that he wanted her to smile back. A broad tender grin broke through her usually placid face, and for that instant, with the sun burnishing to golden yellow her magnificent hair, and her ample arms half raised toward him, she looked like a Norse goddess. She missed a step, lagged behind the matron's vision, and swiftly threw a kiss to the killer.

The condemned men were in their cells when she returned from her visit. That night I got a note from her for the killer. She told him that she had arranged to surrender to an attorney all her hidden stolen jewelry as a fee if the attorney would carry the killer's case to the United States Supreme Court.

He did, and for more than a year the killer remained in communication with the Swede.

Then one day he accused her of flirting. He had seen her, he asserted. When she was stepping off the porch she had smiled at one of the office men. In vain did the Swede aver her innocence. She declared that rather than have him think her untrue, she would remain immersed in the women's department. She would not even go for another trip to the hospital, where she went only because she could see him and he could see her. Those were tearful notes. The killer refused to write for more than two weeks. The rains began, and the condemned men did not come down for exercise. Several more days passed while I accumulated that many notes from the Swede which I could not pass on until a clear day.

But the killer would write no longer. His appeal had been dismissed and again he was sentenced to be hanged. On his last Wednesday evening, when he was taken from the condemned cell and walked across the yard in full view of the Swede at that small vent in the window, he did not look up.

It was Mae who explained the other side of the affair. "That Swede could have been paroled any time after she had served a year if she would kick back with the slum she stole. But she refused parole, gave that shyster the slum, and did her whole jolt solid."

V

Some of the women had husbands serving time in the prison. On visiting day there came out of the women's department a line of twenty girls. At that time there were a hundred women in quarters built to contain thirty. In the visiting room the women entered at the end usually reserved for free visitors, and the men came in on the other side. I was visiting with a friend one afternoon when in trooped the men. Quickly they angled for seats at the long narrow table. In the middle of the table was an upright twelve-inch board which prevented visitors holding hands and passing forbidden articles. When the women came in on the other side, the husbands

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leaned across that board, disdaining the chairs, and there, locked in embrace across a two-foot table, was a solid wall of delighted couples.

It was impossible to hold any conversation with my friend unless I shouted. Listening to the chatter, my mind ran back over the passionately worded notes of the Swede. If only she could have known one such visit! . . .

"Listen honey, I got a lousy job now . . . Yep, right in the middle of all the dust in the jute mill—it's plain hell!"

"I told that con-matron that ifen she didn't lay offen me, I'd report her to the warden."

"Aw, don't do that! You know, its different here. You can't do like what you would outside . . ."

Then a complaining woman's voice: "Why don't you get a shave? Your whiskers are like wire."

A thin ascetic prisoner, who was bookkeeper in the furniture factory: "Really, Ethlyn, I think there should be different places for the various—ahem, inmates, to visit their wives."

And his wife, a beefy woman with glasses pinched into her nose: "Oh, *this* is nothing to what *I* have to endure up there."

Her sigh mingled with the other voices. The room was filled with lamentations.

But there was one woman who did not visit with her husband in the outside room. Mary was about eighteen, a slender kid who looked as if she were not yet ready to graduate from high-school. When she was mugged, her tears flowed easily, and the resultant distortion of her features would not have been recognized by her mother. The slate hung on her by the matron announced that Mary was serving life for a murder committed in Los Angeles.

Her youthful husband was in the condemned cells. Theirs had been a hot, tempestuous marriage. She was in Los Angeles, alone; he was in Los Angeles, and possessed the cash of a recent robbery. Three days they knew each other. She believed him to be a bond salesman. She asked him nothing of his business. She had found and married a good-looking husband, one able to provide for her, and she was happy.

One day, shortly after noon, he returned to her. A friend helped him into the house, then drove away. Carl was shot through the shoulder. He and Mary were alone. She ministered to him, and despite his cautioning, telephoned for a doctor when he became unconscious. With the doctor came the police.

Carl was tried and sentenced for the killing of a pay-roll guard. Mary protested that she knew nothing of his operations. But the neighbors told of seeing another man bring Carl home, and Mary, even in the face of an indictment for murder, persisted in her story that he had come home alone. All this was commonly known when she came to prison. She had been called the Tiger Woman by the papers.

Her first trial had resulted in a disagreement. At the second the district attorney made it plain to the jury that under California law *all* accomplices, regardless of how far they were removed from the crime, are equally guilty with the principals. As soon as that fact had soaked into their minds the jurors found Mary guilty.

Carl's appeal having been decided adversely, he was due to be hanged in May. It was March when Mary arrived. Because one of the condemned men a few months previously had obtained poison and taken an easier death than the State had awaiting for him, Carl and Mary

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were permitted to visit in the captain's office but twice before he was moved up to the death cells near the scaffold. The first visit was a few days after Mary's arrival; the last was on the Wednesday evening before the Friday morning of execution.

The visits were both short. Mary came slowly from the captain's office on that Wednesday evening after lock-up. They had spent less than ten minutes together. Carl was already dressed in the new blue-grey clothing which he would wear until a few minutes before being hanged. He walked behind Mary a few steps along the porch, and his face was as radiant as though he beheld a vision. Above his collarless shirt his muscular neck and clean-cut features pulsed with vibrant life that seemed to defy any attempt to strangle him.

"Don't you worry, Mary," he called, while his guards paused on either side of him. "The lawyer said I'd get a commute, *sure*. They're only taking me upstairs now to throw a scare into me. It'll be all right." His voice held the high confidence of youth.

Mary stopped at the door of the women's department. The matron loomed large beside her as she smiled bravely; "All right, Carl." There was a catch in her throat. "I know everything will come out . . . all . . . right."

The matron opened the door. Mary turned suddenly, with one hand pressed to her lips, and stepped quickly inside. The guards, Carl, and the captain following them, left the porch and went down the road past the dungeons into the alley between the hospital and the trades building. Up three long flights of iron stairs they climbed the last mile to the top of the building.

That night there was no music in the women's department. The voices drifting down from the form-shadowed windows were subdued. Over the place hung an atmosphere of hushed waiting.

Thursday passed in a drizzling rain. The girls in the rooms upstairs seemed to have lost the power of speech. There was no noise from the courtyard. Even the strident voice of the Italian vixen was silent. Late Thursday afternoon the rain broke, and overhead the clouds were shattered by the last shafts of the sun. Just after lock-up time there appeared over the distant peak of Mt. Tamalpais a huge field of blue sky circled with golden-edged clouds. Through this came the last brightness of the day. It flooded the prison grounds until the darkness started creeping up out of the flagstones. The upper story of the women's department was bathed in a wash of sun, as though a large spotlight had been centered on the window with the vent. Gradually the darkness crept higher, and the wall was drawn into grey shadow. Lights were turned on and the windows appeared as yellow luminous glows. The shadows of the girls passed or stood silently before them.

Friday morning a ghostly grey fog drifted off the bay and shrouded the tops of the walls. The air was heavy with the salty tang of bitterness. Against my will I remained at the railing of the photograph gallery, watching the routine preparations for the execution. When the men from the trades building came straggling up to their cells, and the doors slammed behind them, and the visitors and witnesses came in through the main gate and passed down the road and climbed the long stairs to the execution chamber, and the yard was cleared of everyone except an office man or two, still I remained seated on that railing. There was about the whole scene an air of unreality. It was

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as though I watched the movements of dim figures in a horrible dream. Once or twice I caught the eye of an office man, then quickly averted my gaze. The fog drifted lower, poured, it seemed, from a huge invisible hand intent on obscuring for this hour all of the prison buildings. The men in the cells were unusually quiet.

Bolts released on the main gate sounded loud in that sepulchral quiet. The warden stepped into the yard. He was wearing a long black overcoat, and his dark hatbrim almost met his upturned collar. His face was a pale white wedge. He walked silently through the yard and disappeared in the grey swirls of fog.

Until that silent figure crossed the yard there was hope of a reprieve. But in his entrance, and with his passing, there came the thought: Before he comes *back* across that yard, a man will be strangled.

From my hunched-up position on the railing I glanced up at the lighted window with the vent. The leaf was out. The window showed two figures pressed against it. Mary, also, had seen the warden pass . . . Her form dissolved, left the window, and a single girl remained on watch . . . The seconds of the next few minutes crawled like ghoulish ants across my spine. And I visualized that girl up there in a room filled with silent women. She, too, was waiting.

The huge weight of the trap dropped with ponderous decisiveness. Through the heavy salt-bitter air that thud came with a sickening hard finality. More minutes dragged through my benumbed mind.

Again the warden appeared, now walking rapidly through the fog, as though he would lose in it a pursuing ghastliness. . . A gentle murmur rose in the cells. The prison stirred. Life moved again in the women's department. I heard the whirring of sewing-machines. At the window there was no shadow. The leaf had been replaced in the vent.

Down through the awakening life there came the brown autumnal voice of Grace: "Get to work girls! Get at your tasks!"

Suddenly her voice rose in harshness: "Mary, go on in and get to work! Go on! Go on! There's nothing more to wait for. It's all over!"

Then through that thin pane of glass, and out into the heavy fog, there came Mary's cry: "All over?" And all the bleakness of the endless years before her was in her final anguished scream: "Over? God, no! Its just *starting*!"

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THE ST. LOUIS *POST-DISPATCH*

BY SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR.

When Joseph Pulitzer the elder prepared to draw up his will, no oriental potentate, approaching death without an heir apparent, ever faced a more harassing problem. To dispose of the Pulitzer lands and chattels, of course, was easy enough; what perplexed him was which of his three sons should be chosen to carry on in the office of the New York *World*. Whether his choice was Ralph or Herbert has been disputed, but one fact is clearly inferable from the will: that it was not Joseph the younger. As to him, the opinion of his father seems to have been that he should continue with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, a good enough paper, to be sure, but nothing to grow excited about. The *World*, not the *Post-Dispatch*, was the old man's darling, and upon its continued success, so he seems to have thought, depended the family pride and honor.

During the Summer of 1930, one of a long series of rumors was circulated through the office of the *World*, now come upon days of evil. This one was to the effect that Joseph the younger might shortly remove to New York from St. Louis, and attempt to save the *World* from its crushing losses. Beneath this rumor there may or may not have been a basis of fact, but at least one thing was plain from its very existence: a genius had misjudged the ability of his own son. For in the years since Joseph Senior had executed his will, the *Post-Dispatch*, under the suzerainty of Joseph Junior, had completely realized the Pulitzer ideal of a newspaper which should be absolutely independent of all party and financial interests, should be constantly fighting vigorous and interesting battles, and should at the same time make a lot of money.

What the old man contemplated in the way of a fighting newspaper is preserved in innumerable letters and notes in the hands of his secretaries and editors. I know of no better expression of his ideal than his own words, as quoted by Harold Stanley Pollard, his literary secretary during the last five years of his life, to wit:

> A newspaper should be more than a first-rate newspaper, printing every day first-rate news and first-rate editorials. It should have hobbies, undertake reforms, lead crusades and thereby establish a name for individuality and active public service.

The words may be taken as the authentic platform of the *Post-Dispatch*. Its owner might remove to New York and devote all his attention to the *World*, so neglecting the *Post-Dispatch* that sometimes one man had to write its entire editorial page. But it never ceased crusading and preaching reform, and under the editorial direction of products of the old man's own practical and highly efficient school of journalism, it kept on hewing to the Pulitzer line.

One of its earliest crusades was against tax dodging. The paper had sound data,

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it gave names and dates, and it won. In 1898 it charged that corruption had characterized the granting of a franchise to a local traction company. Again it won, for finally eight members of the municipal House of Delegates went to the State bastile. But its victory came only after it had, as a side line to the boodle exposure, poured a good deal of acid upon Harry B. Hawes, then president of the St. Louis Police Board.

His friends at once set up the demand for vengeance. It was a day when sin was still admitted to exist in St. Louis, and the names of its more important rendezvous had been heard even by the young hopefuls of West End Sunday-schools. The political, legal and journalistic brethren drank beer nightly at a dollar a quart in Mammy Lou's place, while Negresses danced and sang bawdy ballads. Newspaper men often drifted from one carnal scene to another till there was only time enough left for a shave and a shampoo before going to work. Once, after such a night, an editorial writer, arriving at his desk still somewhat befuddled, found there a demand for editorials on a Russo-Japanese naval battle, the Panama Canal, and the politics of Iowa. He handled all three subjects in one editorial, and had the Russian and Japanese navies fighting a battle in a canal up in Iowa—and the edition carrying it was on the streets before anyone around the office noticed the achievement.

The apologists of Hawes proposed that the police catch some prominent employé of the virtuous *Post-Dispatch* in a house of joy, and parade him through the streets in a patrol wagon, with a sign on each side proclaiming who and what he was and where he had been arrested. But for a reason best known to themselves, the police never did anything of the sort. Perhaps no prominent employé of the paper ever went to such places, or perhaps Hawes' sense of decency—if, indeed, he ever heard of the proposal of his defenders—would not allow vengeance of this sort, or perhaps he did not care to incur the hatred of an institution that might conceivably be very useful to the career of an aspiring statesman. If the last possibility is the correct explanation, then he was, as I shall presently show, a man of true vision.

II

The late American crusade for democracy is properly regarded by members of the staff as witnessing the birth of what they are fond of calling the new *Post-Dispatch*. That campaign of international uplift, enforced bond buying and destruction of the Bill of Rights started the news department toward national prominence, and so devitalized the editorial department that it had to be completely reorganized. The crusade made one editor, and confused another so badly that he voluntarily gave way to his political antithesis.

The editor it made was Oliver K. Bovard. A man of remarkably even temper, he yet has the faculty of picking helpers whose enthusiasm for their tasks never seems to falter. Under his rule in the news room, a long line of enterprising reporters have come to maturity at their craft, including Ben H. Reese, now city editor, Carlos Hurd, John T. Rogers, Clair Kenamore, Roy Alexander, and Curtis A. Betts, the last of whom has for some years covered Missouri politics for the paper.

When the Missouri troops went to France, Bovard sent Kenamore along as special correspondent. On the surface, this

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innovation seemed to be nothing more than an astute bid for increased circulation. Actually it was the turning point in the paper's history, for it indicated a realization upon Bovard's part that the *Post-Dispatch* should possess a news service at once more distinctive and more personal than any with which either the press associations or the New York *World* could provide it.

From then onward until the establishment of the paper's own Washington bureau, the steps in the development of that news service were almost inevitable. For that bureau Bovard picked the able Charles G. Ross from the Department of Journalism of the University of Missouri, Raymond P. Brandt, who can treat of a subject of governmental technology so that even statistics seem attractive, and Paul Y. Anderson.

The last named deserves almost as much credit as Bovard for the present fame of the paper. If Bovard charted the new course of the *Post-Dispatch*, Anderson has so far done more than anyone else to steer it over that course. A native of the State that produced the anti-evolution trial, he stepped out of the obscurity of East St. Louis correspondent of the paper by gathering authentic data about the race riots at that place in 1917. When the *Post-Dispatch*, in 1923, launched its crusade to get freedom for the political prisoners who had been run into jail by government Cossacks, it was Anderson who performed the field work. When he was through firing, the political prisoners were out of jail, and the first national crusade of the *Post-Dispatch* had become a triumph.

The oil scandals are rightly Anderson's own show. Not only was he the one reporter present when the curtain went up, but to him must also go the credit for reopening the picaresque drama by causing an investigation of the corrupting activities of the Continental Trading Company. In 1925, when the paper, risking a suit for libel and a citation for contempt, presented evidence to Congress which led the Lower House to vote to impeach Federal Judge English for abusing his powers, Anderson covered the Washington end of the case.

He is the only newspaper man I have ever known who treats his trade as though it were a profession. His working hours are seemingly determined by himself. When he is in St. Louis, his sartorial excellence may give color to the office as early as eleven in the morning, and it may not do so till around three in the afternoon. In belief he is at one with the forward-lookers who now dominate the paper. He rejects the story of Jonah and the whale, but believes in the political virginity of the Senate Progressives. This outfit of political fairies, in fact, seems to be his conception of an enlightened ruling class, and he always wires in a sizzling retort when somebody gets a light punch at any of their absurdities into the editorial page.

In fairness, however, it must be admitted that he is the most useful critic the paper has ever had. Once he even caused a gentleman who was acting as literary editor to prefer work on another local sheet to enduring the Anderson vitriol. The explanation of his unusual freedom in this respect as in others, I suspect, is that no false modesty deceives him as to his usefulness to the paper. The *Post-Dispatch* might perhaps get along without Anderson, but it would not be the paper it is by a long, long way. In almost every one of the achievements which have lifted it out of the gumbo, he has done a large share of the lifting.

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III

The same war which allowed the news department to rise above the ranks brought the editorial page down with a severe case of shellshock. Its editor, George S. Johns, a Princeton man himself, followed the Princeton mountebank in the White House. Throughout the conflict, the editorial page lifted a pæan daily to the crusade that was to bring liberty to the world, while liberty was being daily blackjacked around it by agents of the World Liberator.

When the war was over, Johns tried to get back to the Jeffersonian faith of his better days. With the aid of Sterling E. Edmunds, a lawyer and sincere follower of Jefferson, he started a movement to end the trend toward Federal centralization and bureaucracy by repealing the national income tax, and thus cutting off the fodder of the fast multiplying Federal lice. The campaign had sound legal support, and its leading editorial, distributed far and wide in pamphlet form, won much favorable comment. But just as the affair gave promise of becoming momentous, Johns blew it to pieces by opposing the renomination, in 1922, of Senator James A. Reed, the most unrelenting foe of centralization and bureaucracy that the country had seen in a century.

But the crowning error of his career was still ahead of him. In 1926 there appeared as a candidate for the United States Senate the same Harry B. Hawes who, as I have already set out, had once so strangely neglected to revenge himself upon the *Post-Dispatch* for attacking his conduct as president of the Police Board. Now he was to be supported by the paper. The editorial page, however, went much further than merely supporting the candidacy of Hawes. At the same election the people of Missouri voted on the question of repealing the State dry laws. It was naturally expected by all the thoroughgoing opponents of Prohibition that the *Post-Dispatch*, which had always been wet, would favor repeal, and would gladly help Missouri to join New York in taking the only effective step to show its wetness and its distaste for double jeopardy. On the contrary, the *Post-Dispatch*, to the surprise of everybody, declared against repeal. And by so doing, it declared, in effect, that the election of Hawes was more important than revitalizing Article V of the Bill of Rights.

Just why it did this is even more puzzling today than it was at the time, as the excuses then given for the action have lately been apparently repudiated by the paper in reversing itself and coming out for repeal of the same State dry acts. But at least one thing seems to me to be beyond dispute: only the need which every libertarian felt of compromising daily with his beliefs in wartime can account for Johns' subsequent ability to act as he did toward the repeal proposal. His case is surely not without parallel. A little thought, indeed, will recall many such performances by liberals and libertarians who gulped down the Wilson idealism.

Of all its victims, Johns, I believe, was one of the ablest and finest, and his fate hence one of the most tragic. For many years he was not only an editor of the *Post-Dispatch*; he was, in a very real sense, the *Post-Dispatch* itself. During at least two decades, a mention of the paper suggested neither Pulitzer nor anyone else but Johns. He was its public relations expert and its official toastmaster, but he was likewise its most valiant warrior and its one salient personality. In the editorial page and everywhere else, he showed a fine regard for the dignity of the indi-

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vidual and an unfailing decency. But, alas, the casualties of war were not all on the battlefield! When I joined the editorial staff of the *Post-Dispatch*, in the last month of 1926, he was a silvered aristocrat who could not realize that his philosophy of government and individual rights had been destroyed by the very forces he had so enthusiastically aided and abetted. He had been torpedoed without warning.

There was at least one member of the editorial staff who did not approve of the paper's attitude upon the proposal to repeal the State dry laws. A short time before the election of 1926, Pulitzer, as if carelessly experimenting with explosives, had tossed upon the editorial page the person of Clark McAdams. An idealistic fellow, McAdams had been with the paper so long that he felt a sort of family responsibility for its acts, and experienced a feeling of horror whenever it deviated from what he considered the path of virtue. During the strange performance when the dry law repeal was pending poison ran down his chin.

Being a devotee of the new liberalism, McAdams produced some editorials that inevitably found their way into Johns' immense waste basket or under the mass of circular letters and other junk that hid even the titles of the books lining the back of his great desk. But he managed to get enough into the paper to give Pulitzer a taste of what he could do, and this Pulitzer liked so well that eventually McAdams became editor of the page, and Johns retired to the associate editorship.

What the page needed, as McAdams saw, was not reform but revolution—in viewpoint and in method. It should not go on preaching Jeffersonianism while the news columns examined the world through the spectacles of the new liberalism. Nor should the page continue its chaste impersonality while the news columns became more and more the expression of individual correspondents. McAdams' task was to make the paper philosophically and stylistically consistent. He did it.

The day he took charge the whole organization began to click. There was no ideational or other discord with him holding the baton. In the passion to serve the plain people and to advocate forward-looking remedies for all their woes, he has no peer among the liberals in the news department. He lets out a wail for the fate of the country every time there is a new recruit for the higher income tax brackets.

Quite as momentous as this philosophical change was the æsthetic revolution he brought about in the page. The elder Pulitzer, forcing his editorial writers to lean over backwards in what one of his secretaries has called the "scrupulous effort to be impersonal," reduced even their manner of expressing themselves to the impersonality of a deaths column. Johns' style is a case in point. Though he is blessed with an exceptionally charming personality, his style is of the hard, direct, sledge-hammer sort; a tremendously effective style for leading crusades, to be sure, for it possesses great clarity and force; but one from which charm and humor have been resolutely excluded as undignified. To balance his serious leader, Johns expected the other members of the staff to furnish a daily supply of sparkling comment. Yet in his entire career, he found but one man who could write such stuff —to wit, Bart B. Howard, who can do short light editorials that are veritable gems of gusto—and Howard was allowed to waste much of his time in confecting painfully serious leaders.

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The day McAdams rose to power the Pulitzer tradition of impersonal writing was given a well deserved burial. The notion that a leader in the *Post-Dispatch* should never crack an occasional smile or display any of the characteristics of the writer was laid away without even flowers. McAdams imported directly into the editorial columns that natural, homely, almost conversational style he had developed in the humorous column he had long conducted in the paper. It is a style that can convey the most serious and idealistic notions without allowing them to become tiresome, and it has given the page a character and tone quite different from that of any other in the country. Today its leaders often charm even those who, like myself, dissent wholly from what they advocate.

The change extended even to the physical appearance of the page, and to its features other than editorials. When McAdams began writing for it, it was as full of boxes as a five-and-ten cent store at Christmas time. Today there is only one, and it is an inconspicuous one, and even it is sometimes omitted. The exchange department was revamped and systematized, and now contains a symposium on an important subject, a single long excerpt from an article in a newspaper or magazine, or an article especially written for it by some recognized authority in his field.

Even the admirable cartoons of D. R. Fitzpatrick seemed to take on new vigor with the ascendency of McAdams. A perfect newspaper cartoonist, Fitzpatrick can satirize almost anything, and some of his finest cartoons were done as an aid to Johns' campaign against Federal centralization and bureaucracy, a subject which Fitzpatrick, being one of the new liberals, probably regards as bolony. But he believes that a cartoon, like an editorial, is worthless if it does not express an opinion, and so he naturally found a more congenial atmosphere for self-expression under a liberal editor. Fitzpatrick's work is rightly kept on the editorial page: when McAdams is out hunting, the cartoon is sometimes the best editorial in the paper.

Of the crusades which McAdams has carried on, it seems to me that his brilliant battle for justice for Sacco and Vanzetti, during the first Summer he acted as editor, easily outshines all the others. It failed, of course, but, like all failures in the cause of freedom and justice, it was a noble failure, perhaps more noble than any success the *Post-Dispatch* has ever achieved. If he carried it on with almost no aid from other members of the staff, that was because of his great love for his task and his tremendous vitality. He can get others to do excellent work. I have seen him take a cartoonist and a staff who were temporarily as barren of ideas as so many Congressmen, and whip them into working condition in a few minutes, firing them with his lust for achievement and his vast enthusiasm for ideas, good, bad, and indifferent.

IV

Asked whether the present Joseph Pulitzer deserves any credit for the high standing of the paper, any man who has worked on its editorial staff of late years could honestly answer only in the affirmative. Nor would such a man be doing Pulitzer full justice by intimating that the publisher is only an intelligent entrepreneur, with a talent for choosing able superintendents. On the contrary, he takes an active part in the adoption of the paper's policies and is genuinely proud of its achievements.

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When it is waging some campaign, his tall figure is often seen speeding through the editorial room, before any of the staff has arrived, in search of some one to read him the day's leader. He sees to it that merit is rewarded with compliments at least, and sometimes with bonuses, as in the case of the men who covered the investigation of Judge English. The general level of wages is itself remarkably high. The day when a newspaper man had to duck up alleys to avoid an I. O. U. for a poker debt of ten dollars is definitely over so far as the *Post-Dispatch* is concerned.

Of course, Pulitzer, like most publishers, sometimes shows his interest in ways that are irritating. Just when the editorial department is displaying all the signs of perfect health, he may make a criticism that will send the department's blood pressure into a nose dive. Why he indulges in such behavior is not far to seek: his father did it, and so it is an element of that holy thing, the Pulitzer tradition. What is really puzzling is why the members of the staff take his criticism so seriously. He seems essentially a gentle person, and not at all the sort to excite trepidation. He may believe that editorial writers should wear curb bits, but he would never wish to use the reins in a way to cause discomfort or pain. If he lacks the force and fire of his father, that fact is a distinct advantage to his employés, for it saves them from the effects of those rages which made working for the elder J. P. such an ordeal.

Perhaps the most enjoyable feature of working for the *Post-Dispatch* is the atmosphere of freedom which exists in its office. The bosses are as tolerant as they are agreeable, and are extremely patient with peccadillos. In that office there is no son-of-a-bitch list and no registry of local sacred cows. The secure social standing of the present Pulitzer is never noticed. An advertiser who attempted to warp one of the paper's policies today would promptly be told to go to Hell, and he would be so directed whether he were a sniffish member of the St. Louis Country Club or only an obscure Elk.

V

While it is a leading exponent of the new liberalism, the position of the *Post-Dispatch* as a great national journal has not been built on mooney stuff like government operation of Muscle Shoals—which is to say, giving the Federal bureaucracy another plaything—but upon such conservative policies as getting the release of political prisoners, tracing the bonds of the oil bandits, making possible the impeachment of an unfit Federal judge, opposing such plutocratic thievery as high tariffs, and fighting for plain justice and the Bill of Rights.

Its liberalism is something else again. It is the fancy blend of political romanticism and state socialism now in vogue in the Republic, and preached alike by campus intellectuals in the forward-looking weeklies of the East and Senatorial hacks perched on dunghills in the wheat States. It is a faith chock full of inconsistencies. Advocating a skeptical attitude toward unsound theological and ethical dogmas, the liberal of today has an almost pathological weakness for absorbing and disseminating political and economic error, and for hymning the virtues of proponents of such error. Pleading for freedom of speech and of the press and of assembly, the same liberal never offers a remedy for the political and economic ills of man which does not involve more government, and hence the further enslavement of man by the state.

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To call such a faith liberalism is plainly to profane the term. Liberalism, when it was a virile faith, in the middle of the last century, meant liberty not in a few chosen respects but in all. It had no illusions about the state. That liberalism saw government as the immemorial enemy of freedom and all sound progress, as a necessary evil to be kept down at all costs. So argued Bright and Cobden and the rest of the Manchester school. Thus, at an earlier date, Jefferson had believed, as later did his most brilliant disciple, Reed. It was the liberalism, apparently, of Edmunds, and the liberalism which Johns, with the aid of Edmunds, expressed in his fight against centralization and bureaucracy.

What Johns overlooked, when he began this fight, was that the creed no longer had any popular appeal. The plain people had tried liberty and had found that it was not a democratic virtue. The liberal politicians, obliged to offer something different or go to work, resorted to making whoopee in the manner peculiar to democratic politics. That is, they began to stir up the plain people against the man who was materially better off, and who was consequently having a better time, and they set the plain people after him by the ancient devices of yelling for a policeman and creating a bureaucrat.

Liberalism, in other words, became a part of the preposterous nonsense called the Uplift: that gaudy crusade to lift up the great mass of mankind, materially and morally, by using the power of the state to pull down and embarrass the more fortunate and happier members. Between the liberal of today and the Prohibitionist there is an undeniable kinship. Is it not significant that all but three of the Senate Progressives are apologists for the Noble Experiment?

Herbert Spencer saw this emerging liberalism, and aptly termed it the New Toryism. In America, William Graham Sumner exposed it in his essays on the Forgotten Man—that is, the decent and self-respecting citizen, who minds his own business and goes his own way, and who is the inevitable victim of government on the loose. But for good or ill, the new liberalism prevailed over the old. Today the only sort on tap in the country is a Marxian brew diluted with political moonshine.

It is this uplifting stuff that is retailed daily from the editorial page of the *Post-Dispatch*. That it is retailed with seductive charm I have already stated. But that it is no drink at all for libertarians was demonstrated by the paper's treatment of the recent contest for the governorship of Pennsylvania between John M. Hemphill and Gifford Pinchot. The facts about Hemphill were obvious—to wit, that he had a spotless record of professional and political integrity, that he had achieved substantial success as a lawyer at the early age of thirty-nine, that he was a thoroughgoing wet and was forcefully saying so even in dry territory. But the *Post-Dispatch* editorial page hailed the blatant Pinchot as a messiah, and never gave Hemphill's good fight a word of praise. Why? Because Pinchot was against the utilities. That was enough to cause the *Post-Dispatch* to throw the wet issue into the office goboon, for the paper has the liberal psychosis regarding utilities. It thus put on an exhibition comparable to that of four years earlier when the proposal to repeal the State dry laws was hanging fire.

Modern liberalism, in brief, is always ready to chuck liberty, if so doing will benefit some fancy scheme of political or economic reformation. The *Post-Dispatch* here only showed its sincere devotion to

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the faith. Any legitimate charge that might be laid against the paper, in fact, would only go to show that its liberalism is unimpeachable. Did it commit such an astonishing error as saying that Pinchot was opposed by the Mellon machine, whereas the paper's own news dispatches pointed out that this putrid outfit actually supported and elected him? Then the liberal demands perfection of his idols, and will make them perfect, even if he can clear them of unsavory charges in no higher court than an editorial page. Does the paper seldom offer a remedy for any problem without proposing more laws, more boards and commissions, and more jobholders? Then it is proverbial that the modern liberal has abandoned Jefferson and the theory that that government governs best which governs least, and has gone over to Marx and the theory of the omnipotent state. The liberal has a blissful faith in the capacity of government to abolish the ills of mankind—which is to say, in the capacity of the two political rackets that run the country to abolish those ills. And does the paper insist that until the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, even if that is a generation away, nothing must be done—as, for instance, repealing the Volstead Act—to alleviate the conditions which Prohibition has created? Then the liberal is an incurable romantic, and hence often allows his enthusiasm to pervert his judgment.

It is this romanticism which is the motif of modern liberalism, and accounts alike for its chief vice and its chief virtue. That vice, as I have already shown, is the liberal's passion for following false messiahs toward equally deceptive salvations, which makes of his career a constant alteration from wild adoration to tragic disillusionment. The liberal is a man who goes on repeating his first sad love affair. Once the object of adoration is Wilson—until he becomes Woodrow I. Later it is Borah—until he becomes the Bishop Cannon of the Senate. Later still it is Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—until he is exposed by a reprint of his own decisions. Valiantly trying to lead the plain people toward a magnificent castle on a high plateau, the liberal gains the heights only to find the structure, upon closer view, to be the abandoned creation of some Specialist.

But this same romanticism accounts likewise for the great virtue of the new liberalism—to wit, its intellectual curiosity, its passion for ideas. McAdams, it seems to me, satisfies the liberal ideal in this respect as well as any editor the country has ever seen. A journalist all his life, he is astonishingly free of any taint of that cynicism which seems the hallmark of his trade. And even though he has the passion for answering false alarms, he has also the equipment to cope with a real conflagration when he finds one.

What ails him and his helpers, I suspect, is that they do not really like beer. I suggest that they cultivate a taste for the divine stuff forthwith, and thus attain to a more comfortable view of the world and of their opponents. Beer inevitably tends to make a man optimistic, and hence somewhat asinine, but it would never, never allow him to see an evil conspiracy against mankind in the siring of a new millionaire by a bull market and in the demand of a railroad or electric light works that it be treated with as much decency as a butcher shop or a bakery. I suggest that the paper intrust the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to General Atterbury and other libertarian capitalists, who will rid us of the curse if anybody can, and start a crusade to get the Busch family out of the unemployed class.

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Two weeks after that great reform is realized, and Michelob is again on tap, even the wage slaves in the *Post-Dispatch* editorial department will, I confidently predict, be cured of their socialist demonology.

VI

The future of the paper? It is safe to prophesy that its future, under the Bovard-McAdams regimen, will be at least as fine as its present. It will continue to lead crusades and preach reforms, and in so doing it will sometimes follow false prophets and make obeisance before false gods. But in every such case, the result will be because it was genuinely mistaken or deceived, and no man of sound sense and honesty will ever question its integrity. It will continue to tell the truth about corruption and injustice, and will consequently be a positive force for real progress in city, State and nation. It will keep on thundering for the Bill of Rights when the priceless guarantees are threatened by executive, legislator or judge. Finally, it will maintain its charming manner and its civilized tone.

On the whole, the old man, if he could see the *Post-Dispatch* today, ought to like it. It is as independent and as vigorous as any paper he ever published, and far more charming and civilized than most. Indeed, after looking it over, he might even wish to add a ghostly codicil to that will, in which he would make a fairer appraisal of one of his boys.

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EDITORIALS

The Impending Combat

That Dr. Hoover is eager to be renominated and reëlected next year is plain to everyone, and there seems to be no doubt that he is willing to run again, if it turns out to be good policy, with the Anti-Saloon League collar around his neck. No one in Washington, of course, knows what he really thinks about Prohibition, if in fact he thinks at all; he has himself whispered sepulchrally to the newspaper boys that, despite the message he sent to Congress with the Wickersham report, he still has what he calls an open mind. One may guess that this cerebral openness, even if it doesn't go far enough in one direction to take in the manifest facts, certainly goes far enough in the other to take in any useful block of votes. That the Anti-Saloon League brethren, notwithstanding all their misfortunes of late, will have such a block to offer in 1932 is very probable. They are in a wrecked and wretched state in all of the big cities, and, at least in the antinomian East, they are beginning to see whole States slip away from them, but they still have a pretty firm hold upon the remoter peasants, and so they may retain, at all events for one more round, a balance of power. If so, Dr. Hoover will be ready to knuckle to them next year as he did in 1928. He has been sneered at by other politicians as an amateur, but at the delicate art of keeping his principles in a liquid condition he is surely as adept as any of them.

It would be pleasant, in this situation, to see the Democrats confront him with a frank and uncompromising wet, for the campaign would then take on the character of a pursuit, and it is always amusing to see a mountebank being chased. True enough, the hon. gentleman might win anyhow, even after being driven from hollow stump to rat hole, for the Fathers in their wisdom so fashioned the Electoral College that there is a heavy loading in favor of the less populous and civilized States. But even so, the popular vote would show something, and my guess is that it would show an enormous wet majority. Thus Dr. Hoover would resume his witless and disingenuous labors with the country plainly against him, and his ensuing contortions would be even more amusing than those he now performs.

The impediment to this sweet consummation lies in the fact that the Democrats have to think of the Anti-Saloon League themselves, and will probably do so to such effect that they will go into action almost as badly hobbled as the Great Engineer. It is commonly assumed that they made a clear-cut fight against it in 1928, but that is by no means true. Al, of course, was wet enough and to spare, but his running mate, the Hon. Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, was anything but unsatisfactory to the Methodist hierarchy, and the platform might have come straight out of their Book of Discipline. One of the chief charges that the Hoovercrats of the South levelled at Al, indeed, was that he was a traitor to that platform, and I have no doubt that the charge cost him many a vote that might have survived even his sinister dalliance with the Pope. Fully a

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half of the Democratic statesmen who supported him below the Potomac and west of the Alleghanies were vociferous drys, and those who were not had precious little to say about their wetness.

The same gang will have to be considered next year. Many of them, as everyone knows, are heavy and even hoggish boozers in private life, and most of them would be unaffectedly delighted to see the Anti-Saloon League blown to Hell, and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals with it, but so long as both organizations remain puissant in the Hookworm and Goitre Belts they must be polite to them, and so long as they must be polite to them it will be difficult for the Democratic party to turn completely wet. Thus the next national convention will probably attempt much the same compromise that was made at Houston. The candidate for Dr. Hoover's bays will be quite as wet as Al, for more than a third of the delegates will be uncompromising enemies of Prohibition, and under the two-thirds rule they will be able to block the nomination of any dry. But in order to round up a two-thirds majority for their wet they will have to throw a bone or two to the drys, and one of those bones will probably take the form of a very cautious and equivocal platform and another of a dry in second place—maybe Dr. Robinson again, for he has lately renewed his vows to the Anti-Saloon League.

Thus the whole burden will fall upon the standard-bearer, as it fell upon poor Al. Has the party an aspirant sturdy enough to bear it? Let us examine the three who stand in the forefront. First comes the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is wet, but his wetness, at least in a public sense, is suspiciously recent. He waited to announce it until a few weeks before the last election in New York, and got under the wire only a nose ahead of his competitor, the Hon. Charles Henry Tuttle. Tammany, it is reported, is not enamoured of him, and certainly he has never been an open Tammany man, but inasmuch as Al sponsored him in 1928 the country has come to identify him with the Wigwam, now smelling very strongly again, and so he would enter the contest under a severe handicap. His name, of course, would help him in the West, but the fact that, through Al, he is but one remove from Tammany and the Pope would come near ruining him in the South. As for the gentleman that the New York bosses are really said to favor, the Hon. Owen D. Young, it is sufficient to say that the Democratic statesmen of the Bible country still remember what happened to the Hon. Alton B. Parker in 1904, and that they are far from eager to go into action behind another Wall Streeter. A wet will be bad enough; to take on a wet who is also a Money Devil will be unendurable. Perhaps Dr. Young realizes it himself, for of late he has been saying that he is not a candidate.

There remains the Hon. Albert Cabell Ritchie, LL.D., Governor and Captain-General of the Maryland Free State. His merits and defects set off one another in a very neat and pretty manner. He is a Democrat of impeccable record and a public official of extraordinary diligence and competence, but he comes from a small State and has no backer comparable to Tammany or the Power Trust to grease his way. He is a Protestant, but in the late set-to between the Ku Klux theologians and the Pope he took the side of the Pope. He is a Virginian by birth, but he comes of a very decent and even distinguished family, and men of distinguished family are now under the ban in the South. He is of good presence—in fact, a handsome fel-

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low—and makes an excellent speech, but his discourse is dignified and he never rants, sobs, or beats his breast. He is amiable in habit and a sincere believer in Jeffersonian democracy, but he belongs to no tinpot fraternal orders and slaps no backs. He has been an opponent of Prohibition since the beginnings thereof, but his opposition is based upon learned constitutional grounds, and there is nothing in it to enchant and inflame the common run of boozers. He is a skillful politician, highly practical in his operations and quite devoid of the messianic delusion, but the limits beyond which he won't go, even to get votes, are set about a million light-years nearer to decency than the limits of Dr. Hoover. To sum up: he is a sound Democrat, an immovable wet, a competent public official, and an enlightened and self-respecting man—but alas and alack, he is also what, in better days, was called a gentleman!

Is it actually possible for a gentleman, in this one-hundred-and-sixty-fifth year of the Republic, to aspire to the Presidency? Is the office open to one who, in the phrase of Frederick the Great, will not lie and cannot be bought? The eminent *New Freeman*, in a somewhat depressing editorial, argues that it is not, and so dismisses Dr. Ritchie as hopeless. Such a man, it says, may still seek preferment in so backward and hunkerous a commonwealth as the Maryland Free State, where Methodism is confined to the swamps and mountain valleys, and the Bill of Rights remains in full force and effect, and there is no State Volstead Act, and the police protect radicals instead of beating them, and the Baltimore *Sunpapers* wage their brutal, godless war against the uplift, and the maximum punishment for adultery is a $10 fine. But in the country at large he has no more chance than a Chinaman or a cannibal. The national taste is for statesmen of a far different sort. They must have coil-springs in their necks and rubber knees. They must smell of the cowyard and know the voluptuous, idiotic phrases of the camp-meeting. They must be as far as possible from Washington and Jefferson, and as near as possible to——

But fill it out for yourself. It may be that the *New Freeman* is right. I am surely not one to say no. However, every good Christian is free to hope for miracles, trusting Jahveh who has always fooled us in the past. As for me, I shall hold it to be the swellest, gaudiest miracle since Apostolic times if a cousin to James Branch Cabell actually awakes on the morning of March 5, 1933, to find himself in the White House. Moreover, it will also qualify magnificently as humor.

The Next Fifty Years

Sometimes I wonder what the Americans of 1981 will find in our civilization of today that will amuse, annoy and disgust them as much as some of the things we recall in the civilization of 1881. I was an infant in arms in that year, and hence could not make personal observations, but things were not much changed six or seven years later, and I remember the United States of 1887-8 very vividly. There was a porcelain spittoon in every decent American parlor, and castors still lingered on dinner-tables. The bathroom in the house I infested was floored with pine, and had pink flowered paper on the walls, and the bathtub was a long walnut chest lined with zinc. Under the washstand there was a dark and damp cupboard, and a poor Irish servant-girl, at a wage of $12 a month, spent a good deal of her time chasing and slaying the cockroaches

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that issued from it. At night in Summer I slept under a hot and dreadful mosquito-net, for there were no fly-screens on the windows, and at mealtime the flies swarmed over the dinner table. On the floors in Winter were heavy Brussels carpets, with designs suggesting the ravings of John McCullough in the madhouse, and in Summer they were replaced by brittle Chinese matting. Haircloth was going out, but the velvets and brocades that replaced it were ten times worse. The woodwork in all houses save the palaces of the rich was grained in imitation of oak, and a crescent-shaped bone-dish stood beside every dinner plate. I wore a polo cap to school and heavy flannel underwear, and travelled on a horse-car. Every Winter I had five or six bad colds.

There was a pony stable at the end of the backyard, and a manure-pit in front of it. In all America there was not a single shower-bath. The schoolroom I frequented was heated by a stove under the mantelpiece, and the boy who sat next to it fried every day. In Winter I wore rubber boots to school, along with ear-muffs and pulse-warmers. I carried my lunch with me, and it was cold and soggy. Milk was supposed to cause intestinal stasis, and was drunk as little as possible. The night air was blamed for pneumonia, rheumatism and malaria. It was considered a good thing for a child to get its measles and chickenpox as soon as possible, and so have done with them. When the family doctor was needed, some chance colored boy was sent for him, and he not infrequently arrived in a state of liquor: he was thought to be better drunk than any of his rivals sober. The milkman brought his milk in a large can with a spigot, and the servant-girl went to the curb with a pitcher to get the day's supply. Pullman cars were decorated like bordellos, and the more advanced saloons had little galleries at one end, with telegraph operators in them, to take the baseball scores. A woman who smoked cigarettes needed no red light. Cuffs were detachable and neckties were ready-tied. Paper collars and Congress gaiters were just going out. A pleasant present to an elderly gentleman was a gold tooth-pick with a ring on the handle, to attach it to his watch-chain. The first United States Senator that I ever saw also had a gold ear-pick, shaped like a small shovel. Thousands of American men crowded into theatres nightly to see women's legs. A business men's lunch, consisting of soup, a meat dish, two vegetables, a piece of pie and a cup of coffee, cost a quarter.

What will they laugh at in 1981? First of all, of course, at Prohibition: it is plainly quite as swinish as any of the swineries of 1881, or even of 1781 or 1681. Dr. Hoover will be a comic character comparable to Rutherford B. Hayes, and no one will believe seriously that such a man as Bishop Cannon ever existed. But after Prohibition, what? I nominate the appalling sweating that nine Americans out of ten do in Summer. Once they froze in Winter and sweated in Summer; now they are decently heated in Winter, but in Summer they still sweat. Why this should be so I can't make out. It should be an easy matter for any competent engineer to design a cooling system for dwelling-houses, but so far it has not been done—at all events, not in a way to bring it within the means of most of us. Dining cars are now cooled, and so are barber-shops and movie parlors, but even the best hotels are furnaces from the beginning of July to the end of September, and most private houses are infernos. All this will be gone and forgotten by 1981. I'll be 101 years old then, and probably somewhat feeble, but I'll be comfortable at last.

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Another thing they will laugh at is the traffic jam, 1931 model. Long before 1981 the poor cops, with their platyhelminthine heads, will be relieved of the job of regulating motor vehicles, and it will be turned over to intelligent men. People will howl with mirth over faded and fly-specked movies of old ladies dodging taxicabs, and streets blockaded by parked cars. It will be possible to walk anywhere, in that Golden Age, without running any risk of getting killed, and all the traffic cops, traffic judges and other such idiots will be long hanged and forgotten. The notion that a fat woman going shopping was perfectly free, in 1931, to monopolize 100 square feet of the streets all day will make people snicker as we now snicker at the notion that the fat women of 1881 wore bustles. And they will snicker too when they hear that it now takes longer to get from the Pennsylvania Station in New York to an uptown hotel than it takes to get from Trenton to the Pennsylvania Station. All such griefs and hazards will be abolished by 1981, as flies at the dinner-table are abolished today.

The great cities of the Republic, I predict, will be much quieter and cleaner than they are now. Nine-tenths of the noise which shakes them is useless, and might be got rid of without hindering the lawful occasions of anyone. People will marvel, half a century hence, that street-cars used to bang along the streets like drum-corps, with steel wheels thundering on steel rails. Any competent mechanical engineer could devise a way to get rid of that abominable noise. It has not been done simply because no one, so far, has thought to do it. Nor is there any sound reason in physics, whether Newtonian or Einsteinian, why generating heat and power should also generate smoke. A year of honest effort, and the air of the big cities might be made as clear as the air of the mid-Atlantic. But today, lingering in a second Zinc Bathtub Era, we are content to breathe a fog of grease, muck and carbon monoxide all compact.

The saloon will be back by 1981, and it will be lifted to a new level of grandeur. There were saloons fifteen years ago that had already become things of the highest æsthetic dignity. The best architects were beginning to design them, and they were glorious with hardwoods, lovely mosaics, and sound mural paintings. The artistic dash and ingenuity that now go into the furnishing of department-store show-windows should have gone into them: it was the Wesleyan pox that halted the process. It will be resumed anon, and carried far. Moreover, they will serve better drinks than ever before. For Prohibition has made the American people booze-conscious, and once they are liberated their natural inventiveness will burst into flower. They will concoct drinks that will be to the cocktail of today as the cocktail is to buttermilk, ginger-pop, or the coffee of one-arm lunch-rooms. They will demand better wines than are known on earth. They will spray their tonsils with beers of almost unimaginable magnificence. And they will do it in surroundings worthy of emperors. There will be a saloon again on every corner, but it will not be the damp, furtive dive of yesteryear. It will have dignity, it will have beauty, it will have tone, and in it a free people will be happy.

H. L. M.

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MR. CARMICHAEL'S ROOM

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

MRS. PHILIPS couldn't put Mr. Carmichael out of her mind. Not that he was any kin to her . . . not that he had been easy to get along with, either, in the ten years he had been living at her house; but somehow, when you have put up with a man for that long, and tended him when he has been sick, and picked up after him every day, why you can't help feeling it when he dies. And to walk in on him like that, not even knowing he was sick, and find him dead in the bed with his clothes on and his eyes open —well, as she had said to the undertaker a little while ago, it was too bad, that was all; it was just too bad!

There was a good bit of work to be done this morning around the house, but it seemed like she couldn't get to it. The water pipes, which had been frozen up tight for the last five days, had thawed out in the night, when the wind dropped, and she could have started in on the dishes stacked on the drain-board, or she could have taken the broom and swept out some of the sand which had sifted in on top of everything, but here she was, instead, shivering in her Winter coat, and rocking herself back and forth in the porch swing, like it was the middle of Summer, while she waited for long distance to locate Mr. Carmichael's daughter in Dallas.

She could have staid inside, of course, where it was warmer, but she didn't like to, somehow—not this morning. And now that the norther had blown itself out, it sure felt good to have the sun shining on her back again. It was the first pretty day they had had for going on two weeks. Well, if it kept on like this, the grass, what there was left of it after the hard freeze, would turn green, and the burning bush and sunflowers and one thing and another would come up in the vacant lots, and it would be time to plant turnip greens.

Just now, though, the neighborhood looked pretty well frozen up. Most of the front-room shades in the bungalows across the street were still down to the bottom of the windows—folks staid in their kitchens or their bedrooms mostly in cold weather —and the hydrants in the front yards were still tied up with gunny-sacks or pieces of quilts or what not to keep them from freezing and bursting, but there were a few people, like herself, who weren't afraid to stick their noses out of doors and breathe the air. She saw a plumber crawl out from under a house with a blow-torch in his hand and go off in his truck, and she saw a lady in a man's overcoat and a lace boudoir cap trying to get her car started in the driveway, and having a time with it.

Well, anyone was likely to have trouble with a car after a norther. Take that old Chevrolet, now, that Mr. Carmichael used to drive around Winter before last: it was always freezing up, and the only way he could get it started was to pour boiling water through the radiator and lay hot cloths on the carburetor. Many and many a time she had heard him swearing at it,

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with his stiff red hair standing on end and his hands so cold he could hardly manage the tea-kettle.

Mr. Carmichael hadn't had to worry much about a car this last year, though—not since the company he bought the Chevrolet from had taken it back. Mr. Carmichael had been good and sore about that, but it was like she said to him: he wasn't doing any drilling, and what did he want to bother with a car for, anyhow? No, it was just the notion of not having a car that hurt Mr. Carmichael. He had got used to a car when the oil boom was on, and he didn't know how to manage without one; that was all.

The undertaker had asked about it the first thing. Did Mr. Carmichael have a car? Did he have a drilling rig? Did he have any leases he hadn't drilled up? Did he have a typewriter? Or a gold watch, even? Mrs. Philips didn't much like him. Undertakers had to look out for themselves, she supposed, but with Mr. Carmichael . . . well, it didn't set right, somehow.

You could say what you had a mind to about Mr. Carmichael, but he wouldn't have tried to get a dead man's car away from him. He sure wouldn't. Mrs. Philips remembered when her brother was killed . . . ran into a piece of pipe sticking out behind a truck parked in the road, and died before they could get him to a hospital. Mr. Carmichael, now, didn't even know her brother, but he had tiptoed into the parlor, just the same, where she was rocking with her handkerchief up to her nose, and he had sat down on the edge of a chair, and turned his hat around and around in his hands like he was looking for a hole in it, or a stain, or something.

"We don't none of us know when it will be our turn next," he had said, in his big, hoarse voice which he never could tone down, somehow. She always told him he talked like he was yelling to a roughneck on the other side of the derrick. "Now, if there's anything I can do, Mrs. Philips—if you need any money, or anything at all, why you just let me know, see? No, ma'am, we don't none of us know when it will be our turn next."

Well, it was Mr. Carmichael's turn now, and all the undertaker was interested in was how much he was going to get out of it. And even Della Mae, likely, wouldn't waste any grief on her daddy. Her mama would see to that. For since Mrs. Carmichael had got her divorce and married the automobile salesman in Dallas, she was dead against Della Mae having anything to do with her daddy.

Well, it was just too bad, that was all; it was just too bad.

Mrs. Philips was sorry, now, that she had asked him to go after that bucket of water last night. And yet, how was she to know he was feeling bad? He hadn't said anything about it, and he hadn't looked any different from always when he ducked under the kitchen doorway and eased over to the stove where she was heating up a brick of chile for her supper. He had had a glass in his hand with what looked like corn liquor in the bottom, and he had said he wanted some water to fill it up.

"You *would* ask for water, Mr. Carmichael," she had said, "just when the pipes are froze and the bucket's empty," and then, noticing that he still had his sweater on under his coat, and his boots, she had put it up to him. "How about fetching me some water from the hotel, Mr. Carmichael?" she had said.

Mr. Carmichael had stared down at her for a minute, and then he had swallowed his liquor straight, like it was, and without saying anything, he had grabbed up the bucket and clumped out through the back

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door. She remembered now that he had been all out of breath when he came back, and that he had taken another drink, without any water in it this time, either, but he had said, "Here's to Luck!" the way he always did, and ducked under the doorway again, and gone off to his room, just as usual. She had heard him coughing in the night, when the water started running and she had to get up to turn it off, but he had coughed in the night a plenty of times before and she hadn't thought anything of it. And then, in the morning, to walk in and find him dead!

And yet, what could a man expect who wouldn't take care of himself? Mrs. Philips had warned him a plenty of times. "You're burning the candle at both ends, as they say, Mr. Carmichael," she had told him, and he had just laughed at her for her trouble.

Well, he wasn't so different from the rest of the oil men she had seen come and go. Take during the boom, now, when he was making money faster than he could spend it: he never took a minute's rest. He'd sit up with a well all night, maybe, and then he'd no sooner get back to town than he'd start off for somewhere's else . . . Tulsa, or Fort Worth, or San Angelo, and he'd no sooner get back from there, plastered with mud, likely, from his hat to his boots, than he'd have to tear out to the lease again to see what had happened while he was gone. He hardly ever used to sleep at home in those days, and there were weeks at a time when Mrs. Philips never once had to make up his bed.

Then, when things quieted down, and he ought to have begun to take life easy, it seemed like he went crazy trying to spend the money he had made. He joined the country club, and went to running around with a bunch of men who drank and played cards all the time. Mrs. Philips didn't know any too much about them, but she had an idea that Mr. Carmichael's new friends took a good bit of his money away from him, in one way or another. And if he wasn't playing cards, he was going to prize fights or wrestling matches, and laying bets on the winner, and getting into some little private fights of his own, too, because he used to turn up, sometimes, about daylight, with his shirt torn half off him and his face cut up. Lots of days Mrs. Philips had found him asleep in bed, in the middle of the morning, with all his clothes on. "Why don't you kick me out of here, Mrs. Philips?" he would say, sitting up, and trying to find the floor with his feet. "That's what my wife did . . . kicked me out. Why don't you hand me my gun and tell me to bump myself off?"

No, Mr. Carmichael hadn't slept regular, and he hadn't eaten regular—not since he quit the hotel. While he was boarding there, he got a plenty all right, but he had a row with the manager about his bill and they wouldn't charge his meals any more. Or that is what people said, anyhow. After that, he just ate when he happened to think of it. Days when he was promoting a well, and sending out circulars to his stockholders, he would sit all morning humped over his desk, without ever going out, smoking cigarettes and sprinkling the ashes on the floor, and punching the keys of his typewriter, one at a time, and scratching out his mistakes with his knife blade. Then, at dinner time, maybe, he would go over to the Piggly Wiggly on the corner and come back with a paper sack, and, afterwards, she would find grease spots and crumbs of cheese and potato chips and sausage on the floor.

She didn't like it any too well . . . his eating in his room . . . but she never liked to say anything, for some reason, to Mr. Carmichael.

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II

Mrs. Philips had left the swing and was standing by the porch rail, pulling pieces of dead morning glory vine out of the wire netting nailed to the posts, when she saw the hearse, with the undertaker on the seat, come up the road and stop in front of her house.

"Well, you're back again, Mr. Haley."

"Yes ma'am." Mr. Haley stood on the steps and took off his felt hat, which was as big as a cowboy's and a pale gray color, almost white. Mr. Haley was a little man, side of Mr. Carmichael, anyhow, and his lip was hidden under a black mustache.

"Has the young lady called yet?" he asked pleasantly, and he pulled a big white handkerchief out of his hip pocket, under his coat tails, and blew his nose.

"No sir; she hasn't called yet."

Mr. Haley scratched the corner of his mustache. "How about this girl, now, Mrs. Philips? On the level, I want to know. Will she be coming on up, or won't she?"

"I couldn't say as to that."

Mr. Haley tapped his fingers on the porch post. "I've been making some inquiries around town," he said, presently, "and I've been to all the banks. They've got plenty of notes on Carmichael, but no cash."

"Well?"

Mr. Haley hung his hat over his hip and scratched his head. He had slick, black hair, cut short over his ears.

"What I'm getting at is this, Mrs. Philips; I want to look through his things," he said.

"Just as you say, Mr. Haley."

Mrs. Philips marched ahead of him into the house and opened the door of Mr. Carmichael's room. The shades were down, and the room was as dark and cold and quiet as a grave. You could see the tracks, in the sand, where people had walked around on the bare floor, and you could see fingerprints on the chair by Mr. Carmichael's bed—as if he'd fumbled in the dark for the glass which was lying there, on its side, by the empty flask. He must have gone straight to bed when he left the kitchen, for nothing else had been touched. The sand was still thick on the dresser and the roll-top desk and the swivel chair, and the window sills.

"If I'd a known when you was coming back, Mr. Haley, I'd a had the room warm for you," said Mrs. Philips, as she took a match from the wide mouth of a china bird on the dresser and knelt down in the dust to light the gas heater, which stood well away from the wall at the end of a red rubber hose.

Mr. Haley was making himself at home. He laid his hat on the counterpane, which had been pulled up over the pillow when they carried Mr. Carmichael out, and he stood with his feet apart while he lighted a cigarette.

"You see it's like this, lady," he said, squinting through the smoke and walking over, in the middle of what he was saying, to spit in the brass cuspidor Mr. Carmichael used to have in his office downtown. "I didn't go into this business for my health, see? I got to get something out of this, even if it isn't so much."

"I reckon you got to live like the rest of us," said Mrs. Philips.

"Yes, ma'am, I got to live; you sure said it."

"Mr. Carmichael, he was three weeks behind in his rent when he died," said Mrs. Philips, presently.

"That so?"

"Yes sir; he was three weeks behind in his rent."

"It looks like he owed 'most everybody around town," said Mr. Haley.

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"Yes sir."

After a minute Mr. Haley went over to Mr. Carmichael's closet and opened the door.

"You won't find nothing in there," said Mrs. Philips.

He wouldn't, either, for a fact . . . just a lot of empty flasks and bottles she hadn't got around to carrying out, and some books Mr. Carmichael had bought from an agent during the boom, and what few clothes he wasn't wearing when he died—a pair of light-weight gray pants, and a ragged silk bathrobe, and his golf knickers and his hat, and his field boots. That was about all.

Maybe Mrs. Philips didn't hate to see Mr. Haley messing around in there! She couldn't help thinking how mad it would have made Mr. Carmichael, and how Mr. Carmichael would have knocked him down and trampled on him, if he had walked in on him.

Mr. Haley was examining the knickers. The moths had eaten some holes in them, but otherwise they were extra nice knickers. Mr. Carmichael had had them made to order in Dallas when the country club was first started, and he used to put them on on Sunday mornings and go off for the day with some of the friends who hung around him so much for a while, there. Mrs. Philips didn't know whether he really played golf or whether he just sat around the club house playing pitch or poker or whatever it was they played, but she knew he had sure missed the club since they had run him out. It seemed like he didn't have any place to go after that.

Mr. Haley kicked the books which were stacked up on the closet floor. "What did he want of all those books, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Philips couldn't say as to that. She had never seen Mr. Carmichael reading a book in his life and she didn't know why he had bought them unless some agent had talked him into it. There was one set, fancy books with leather bindings, called "Complete History of the World," and another called, "Secret Memoirs of the French Court," and another called, "Famous Speeches of History," and they had all been piled up there in the closet for going on nine years now, with the dust settling on them and the mice gnawing the corners.

"I can't see where this gets us anywhere," said Mr. Haley, slamming the door shut.

"I told you there wasn't nothing in there," said Mrs. Philips.

III

Mr. Haley whistled as he strolled over to the dresser and studied himself in the mirror. His necktie was a little to one side, so he straightened it and stretched his neck out and drew it in again like an old hen. He was taking his time, and Mrs. Philips knew that he was hoping she would get tired of waiting, and go out.

Well, she wasn't going to do anything of the sort; she was going to stay right with him and see it through.

There wasn't anything on top of the dresser excepting Mr. Carmichael's old military brushes, with the bristles full of red hair, and his comb, and his razor, and shaving brush, and a silver cup his dog had won, once, at the dog show in Dallas. Mr. Carmichael was sure crazy about that bird dog . . . used to buy a big hunk of meat for him every night at the market, and stand out there in the back yard, no matter how cold or wet it might be, watching him gnaw on it. And when the dog got distemper, Mr. Carmichael brought him in the house, and gave him a coat to lie on in front of the heater until he died. Then he borrowed a shovel and dug the grave himself, out by the alley.

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Mr. Haley didn't notice the cup, though; he was going through the drawers. In one of the little top drawers there were some loose playing cards and some dice, and some red, white, and blue poker chips in a broken box, which seemed to strike Mr. Haley as funny.

"That's where they cleaned up on the old boy," he said, with a chuckle. "There's one bird down at the hotel who claims he won thirty thousand from Carmichael in one night, and I guess he did all right."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Philips.

Mr. Haley took more time over the other little drawer, which was jammed full of all sorts of things. What Mr. Carmichael wanted all that stuff for, Mrs. Philips didn't know. He never used any of it, but that's the way he was: when he had money in his pocket, he spent it, and he'd buy anything he saw, or anything the next fellow bought, whether he wanted it or not. Here, now, was a nice amber cigarette holder, and a silver shoe-horn, and a red and green silk scarf, with a knotted fringe, and a silver cocktail set in a leather case lined with velvet, and a bottle of French perfume, and another bottle shaped like a Chinese idol with pink bath salts in it, and his revolver, in a leather holster.

When he saw all that stuff, Mr. Haley perked up a bit. He slipped the cigarette holder into his pocket, along with the revolver, and he tossed the cocktail set on the bed with his hat. Then he clapped his hands together to shake off the dust, and started in on the two lower drawers.

The upper one had clothes in it . . . such as they were . . . some of them clean, and some of them dirty. Mr. Carmichael had been up against it lately: none of the laundries would take his washing. They'd send their drivers around to the house all right, with bills to collect, but when he tried to get them to take his washing they would just shake their heads and laugh and go off. Only last week, Mrs. Philips had caught Mr. Carmichael hanging up a dripping union suit to dry, over the back of his chair. He must have rinsed it out in the bathroom bowl, though it wasn't any too clean at that.

"I'll hang that out on the line for you, Mr. Carmichael," she had told him. He hadn't answered her, nor looked her square in the face, for the matter of that—just kind of growled as she walked out with it.

Most of the things in the drawer were dirty, but over at one side there were a few clean clothes—a couple of worn-out shirts, with his initials embroidered on the sleeves, a pair of hose with the laundry tag clipped to the top, and some pink silk pajamas, which looked like they had never been worn. But then, Mr. Carmichael never wore pajamas anyhow; he slept in his underwear like anybody else. There was one handkerchief, too, which had been rinsed out and dried and folded up like a clean one, although there were brown stains all over it. Mr. Carmichael was always hard on his handkerchiefs. Even when he carried nice linen ones, he would use them to wipe the grease off his hands, or clean his windshield, or polish his shoes . . . anything like that . . . and they were always stained and dirty looking.

The bottom drawer was all but empty. There were a few shot-gun shells rolling around loose, and a fish line wound on a card, and an old plug of chewing tobacco which had crumbled all over the bottom of the drawer. Mr. Carmichael had been a great hand to go hunting, when he had money. He would go all the way to South Texas or New Mexico, and he would even cross the line into Old Mexico if he thought he could shoot a deer or a bear; and he had all the fixings—shot-guns and rifles and cartridge belts and wading boots—

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everything you ever heard of. What had become of all that stuff, Mrs. Philips didn't know; he had either sold it, or gambled it away, or just given it to somebody, maybe. He was always lending things to his friends, and so far as she knew, he had never asked for anything back.

Mr. Haley tossed the stub of his cigarette into the cuspidor, and lighted another.

"You don't see anything here the little girl is likely to want, do you?" he asked.

"No sir," said Mrs. Philips, "I can't say as I do."

IV

There wasn't anything left now but the desk. The other furniture in the room belonged to Mrs. Philips, but the desk was Mr. Carmichael's, and he used to have it in his big office in the Sinclair Building. He had hauled it out to the house when he had to give up his office. What on earth she'd do with it now that he was dead, she didn't know—sell it, likely, for what she could get out of it, unless maybe the next roomer wanted it.

Mr. Haley shoved the roll-top up as far as it would go.

"If there's anything at all worth bothering about," he said, "it's got to be here."

The desk looked bare without Mr. Carmichael's typewriter, which the company had taken back a month or so ago. It wasn't much of a typewriter, maybe, but it was all Mr. Carmichael had to write his letters on, and he was good and mad when they carried it off.

"What's the use, Mrs. Philips?" he had said, running his fingers through his hair, as he sat on the edge of the bed. "I ask you now, what's the use?"

There was only a glass inkwell and a pencil tray on the top of the desk, and a picture of Della Mae in a silver frame. Although Mrs. Philips had seen it a plenty of times before, she picked up the picture and looked at it while Mr. Haley poked in the little drawers and pigeon-holes. Della Mae was a right pretty little thing, according to her picture, with her hair all set tight and even in a marcel, and her eyebrows thinned out to nothing at all. Her lips looked a little too thick and black, but that was the lipstick, likely. Actresses' mouths in the movie magazines looked the same way.

The picture had been taken the first year Della Mae was in Dallas, and her daddy was sure tickled with it. "This here's my little girl; I got her in school in Dallas," he used to say to people who came in, and then, more often than not, he'd pour out a couple of drinks and shout, "Here's to Luck!" as he lifted his glass.

But then, Mr. Carmichael had always been wild about Della Mae. He had bought her a little Cadillac car of her own, and he used to go down to see her every chance he got, and take her places. Once, when she was sick with the flu, he had lost out on a deal, because he wanted to see for himself how she was getting along. Then every year he took her to the Dallas Fair, and the football game and the show, and he used to let her buy all the clothes she wanted and charge them to him. Then, come Christmas, he'd have Mrs. Philips go to town and buy a lot more stuff for her—silk underwear and hose and perfumes and such, and one year . . . it was just before he was kicked out of the country club, too . . . he had sent her a wrist watch with diamonds all around the face.

Lately, since times had been so bad, and the big companies had quit buying what little production he had left, and especially since he had lost his car, Mr. Carmichael hadn't done so much for Della Mae. It must have been two or three years, now,

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since he had gone down to see her, and in a way, you couldn't blame him much. He wouldn't have wanted to show up there, broke, without a decent suit to his back or a car or any money to spend on her.

Mrs. Philips lifted the glass and the flask from the chair by Mr. Carmichael's bed, blew the sand off the top, and dragged it across the floor to the desk, where Mr. Haley was leaning forward in the big swivel chair, sorting over what he had found in the little drawers and pigeonholes. It was rubbish, mostly, as she could have told him it would be—a few old sheets of paper with Mr. Carmichael's letter head on it, half a dozen two-cent stamps, a dried-up eraser, a kodak picture of Della Mae in riding breeches, standing by a horse, and some Christmas cards tied up in bunches, each year by itself—1925, 1926, like that—cards folks had sent Mr. Carmichael in the mail. "Cheerio! The Season's Greetings! Mr. and Mrs. George Harper Groves" . . . "The Southwestern Supply Company wishes you a Merrie Christmas and a Prosperous New Yeare" . . . "The Ridgeview Country Club sends New Year's Greetings and invites you to attend the dance to be given at the Club house on New Year's Eve."

Last Christmas there had been hardly any cards at all—just two or three from out of town. And there had been nothing, she remembered, from Della Mae, although Mr. Carmichael might not have noticed that, he was drinking so much.

And now Mr. Haley was beginning on the big drawers down below. She could see by the way he pawed through them that he was used to this sort of thing, and knew when a paper was valuable and when it wasn't. He didn't bother with the maps, nor the blue prints, nor the photographs of drilling machines and derricks, nor the oil-well logs which always reminded Mrs. Philips of the color charts they showed you at a paint company. The letters seemed more in his line, although he tossed most of them on the floor as soon as he had glanced at them.

Mrs. Philips picked up a handful while she waited. Some of them were duns, but most of them were letters from Mr. Carmichael's stockholders, written on lined paper, in pencil. "We are sending you ten dollars, which is all we can raise just now. I have no work this week, but as soon as I get another job, will send you some more." . . . "I have heard about your company, and as I have a thousand dollars insurance money from my husband who was killed last January, I want you to take care of it for me. I have six children and I need some money bad." . . . "I want to know how soon do you expect to begin paying dividends. Remember I borrowed on my house to send you the money and you promised to double it in thirty days and maybe less. I tell you it will mean trouble if I don't get something pretty soon." . . .

Mr. Carmichael had always been kind of ashamed of his mail-order business. Mrs. Philips remembered once when she had brought him in a lot of letters the postman had left. Mr. Carmichael was chewing tobacco while he colored little patches on a map with different colored pencils, and he had poked the letters around for a minute without opening a one of them. "If anybody drives up and asks you, Mrs. Philips," he had said, spitting out a mouthful of tobacco juice, "you tell them this is a hell of a way to make a living."

There wasn't anything crooked about Mr. Carmichael, though; she wouldn't believe that, no matter what anybody said, but it just seemed, sometimes, like he didn't know how to take care of himself. He was always getting mixed up in things

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without half knowing what they were about—like the time he bought the stock in the bank, just before it failed. No, there might be mail-order operators who never expected to make any money for their stockholders, but Mr. Carmichael wasn't one of them.

Well, for once, Mr. Haley must have found something. He was sitting back in the swivel chair, grinning at a lot of papers clipped together at the top. It was Mr. Carmichael's sucker list. Mrs. Philips had seen it a plenty of times, laying out on his desk . . . "J. K. Good, 2634½ Railroad street, Topeka, Kansas . . . A. C. Daggett, General Delivery, Pittsburgh, Pa. . . ." like that . . .

"Where did he get this list?"

"I couldn't tell you, Mr. Haley."

"He got a lot of answers, did he, when he sent out circulars?"

"Yes sir, he always had mail coming in."

"The little girl wouldn't have any use for it, would she?"

"Not hardly," said Mrs. Philips.

Mr. Haley pushed back his chair and smiled at her as he slipped the list into the inside pocket of his coat.

V

They were looking through some letters from Della Mae, asking for this and that and the other thing, when the telephone rang. Coming as it did when everything was quiet except for the rustling of the papers and the grating of Mr. Haley's shoes on the sandy floor, it made Mrs. Philips jump like she'd been shot.

"That's her, likely," she said.

To save her life, she couldn't keep her voice steady as she answered.

"Hello."

"Are you ready on your call to Dallas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Here's your party; go ahead."

"Hello, is this Della Mae?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well, this is Mrs. Philips—where your daddy lives."

"Yes ma'am?" Her voice sounded mighty little and far away.

"Well, hon, it's about your daddy; your daddy died in the night."

"My daddy died in the night?"

"Yes, hon, he died in the night."

"I'm sure sorry," said Della Mae, after a pause.

"Yes, hon, I was sure sorry myself."

"What was the matter of him?"

"Well, I don't rightly know, Della Mae. The doctor says his heart, most likely. He was just a-laying there dead this morning when I went in to make his bed."

Mrs. Philips could see Mr. Haley, in the doorway, trying to tell her what to say.

"What do you want we should do about burying him, hon?"

Della Mae was talking to someone. Mrs. Philips could hear them whispering.

"Mama says you'll just have to go ahead and bury him the best way you can," she said presently. "Mama doesn't want I should go up there, and anyhow I can't right now. We're going to drive to Houston tomorrow . . ."

"I see," said Mrs. Philips, "and you wouldn't feel like you could help me out a little? Your daddy was three weeks behind in his rent when he died."

Della Mae was consulting her mother again. "No ma'am, I couldn't do that; I'm sure sorry."

"Or you couldn't help pay the undertaker?" added Mrs. Philips as Mr. Haley came closer.

"No, ma'am, I couldn't."

"Well, how about his things, hon? You wouldn't want I should send you any of his things?"

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"Why . . ." Della Mae was hesitating. "Well," she began again, suddenly, "did he have any money in the bank?"

"No, hon; he didn't; he sure didn't."

"Well," said Della Mae, "I don't guess you need to send me anything, then."

"Just as you say."

"I . . . I'm sure sorry," said Della Mae. "Well . . ."

Mrs. Philips walked slowly back to Mr. Carmichael's room. "Well, that's that," she said, stooping over to turn the heater down. "I knew we wouldn't get nowhere with Della Mae—not with her mama working on her."

"She didn't mention the list, did she?" asked Mr. Haley.

"No sir; she didn't say nothing about the list."

"It wouldn't be any use to her anyway," said Mr. Haley.

After a minute, he took his hat from the bed, and juggled the cocktail set up and down before he stuffed it into his overcoat pocket.

"There are quite a few things you can turn in for yourself, Mrs. Philips," he said, looking around the room. "You can get three or four dollars for a pair of boots like that; and there's the desk, and the silk pajamas . . . and the silver frame on the little girl's picture . . ."

"Well . . .," said Mrs. Phillips.

"I'm going to run along now," he said, presently.

"Yes sir."

"And I'll take care of the body all right; you don't need to worry about that."

"Yes sir."

Mr. Haley hitched his overcoat up on his shoulders and tugged at the back of his velvet collar and slapped his hat on his head.

"Well, good day," he said at the door.

"Good day," said Mrs. Philips, following him out on the porch.

"It's sure a pretty day for a change," said Mr. Haley.

"It sure is," said Mrs. Philips, and because she couldn't stand going back into the house just then, she sat down in the porch swing, with her coat wrapped more tightly than ever around her, and watched Mr. Haley drive away in the hearse.

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THEIR LORDSHIPS

BY HERBERT PARRISH

When I was very young all the bishops were Low Church. But in the last twenty years most of them have become High Church.

It may be a far cry from beards to bishops, but the transformation has been symbolized chiefly by the removal of whiskers. Formerly many of the right rev. brethren wore sideburns, moustaches or chin-whiskers. The sideburns we Catholics called I-Am-Nots. Those who wore them looked exactly like glorified English butlers. Those who wore moustaches we called Walruses. The terms were used both for the men and for their facial decorations. I-Am-Not meant that the wearer did not believe that he was a *real* bishop. The other term is obvious. For those who wore chin-whiskers with their upper lips shaven we had no name whatever. They were simply unspeakable. This class was mainly Western, very old-fashioned and invariably Evangelical. Its members looked like farmers, schoolmasters or Methodist ministers of the early eighties. We felt confident that they would soon die out anyway. But in those days even the bishops who were clean shaven were Low Church. And these last were apt to be more deadly and dangerous to the Cause than the others. Nowadays practically all are shaven.

The change in whiskers and in churchmanship has come about chiefly through the contact our bishops have had with the Church of England. Going to the Lambeth Conference in London every ten years has had a great effect. Association with Their Lordships of the Establishment, being called "my lord" and "your lordship" by servants, attending receptions by Royalty at Buckingham palace—these things gave them ideas of class, of distinction and of style. They bought the proper clothes, purple cassocks, episcopal aprons, coats with frogs and buttons on the sleeves. Imagine the effect upon a bishop's wife, whose highest social experience had been to preside at some meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in a Middle Western diocese, of stopping at a great house with the nobility or having tea with Royalty! Some of the American bishops even essayed the fashion of wearing shorts and gaiters and corded ecclesiastical hats.

"We are not," explained the wife of one of these, "we are not ashamed of our legs."

But the proper episcopal garb for street use is somewhat unpopular in America, especially in the Middle West. One amiable old bishop I knew, who wore the English costume there, was generally known as Quaker Oats. His crude spiritual children were inclined to guy him.

However, pectoral crosses, huge gold things on gold chains, and episcopal rings of amethyst became universal, while purple rabats, or stocks, similar to those worn by the Roman *monsignori*, are creeping in.

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The purple serves to emphasize the distinction between Their Lordships and the Inferior Clergy.

The Low Church bishops of the earlier day were extremely active in their opposition to the Catholic Movement. They opposed it with all their might, issuing pastoral letters, preaching sermons, inhibiting priests, snubbing parishes, instituting trials for Catholic clergymen. They denounced confession, inveighed against the Sacrifice of the Mass, exploded at the idea of the Reservation of the Sacrament, scolded non-communicating attendance, and were shocked at the adoration of the Virgin.

In those days they stood for the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Faith once delivered to Henry VIII. As bishops they felt that it was their duty to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines. Even those who had been infected by the Oxford Movement were painfully prayer-bookish, meticulous and cautious. All of them to a man magnified their office and sustained the divine authority with which they had been invested as bishops. But the claims of the Bishop of Rome were anathema. The very smell of the Papacy in the form of incense was an abomination unto them.

Well do I remember a run-in I had with my own diocesan, the bishop who ordained me, the Right Rev. Ozi Whitaker of Pennsylvania. He was one of the older school who wore chin-whiskers with a shaven upper lip and he looked for all the world like a somewhat refined farmer. Actually, he was a simple and kindly old gentleman of the most unpretentious ways and by no means a martinet. But he called me before him one day to receive his Godly Admonition, for some busybody had reported me as having said a prayer for the dead at some church service. He enlarged *in extenso* on the enormity of such things. My defense was that I had only a short time before assisted at a funeral service taken by Dr. McConnell, then rector of the wealthy and fashionable church of St. Stephen in Philadelphia. The Rev. Samuel D. McConnell, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., etc., was at that time one of the really great preachers of America. He was notorious as a Low Churchman. But he used the same prayer for the dead. My defense stumped the bishop. He could only gasp, "Surely you don't take Doctor McConnell as a guide?" I said, "No". And he let me go at that. No bishop can afford to put himself in opposition to a rector of a wealthy parish.

Prayers for the dead have since been put into the Prayer Book. They were authorized by the last General Convention. A generation ago most Episcopalians regarded them as a vile Romish superstition. Doctor McConnell was Low, but he was Liberal. He has since retired and lives happily on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Maybe he could not endure the growing grandeur of Their Lordships.

But in liturgical expression and in ceremonial the bishops, most of them, have still a long way to go. The Reformation, even in England, was an effort to return to Apostolic simplicity. There is little doubt that it was the intention of the Reformers ultimately to do away altogether with a liturgy. But Queen Elizabeth, who had Catholic leanings, held the Church to the "maimed rites" of the present Prayer Book.

Morning Prayer, which is still the chief service of the Anglican Church, is a compressed form of the medieval monastic Matins and Lauds, and one of the least inspiring, one of the most dull, colorless and heavy of imaginable religious exer-

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cises. Most clergymen detest it, but the laity so enjoy the long Old Testament psalms and the lections, the "Dearly beloved brethren" and the Te Deum, that it has so far been impossible in the majority of places to wean them from its use. Even a bishop can make no showing at Morning Prayer.

As for the Mass, which of course is the Communion Service, it is so long drawn out, so verbose, so redundant, that it will have to be telescoped, cut down, and in large part said *secrete*, before it will have the charm, the celerity and the drama of the Latin rite. And our bishops as yet have scarcely had time to learn the proper method of pontificating. They are invariably clumsy and do not realize the value of posture. The sense of the importance of their office inclines them to spoil the picture. They cannot subordinate themselves to the altar.

This is perhaps due in part to their traditional vestments. At the Reformation they were permitted to retain the use of the rochet and chimere, which were their ordinary street garb in the Middle Ages. These they have always used in church. The vast sleeves were imposed upon them by the court tailor under Queen Elizabeth. There is probably no vestment in the world more hopelessly hideous than the magpie.

From the rear and at a little distance it makes the wearer appear to have put on a black waistcoat, with a skirt attached, over his wife's chemise. The effect is grotesque. I have known vulgar people, Methodists and such like, to go into hysterics the first time they saw one of our spiritual lords.

It is therefore a relief that Their Lordships have recently begun to wear the vestments proper for a bishop in church services—chasuble, cope and mitre. These gorgeous garments, glittering with jewels and stiff with rich embroideries, give the right color and effect, glory and dignity to the office. Nobody seeing a bishop properly vested in cope and mitre could have the slightest doubt that he was indeed a bishop. The only trouble is that in small buildings (and unfortunately most Episcopal churches in America are small) such magnificence is almost overpowering. Elaborate ceremonial and extravagantly splendid vestments are apt to seem out of place in close quarters. Up to the present our bishops have not put on the simpler Roman *cappa magna* nor the *mozzetta*. By wearing scarlet chimeres for simple occasions, however, they do almost as well.

It is in respect to Catholic doctrine that they are least satisfactory. Few of them have had the advantage of sitting under the English theological professors recently imported to educate candidates for Holy Orders. They feel that they must be all things to all men—and many of our laymen do not hold with thoroughly Catholic doctrines. In general, the bishops are sufficiently Fundamentalist, but in matters like the Invocation of Saints, the Reserved Sacrament, the Benediction, and noncommunicating attendance at Mass they are apt to fumble. They talk well enough while they are among the clergy, but in their dealings with Protestant vestries they take a compromising attitude.

"In any disagreement between the laity and the clergy," one of them once said to me, "I always take the side of the laity. Clergy come and go. They have no money. We depend upon the laymen."

In one respect, though, the bishops are quite sound. They have no question as to the importance of the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God.

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II

The high opinion we Episcopalians have of bishops derives from two sources. In the first place, they are historically connected through England with the feudal system. In the feudal system abbots and bishops were lords spiritual. They rode out accompanied by men-at-arms and they furnished to the King their quota of soldiery in time of war. Not infrequently they fought along with the lords temporal in battle. They ruled over great estates. In Latin the word for lord is *dominus*, a ruler. In some parts of America today the word *domine*, derived from the vocative, is applied to all preachers—a remnant of the Middle Ages. For an archbishop the title was His Grace, as for a duke. Cardinals were called and are yet called His Eminence. There was thus an ascending scale of medieval nobility in the spiritual order. Government was largely in the hands of the clergy, who were the only people that could read. The Prime Ministers of England were generally archbishops. The bishops always sat in the House of Lords, as indeed they yet do.

In America, therefore, the only valid nobility we have are the lords spiritual—that is, the bishops of the Episcopal Church. The so-called Methodist bishops, of course, have no such claims. However much we may envy their remarkable ability to preach and their undoubted influence in the political life of the country, they can establish no relationship to the long line of the Anglican succession. In England the bishops are great prelates occupying high social position among the aristocracy. They live in magnificent palaces. They are appointed by the King, that is to say, by the Prime Minister in modern times. They have splendid salaries. Such people as Methodists, called in England Wesleyans, cut no figure whatever. Dissenters of any kind are socially nobody, mere scum.

Since in America class distinctions are becoming more and more pronounced and the aristocracy of wealth is now an established and socially recognized fact, it is but natural that the Episcopal bishops should rank among the patricians of our nation. Sophisticated people who have travelled, many of whom even have a permanent residence in the West End of London, where they spend the season, know how to value the position of a real bishop. Moreover, beside going over to the Lambeth Conference, the bishops are becoming more and more English. Many of the best sees are occupied by English-born or at least Canadian-born clergymen. And most of the American-born are carefully chosen from our own aristocracy. They have money, or at least their wives have money.

But the dignity and greatness of Their Lordships rest not merely upon the ground of social distinction. According to the Episcopalian theology their social distinction itself rests upon far higher and more spiritual bases. By that theology the bishops are the Church. That is to say they might conceivably get along without the Church, but the Church could not possibly get along without them. No bishop, no Church. Just as King Louis XIV of France could say, *"L'état c'est moi"*, so the bishop can say, *"L'église c'est moi"*. All that is in the Church derives its validity from the bishops. The theory is that Christ gave the plenitude of his divine authority to the Apostles and the Apostles passed it on to them. "All power [authority] in heaven and earth is given unto me. . . . As my Father hath sent me even so send I you."

According to this theory the Inferior

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Clergy, the presbyters or priests, merely represent the bishop, are under his jurisdiction and act by his consent. The bishop, in his own diocese, is the Vicar of Christ. Upon this theory we recognize the Pope as the Bishop of Rome, but he is only one bishop among many. We might consent to regard him as *primus inter pares*. It is only when all the bishops get together that under the guidance of the Holy Ghost they speak with the voice of God. It is because that possibility is hindered by the separation of the Roman Catholic Church from the Eastern Oriental Orthodox Church and of both of them from us that reunion is so much desired.

It is true that this theory is not quite the same as that held by Roman Catholic theologians nor by Presbyterians, who say that there is no essential difference between presbyters and bishops. And it is also true that no such difference is discoverable in Scripture. Moreover, an Anglican clergyman, Canon Streeter of Oxford, declares in a recent work on the Primitive Church that there is no evidence for it whatever. But that makes no difference to us. We go on preaching it just the same. I heard it enunciated only the other day by one of our greatest bishops. You can see that it is a superb idea.

We Episcopalians are primarily Churchmen. The aspect of religion that chiefly interests us is the Church. Most of our preaching is about the Church. There may be a good deal of God outside the Church, but that does not cut much figure with us. Our Church papers are significantly named the *Churchman*, the *Living Church*, the *Southern Churchman*, etc. I picked up one of them the other day and counted the word *church* twenty-seven times on one page. I did not find the words *God, Gospel, Christ, Christian*, or *charity*, even once. This is characteristic. The Church, its doctrines, its creed, its practices, its order, its discipline, these are the things that we mean by Religion. I have sometimes wondered whether Christ Himself had as His chief idea the formation of an ecclesiastical organization, with its graduated hierarchy, its elaborate system, its social distinctions, such as we have. He speaks only once of a church, that is, of an assembly, an *ecclesia*. He seems to have been chiefly interested in things out of doors, in men, in human conduct, in life.

Doctrine, discipline and canon law, liturgies, ceremonies, organization, bishops, do not seem to figure much in His teaching. It would indeed be unfortunate if we had confounded Christianity with Churchianity; an institution, with life!

The ecclesiastics tell us that the Church is a means to an end. That is, it is the means by which men are brought into relation with Christ. Unfortunately, so many never seem to get beyond the means. And I feel bound to say that after long experience I have found that not a few who apparently use the means with great assiduity, with enthusiastic zeal, are yet great rogues. Whereas I have found many outside the pale, unbelievers, infidels, heretics, who were kind-hearted, law-abiding, honest, charitable people to whom it was safer to lend a dollar any time. Of course the answer is that the bad would have been much worse without the Church and the good would be much better with it. But I doubt it.

It is, I confess, a difficult problem, the part environment may play in life. I recall the novel called "The Cathedral" by Hugh Walpole, the son of a bishop, who by the way, when he lived in America before he was made Bishop of Edinburgh, was a

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teacher of mine. Hugh had ample opportunity to observe the ways of ecclesiastics and the inside of the cup. The picture he draws is disquieting, to say the least.

But for children, for the masses of ignorant people, no doubt there is a value in the institution. And these are the majority and must be considered. Bishops may do them good. They can do them no harm. And perhaps it is on their account that we have in every Episcopal church a chair, carved with a mitre, a crook and a cross, in which the bishop sits when he visits the parish and which stands for him symbolically when he is not there. But for the life of me I cannot see the use of making our Sunday-school children learn the family names of all the bishops of the Episcopal Church, as is now becoming the custom. This does seem a bit snobbish.

III

You may well ask whether the Episcopalians expect to put over their Church-religion on the American nation. I do not know. We religious people never consider the question of popular success. *Credo quia impossibile*, is our motto. We go against irremovable barriers with irresistible zeal. Our lost causes are always enchanting.

But we certainly are getting all the help we could reasonably expect from the newspapers. Editors seem to admire bishops. The New York *Times* prints as news the most vapid utterances and most ordinary official acts of every bishop who comes to town. On election their pedigree is always given in the press of the country. Their consecrations are broadcast over the radio. No matter if they have dioceses so minute numerically that they are smaller than a good-sized city parish and with incomes scarcely a hundredth as large, our bishops are conspicuous news. Everybody seems to hope that although they have never yet done anything that is interesting or valuable, they may be expected to do something soon or late. And in any case they are picturesque and fascinating figures.

I suspect that they are often regarded as the spiritual agents, religious diplomats and national missionaries of the British government. Their formal unity with the Church of England, their regular attendance at Lambeth, the growing number of them who are actually of English or Canadian birth, the fact that so many of the professors at the theological seminaries of the Episcopal Church are Englishmen, must of necessity create this impression. Every sect in America represents some particular race or class and is more or less closely connected with the foreign country or group from which they sprang. The Episcopal Church is the Church of England in America.

"The Episcopal Church," President Eliot of Harvard used to say, "remains small". That is very true. It is supposed to have a membership of about a million, one for every one hundred and twenty persons in the country. Relatively to the population it does not grow. A few years ago Their Lordships attempted to put over a Bishops' Crusade, a sort of preaching mission, to make it grow. The result was negligible. With what Spengler calls "the Magian hierarchy of Heaven" falling about our ears, with Modernism gaining ground on every side, with faith in ecclesiastical authority giving way to belief in scientific experience, it is difficult to convince the *intelligentsia* of America that Their Lordships are the light of the world. Preaching, in fact, is not exactly the forte of the Episcopal Church.

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It is probable that the American populace is less impressed by the aristocratic quality of Their Lordships than is commonly supposed. It is so long since many of us bowed, ducked, curtseyed, bobbed, kow-towed, doffed our caps, pulled our forelocks and otherwise properly comported ourselves when the great man passed by, that we find it hard to take up the habit. The Inferior Clergy may address a bishop as "my lord", kneel, kiss his amethyst ring and ask his blessing, as they do increasingly, but ordinary Rotarians merely say, "Bishop Smith, how are you?" Of course the bishops, being diplomatic men, show no sign of disapproval, but if you call them "Bishop" they will know where to place you socially. I admit that even we Inferior Clergy generally say "my lord" behind closed doors, in the rectory, or at clerical meetings. If the laity heard us they might laugh.

The truth is that the American aristocracy is based upon the ideals and customs of the Roman Empire rather than upon those of the Holy Roman Empire. Only the more astute, sophisticated, æsthetic souls among us crave the trappings and titles of nobility. We like to keep the illusions of Equality, Liberty and Fraternity, even when we know that they are hokum. The British are past masters in their ability to retain the trappings and titles of the feudal ages, wigs for judges, "my lord" for bishops and all the symbols of Royalty, in an era of democratic simplicity in the realities of government.

Even the Roman Catholics in America, with all their panoply of medieval art, have been unable to make much headway in the direction of a return to the Thirteenth Century. Roman Catholic bishops are also lords spiritual. The Roman Church has in addition plenty of archbishops and cardinals. And although Doctor Perry of Rhode Island, who is the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, is properly called His Grace by the editor of the *Living Church*, we have nothing comparable to the title of Eminence, for as yet we have no cardinals. And up to the present we also lack the Roman system of giving patents of nobility to laymen. There are plenty of Papal chevaliers, Papal knights, Papal counts, Papal marquesses all over the world. But the Episcopal Church in America has not even a single vestryman with a title. The best a layman can hope for is to be called "noble" by some Church paper when he gives money to the Board of Missions. This may account for the fact that Episcopalian laymen generally give far more to secular causes than to their own Church.

We Inferior Clergy of the Anglican Obedience are rather nonplused when we consider Roman Catholicism. There has been a steady trickle if not a stream of us who have "gone over to Rome" in recent years, and among them some of the ablest and most brilliant of our clergy. Rome presents the Catholic religion without compromise, in clear-cut, positive form. Its polity is as regimental as that of an army. It is vastly larger than our Church. Its services are attractive to its adherents. Its confessional is established and used. Its clergy are free from lay domination.

In the Episcopal Church, while the Inferior Clergy are under obedience to their bishops, the bishops have no obligation to the clergy whatever. A Roman bishop is compelled to provide work for his clergy or else support them with a salary. With us the clergy must get jobs for themselves or starve to death. At the present time about one out of six of our men are out of work. In the Roman Church the young

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men in the ministry are sent out as assistants, to learn their business. After a considerable experience they are made rectors of the less important parishes. If they do well they are promoted to better places. By the time they are fifty or sixty they have large and important churches and several assistants under them.

But with us it is the young men who get the large churches. With some exceptions a man crosses the dead-line before he is forty and can never hope to get a better place than the one he has. Young men are more amenable to the rule of the laity and to the purposes of the bishop. They believe that the world has been waiting for them to set it right. They do not perceive the difficulties before it is too late. Bishops and vestries always prefer them. In Roman Catholicism the Pope holds sway over the bishops and through his Apostolic Delegate will see that a priest has justice when he is oppressed by a bishop. With us, when a bishop gets down on a man, unless the man is supported by wealthy friends, his career is practically closed. The system in Rome may be hard as iron, but it does protect its own.

In the Roman Catholic Church there is some discipline for the laymen. But in the Episcopal Church, as in all Protestant churches, there is not only no discipline whatever, but the laity control the Church. With us they sit in the General Convention, formulate doctrine and canon law, and can check all clerical initiative. In every parish church they control the temporalities, choose the rector, fix his salary, determine where and how he shall live, and get rid of him by starving him out when they feel like it. To men of parts the system is unpleasant in the extreme. The best one can do is to get a fat job among rich people who do not want any changes made or very much done, and then never bother them by proclaiming any inconvenient ideals. And settle down comfortably. Be a Vicar of Bray.

On the other side, in the Protestant direction, the Catholic claims of the Episcopal Church make almost as little appeal as its social distinction. The learned men among the Protestants take the Anglican episcopate and its theory of Apostolic authority with a smile. It would be necessary to show them that the laying-on-of-hands really did produce the quality of spiritual grace in a man who did not already have it. And if he had it the ceremony would add nothing. Throughout the country, in educational circles, in public life, in scholarship, in leadership, in social work, in preaching ability, in charitable enterprises, the Protestant sectarians stand head-and-shoulders above the Episcopalians and especially above the Episcopal bishops. I say it with shame. The standing of an institution like the Union Theological Seminary in New York throws into the shade the apologists and pleaders who form the faculties of our own theological institutions. Union does not work for a Cause. It works for Truth.

The theory of Newman that the Anglican Church might be the *via media* between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, which he advanced before his conversion to Rome, was a dream that has shown no tendency to fulfilment. Protestantism wants something beside copes and mitres, forms and ceremonies, doctrines and discipline, to persuade it that God has committed to the Episcopal Church the destinies of Christianity. And Rome, which snubs both Protestantism and Anglicanism alike, goes on its way with its massed millions of adherents unimpressed.

If you ask me I should say that the

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future of Catholicism rests with Rome. For those who insist upon a system that will give them that type of religion, Roman Catholicism provides the immediate and satisfactory solution. It will be a long time before Their Anglican Lordships can rearrange their own house, undo the work of the Reformation, and convince a thoroughly Protestant and entrenched laity that salvation lies in the acceptance of episcopal authority. With all the prestige of the Church of England supporting it, the Episcopal Church is too far behind in the race ever to catch up with the Pope. And even in England the drift is growing towards Liberalism and Latin. The *via media* is really a line of cleavage.

IV

Thus the ultimate future of Their Lordships presents a baffling problem. It will depend upon the æsthetic and aristocratic development of the nation. Æsthetically, the American people are becoming tired of the dull, drab, democratic forms of Protestantism in religion. We are ready for color, pomp and ceremony in worship. We would welcome scarlet chimeres, gold crosses, embroidered copes, jewelled mitres, incense, acolytes and all the other trimmings. Such buildings as the Rockefeller Baptist Church on Morningside Heights, the new chapel at Princeton, and other superb structures put up by wealthy Protestants in many parts of America, show a decided trend. Buildings of this sort require color and form to complete the effect. They are spoiled by ministers wearing frock coats and looking like undertakers. They demand vested bishops. It will not be long before they have them.

But on the other hand, by and large, Americans are still suspicious of autocracy in religion. A monarchical episcopate such as is growing up in the Episcopal Church is as yet abhorrent to the more important of the Inferior Clergy and to many laymen. The meddling of a bishop, with much too large a diocese, in parochial affairs is a nuisance. And the idea that some mediocre man who happens to be elected because he or his wife have money, or as a compromise in church politics, can be transformed into an Apostle by the laying-on-of-hands excites ridicule. The most able and scholarly Protestants reject the theory of Apostolic Succession. This idea is losing ground. So gorgeous a conception of spiritual monopoly could only become respectable if Their Lordships became in fact rather than by a ceremony Fathers in God, Apostles in life, Saints in devotion, Christ-like in character. A collection of Malvolios in the office makes the American public laugh.

Of course, with the rise of aristocracy it may easily come about that rich men will use, as they have always used, the bishops, to decorate their own crudities and to carry out their own ends. There is a medieval proverb that says there will be more bishops in Hell than any other class of men. It may be so.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

CIVIC item from the Samson *Ledger*:

> Fire Chief Cecil Mount and his doughty cohorts of smoke-eaters won out Monday night in their fight for an electrically activated fire-alarm siren, and the chief was authorized to order one on sixty days' trial at a cost of $312 cash, or $329 on time payments. Mr. Mount and his assistant chief, Barney Woodham, some time ago raised quite a sum by subscription for the purpose of buying a fire-alarm, and Mr. Mount reported to the council that he had already more than a third of the necessary sum pledged or paid, and that he felt confident he could get quite a bit more.
>
> The fire last week at the ice plant brought home to the council the necessity for an alarm that would waken the fire laddies. Chief Mount lives within a block of the plant, but was not aroused for some time after the fire was discovered, and said there was but one member of the department on the scene when he reached the place.
>
> Since the steam plant for raising electric current was abandoned, there has been no fire signal save revolver shots, and, as the chief told the council, ever since the model A Fords came out and apaches found they could raise cain with the mufflers by turning the ignition off and on rapidly, one never knows whether there is a fire or some congenital idiot showing off.

THE *Choctaw Advocate* reports the appearance of Babylonish luxury in the ancient Christian town of Butler:

> The public's attention is called to the grand opening of the Barefield Beauty Shop next Monday. This is a new enterprise for Butler and something that will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by everyone. Mrs. Maude Barefield, proprietor, owner and operator, studied and graduated in this work in Meridian during the past six months and is prepared and competent to do first-class work in every respect. She has installed all new and modern machinery and her shop will be as completely equipped as any beauty shop could be, even in a city. Mrs. Barefield is located in the Masonic Building. She has remodeled the interior of this building, making it suitable for her work and it is now real nice. She has recently moved to Butler and we welcome this good lady to our town and wish her much success in her new business.

ARIZONA

THE *Arizona Republic* of Phoenix says the final word on the origin of man:

> So far, although scientists have searched high and low, and have advanced many theories, including that of Darwin, nothing has been discovered to disprove the origin of man as told in Genesis.

ARKANSAS

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, explains the sad condition of the world today:

> God is a good collector. His people have been blowing His money in on shows, wild car rides, car parties and even worse things, and have not been worshipping God with their substance and the first fruits of their increase. Hence drouth, crop failure, bank failures and general depression.

CALIFORNIA

LATEST advance in the art and science of the policeman, as recorded for posterity by the La Jolla *Journal*:

> Lieut. M. C. Neely of the La Jolla Police Station, as a result of general conditions

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nowadays, asks that any citizen observing a man standing about idly at unusual hours, or staying a long time in one place report at once to the station. Do this even if he is well dressed, for that makes little difference. Usually it is not the old blanketed hobo, just anxious to get a bite to eat and be on his gypsy way, who is most dangerous. Lately there was a case where a telephone report gave the authorities some very important information, that enabled them to protect the public from one decided menace. Coöperate with the police by keeping your eyes open and your wits about you.

HANDBILL circulated in the great city of Oakland:

WHERE AND WHAT IS HELL?

Preachers have spoken a great deal about Hell but they have never told us where Hell is. About all most people know about Hell is that it is down and reputed to be very hot. Some evangelists would almost like to have us believe that Hell is so jammed full that there is hardly standing room left.

Prof. C. T. Everson will tell you exactly how many persons are in Hell at present, just where Hell is located, if the devil is in charge and if the fire burns the meanness out of people or if they must go on burning forever.

Intensely Interesting

Not a Dull Moment in It!

Your Neighbors Are Attending

Why Not You? Thousands Attending

Sunday 7:45 P.M.

Doors open at 6:00 P.M.

BIG TABERNACLE,

Broadway and 31st Sts., Oakland

Prof. C. T. Everson is considered one of the best Bible Lecturers in this country.

—*N. Y. World*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FOOTNOTE on the cost of uplifting humanity, from the celebrated *Congressional Record*:

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate the following message from the President of the United States, which was read, and, with the accompanying papers, referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations and ordered to be printed:

To the Congress of the United States:

I transmit herewith a report by the Secretary of State recommending the enactment of legislation for the following purposes:

I

For the relief of the widow, Raimunda Valladarez de Calderon, and children of Justo Calderon, a native Nicaraguan, who was shot to death on January 30, 1930, by Chief Pharmacist's Mate Willie H. Williamson, United States Navy, who was serving as a second lieutenant in the Nicaraguan National Guard.

II

For reimbursement of Demetrio Valle, a Nicaraguan citizen, which arose from bombing operations of a United States Marine Corps airplane near Palsagua, Nicaragua, on or about April 11, 1929.

III

For reimbursement of Salvador Buitrago Diaz, owner of the newspaper *La Tribuna*, of Managua, Nicaragua, for damage done to his property by United States marines on February 6, 1921.

The recommendations of the Secretary of State have my approval and I request the enactment of legislation for the purposes stated in order that this Government may carry out the projects and meet the obligations outlined in the report.

HERBERT HOOVER.

THE Hon. R. Beecher Howell, LL.B., a Presbyterian Senator from the great State of Nebraska, tells his fellow Senators what the net result of eleven years of the Noble Experiment is in Washington, capital of the Republic:

I found that bootleggers freely maintain storages of liquor in the city without interference.

I found that not only was Washington a virtual sanctuary for stores of bootleg liquor, but that, professionally, high class

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bootleggers led a charmed life, while the hazard of the common garden variety was nominal, as evidenced by the 10-year record of one offender—number of liquor violations charged, 54; time served in jail, not one day; forfeitures and fines paid, $390, or at the rate of $39 per annum—a moderate occupation tax indeed.

I found that, contrary to law and the Constitution as set forth in opinions filed by the Department of Justice, persons of diplomatic status were securing the unlawful delivery in Washington of hundreds of thousands of quarts of liquor annually by virtue of permits and protection afforded by the executive branch of the Government.

I found that one person claiming diplomatic status, but not residing in a legation, had thus procured the unlawful delivery on his premise of more than 5,000 quarts of wine, brandy, and whiskey in one calendar year.

I found that diplomatic status had been successfully invoked for the release of a Washington Negro arrested on the street for possession and transportation of whiskey admitted to be his own. He stoked the furnace and did other janitorial jobs at one of the legations.

I found that from one foreign distillery there was unlawfully delivered in Washington, by virtue of executive permits and protection, some 13,000 quarts of diplomatic whiskey within a period of three months—the equivalent of 20 quarts for every diplomatic official and the members of his family, including also maids, cooks, laundresses, chauffeurs, and janitors enjoying diplomatic status in the city.

I found that a local entertainment committee, appointed in connection with a large convention recently held in Washington, deemed it necessary, as stated by one of its members, to budget 9,000 quarts of liquor for the delectation of delegates. Service was rendered upon telephone orders by an "official bootlegger" and his half-pint assistants. Delegates and non-delegates alike (excepting, of course, law-enforcement officials) had knowledge of or freely obtained the bootlegger's number from the chairman, if not from other members of the entertainment committee.

FLORIDA

FROM the annual catalogue of Rollins College, Winter Park:

> CORRA MAY HARRIS, *Professor of "Evil"*; Litt.D., Oglethorpe University, University of Georgia; L.H.D., Rollins College; author of "A Circuit Rider's Wife," "My Book and Heart," "As a Woman Thinks," "Happy Pilgrimage," and other novels and short stories; Professor of "Evil", Rollins College Winter School.

ILLINOIS

HAPPY news from the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago:

> During the Fall term, 693 day school students memorized 30,048 passages, 392 women reporting an average of 43, and 301 men an average of 45. One woman memorized 293 passages; one man, 210. More than 100 passages were memorized by 21 women and 27 men. From 50 to 99 passages were reported by 121 women and 74 men. The evening school is also gleaning much benefit from this work. Favorable spiritual results, seen in the lives of the students and in the number of souls won to Christ, are reported as among the fruits of this revival of Bible interest.

IOWA

A NEW champion arises in the town of Humboldt, as reported by the Des Moines *Register*:

> Hans Halverson, in the poultry business here since 1898, leads members of the Rotary Club in attendance, having attended 301 consecutive meetings since the club was organized in 1925.

MARYLAND

THE Kiwanians of the grand old town of Baltimore, in their monthly bulletin, are reminded officially of the merits of three members:

> Rare jewels, fine watches and diamonds galore
> You'll find on display, when you enter the door

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Of Kiwanian N. Medinger, who has a fine store
In the Lexington Building up on the eighth floor.

Our friend Harry Mertz manufactures straw lids
For old men and young men and even for kids,
If you wear Harry's hats you'll be up to date,
So look for his trade mark, when crowning your pate.

Rowland Y. Mills, all Baltimore's shouting
Is the chap you must see about roofing and spouting.
Work of this kind should be of the best
And Rowland's, we bet, will stand any test.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE thirst for knowledge in the aura of Harvard:

Editor Boston Daily Record:

I wish to present the following question for the consideration of the readers of your valuable paper: "The presence of nicotine in the human body. Does it affect the soul of man?" Opinions will be greatly appreciated and eagerly read.

LESLIE C. MORSE,
Saugus.

MICHIGAN

BUSINESS card of a citizen of Greenville:

H. C. HANSEN
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
TONSORIAL ARTIST
173 van Deinse Ave., Greenville, Michigan

WANT AD in the Stanton *Weekly Clipper*:

Notice: It is rumored that a certain fastidious young lady in this vicinity kneads bread with gloves on. This incident may be peculiar but there are others. Now we need bread with shoes on, we need bread with our pants on, and unless some one brings some harness to be repaired, we will soon need bread without a darn thing on. Please Hurry. J. R. HUNT, on old Pitton farm.

NEWS of the spiritual life in Bay City, as reported by the *Daily Times*:

The Rev. John T. Raymond, pastor of the First Baptist Church, corner Center and Madison avenues, announces something unique in the manner of a Sunday evening service. The subject of his evening service tomorrow will be "Bread," and the pastor will preach on "The Bread of Life." On the platform will be several hundreds loaves of fresh-baked bread, supplied by one of the local bakeries. At the conclusion of the series, every person will be asked to take a loaf of bread with the compliments of the pastor and the baking company.

A REALTOR of Kalamazoo addresses the public through the *Gazette* thereof:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Good people of all classes, also the unfortunate criminal who has started to play a fair game of life. There never was a better time to buy real estate than the present, in my opinion. Pardon the boast—I may confess my sins and acknowledge my blunders sometime. Many years ago there was for sale on S. West st. a valuable property with a sign on the house of ten rooms and a large lot 10 rods deep and 48 ft. wide in front, back more. It flashed into my good youthful mind it was very desirable. I went quickly to the real estate men and learned with pleasure that it was not sold. A man bought it on contract but wanted to sell. He was not the man the Supreme Being intended to have it. The house was costly built and highly finished inside and was a bargain. Other men who had dollars to my cents held back. I built a building on it which was used for a good bakery many years. Perhaps five millions in business has been transacted there. When a building is erected there that pleases me I will be glad. I could mention many quick decisions I made that were O. K. Buy now. Trade now. I will have ready soon for sale a six-room house. Lot 85 ft. deep. It is one of the most beautiful locations in the city. Perhaps one million cars will pass and repass there in a year. Lovely little children will beat the windows, pointing with their tiny fingers at dogs, cats, birds,

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etc. It is a continuous change of scenery and beauty. A model home builder can make this home a paradise. Her devoted chore boy's love for her will become more intense. His admiration for her will bound up to undiscovered realms. Their children can frolic on the green in the back yard. Their flower garden in the front may be admired by the masses. No near factories belching out smoke and grime to blacken the character of this home. On Mill near Walnut: Price $2500. Terms to people who can make prompt payments. Harry Middleton, 216 S. Pitcher st.

MISSOURI

INCIDENT of the judicial process in Kansas City, as reported by the *Star*:

The jurors in the Shepard trial missed Amos 'n' Andy last night for the first time since they began hearing evidence in the case. The jurors have been permitted by deputy United States marshals to hear Amos 'n' Andy every night at the Grund Hotel before retiring. Last night they decided to recess until today, it is understood, in order to get to the hotel in time to hear the radio programme. But when they arrived at the hotel the programme was over.

NEW JERSEY

FROM the advertising columns of the Red Bank *Register*:

AMERICAN PATRIOTS!—Protect American institutions. All Freemasons, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Henry, Lafayette, Grant, Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt, and other Presidents down to Hoover; Garibaldi, Mazzini, Hugo, Voltaire, Tolstoy, Shelley, Bunyan, Emerson, all the Religious Reformers, all the Poets and Artists of Italy and other countries, even Jesus and the Apostles and Prophets, certainly have no use and oppose the R. C. Holy Superstition Trust of Rome, Italy, with its spies and inquisition everywhere now trying by every means to make American Liberty and Freedom extinct, forever, if possible. F. C. Moyan, Italian Quaker. Prophet, Mind Reader, Clairvoyant and Spirit Medium.

NEW YORK

LITERARY news item in the *Western New Yorker,* the pride and glory of Warsaw:

For Sale—Second hand love stories. Cheap. Call at 133 1-2 W. Buffalo street.

FESTIVE call to militant patriots in the *Rainbow Barrage*, official organ of the New York Chapter, Rainbow Division Veterans' Association:

The meeting will start promptly at 8:30 P. M. In addition to the usual Rainbow beverage—Camel's Milk—hot dogs will be served. It will really be a nice meeting, so come early and let us get the serious business over with.

NORTH CAROLINA

THE editor of the *Wilkes Patriot*, of Wilkesboro, makes the *amende honorable*:

A CORRECTION

In last week's issue of the *Patriot* it was stated that Arvell Pruett had been arrested for violation of the Prohibition laws. We are requested to state that Mr. Pruett was not arrested but came to Wilkesboro and gave himself up.

OKLAHOMA

CONTRIBUTION to phonetic science by the editor of the *Times* of Oklahoma City:

Papa Joffre, pronounced *Jof*, with the *j* as in *just*. . . .

ANNOUNCEMENT of a conscientious public official in the *Hughes County Times* of Holdenville:

To Notice to the Readers and to whome this may consearn By Elo Sexton this was written word from word. I have this the 10 of January 1931 have qualified with a good Stiff bond with the Ashurty bonding company through our home agent Mr. Snider of Holdenville. I have qualified for County Weigher on my Behalf of oath of office know if you farmers buyers and sellers paternizes me as well as you voted for me I will have a good business. I am under a Big heavy Bond. My Bond

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amounts to more than I am expecting out of the weighing Job for 2 years. You fellows that did not weigh with me this fall 1930 thought you was saving a Dime but the ones that did weigh with me made Dollars by weighing with me, so you farmers and buyers and sellers give Elo your business this coming too years and you will get everything that is coming to you over the County Scales Regardless of your collar are nationality. A fair and a square deal to all. The County Scales are across the streets from the Choctaw Gin and oil mill what is called the old Red Gin. The Scale are in a No. 1 good shape and has and will stand the U. S. Government test weights. Anybody that wants there sewing machine fixed bring it in to my county scales office. I have lots of good office room and storage. I will do your McAnnic work at the county scales office as I cant come to you know like I used to, so bring your machines in.

Yours truly,

ELO SEXTON.

County Weigher of hughes county

PENNSYLVANIA

LATEST triumph of the New Education, as preserved for posterity in the *Pennsylvania School Journal*:

A dedication ritual, developed by William Tinker, professor of English; Irene Kramer, director of the kindergarten-primary group; and L. H. Wagenhorst, director of the Training School, featured the dedication programme of the Elementary Training School building at State Teachers College, Slippery Rock.

The ritual, which others may wish to modify for use, is printed below.

DEDICATION RITUAL

Dedication Hymn.

Leader—Having received from the Commonwealth the building required for a broad and effective service,

Audience—We do now with thanksgiving sincerely dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—Through the one true God, our Father, Author and Disposer of our lives and Giver of every good and perfect gift to all those purposes best showing forth the lofty ideals of a genuine and noble civilization,

Audience—We solemnly dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—To the training of that which is perfect truthfulness of body, mind, and heart,

Audience—We earnestly dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—To the teaching of loyalty to the Constitution, laws, and flag of our country,

Audience—We thoughtfully dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—To the training and education of children,

Audience—We joyfully dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—To the proper helping and training of teachers-in-training for the great work of education in our Commonwealth,

Audience—We eagerly dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—To sincere coöperation with all of the educational units in our community as well as to every cause which strives to express righteousness in our town, State, and nation,

Audience—We gladly dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—To wholesome enjoyments which minister to health and happiness,

Audience—We justly dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—To community sociability and friendliness,

Audience—We heartily dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader—To a wider programme and a more continuous use of our facilities, that doors may be opened for the largest possible expression of righteousness and contented living, to the greatest number of people served, and that our work may be made to meet the needs of this community in the most efficient ways,

Audience—We loyally dedicate our elementary training school.

Leader and Audience—O Lord, our God, there is no God like unto Thee in Heaven above or in the earth beneath.

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Blessed be Thy name Who hast given us all these things. Grant now that all who may enjoy their benefits may show forth their thankfulness by the right use of all these Thy gifts to the glory of Thy Holy Name. Amen.

CONTRIBUTION to pathology by a reader of the celebrated Philadelphia *Inquirer*:

To the Editor of The Inquirer:

I see by your paper today the Senate is going to make inquiry into the food question. Well, do they know what to inquire into? You remember I wrote you in 1929 it would take more than the stroke of the President's pen to bring relief to the farmers. The farmers have only one relief and that is the consumers' stomachs.

Your paper today reported 117 deaths from pneumonia.

What does the most of pneumonia come from? It is coming from eggs laid by sick chickens. They will not digest if a person gets one in his stomach and takes cold on it. The eggs putrefy in his stomach.

Let the doctor look for the trouble. They have one of the longest searches they ever started. Twenty-three years I was on the trail before I discovered where the trouble lay. I have the germs sealed in alcohol and can go before any health council of this country and prove my discovery to a pinpoint.

Mr. Editor, just keep your eye on the pneumonia and flu in the people and see how a little cold spell takes the people out.

The diseased egg is liable to bring anything in your family from mumps to smallpox.

T. L. POSTLES.

ECCLESIASTICAL intelligence from the Altoona *Mirror*:

"The evening service that is different" was different at the First Church of Christ Sunday evening. The announcements made on Saturday had drawn a large crowd of people eager to see and hear. The feature particularly stressed is "seeing with the eye." The Rev. W. T. Fisher, pastor of the church, has been emphasizing this for several weeks past. . . .

As a prelude to the main feature of the evening, which was a dramatization of the last Passover supper and the institution of the Lord's Supper, Mrs. Marie Stewart Kelley, the church organist, played a wonderfully beautiful piece entitled "The Bells," by William H. Price. At the close of this number thirteen men of the church took places on the platform, on which a beautifully arranged table had been prepared. These men quietly took places about the table. L. G. Runk, one of the outstanding men of the congregation, took the place of the Master. Using the words of Jesus, "With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer," the Passover meal began.

This was concluded with the, "After supper He took the cup." The cup was passed from man to man in solemn silence, all drinking from it. Immediately after this Mr. Runk arose and took a loaf of unleavened bread and when he had given thanks he broke it and said, "This is my body which is broken for you, take, eat and as often as ye do this do it in memory of me." Then he took a cup, blessed it and said, "This is my blood which is shed for the remission of sins." As the cup passed from man to man he remarked, "For as often as you eat this loaf and drink this cup you do show forth the Lord's death till He come." The men then led by Mr. Runk sang a hymn and left the platform.

THE grand old town of Catasauqua comes forward with a world's champion:

George B. F. Deily, member of the board of directors of the National Bank of Catasauqua, left on Sunday morning on an extended trolley trip. He is accompanied by George F. Smith, shipping clerk at the plant of the W. J. Smith Company, manufacturing confectioners. Messrs. Deily and Smith went to Stroudsburg by trolley, where they boarded a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western train for Buffalo. From that city they will journey through Ohio and a number of mid-Western States, their destination being Milwaukee. They expect to be gone for about three weeks. Mr. Deily enjoys the distinction of having traveled greater distances by trolley than any other citizen of the United States, having scored upward of 300,000 miles.

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TEAM BELLS WOKE ME

BY H. L. DAVIS

THE wagon-freighters into Eastern Oregon in 1906 had a night-camp on the Upper John Day river, in a country which, having since turned its population over to the payroll towns on the Coast and all its land to the Federal Farm Loan banks, now has neither freight-camps, freight-haulers, nor freight-users. Economic progress has made it merely another hole in Nature's pants; but it was a paying section in the teaming days. Prosperous and dissatisfied farmers worked every creek-bottom, putting up hay for the freight-teams at $50 a ton, and the freight-camp at dusk in the Spring wool-hauling season, with all the cooking-fires shining through the wagon-spokes like a Chicago jail burning down, made me uneasy the first time I saw it. I was eleven years old, playing hookey from the buck-saw detail at home to help Tamarack Jack Pooler haul wool, and the animation and racket in the freight-camp made me feel that humanity had already jammed the country till it popped at the seams. If they kept on coming at this rate, I thought, they would crowd the open country out of existence, and I didn't want them to.

Unharnessing, Tamarack Jack told me that I needn't worry. The willow flat did sound like payday at a cavalry post, with fires, arguments, whiskers, bedclothes, tinware, stray dogs, sucking colts trying to locate their mothers, and chorded copper team-bells plunking as a late string wheeled in to feed up and spread down; but there were only about thirty outfits in the camp. They covered considerable ground, on account of the sixty wagons and three hundred horses; but they were nothing to compare with the crowds that he had seen there. In the '90s, the place had camped sixty outfits a night regularly. In the Indian outbreaks of the '70s there had been more life on this one road than there was now in the country. Counting Indians, of course. An old Piute buck who hung around the freight-camp to panhandle the left-over scraps had once headed a village of twenty wickiyups. Now he claimed title to four, inhabited by a bunch of cavernous-gutted grown sons who stayed with him because he rustled their victuals for them. They weren't worth killing, and the old buck, who would undoubtedly call on us before the evening was out, knew it, and boarded them anyway.

"Because it makes him feel like he's still a chief," explained Tamarack Jack, spreading out harness, "even if it's only over a set of bums. . . . I'll tie them horses. Some of 'em fight, and you don't know which ones to keep separated. Tag around and learn things, that's what a boy your age ort to do. You study about Indian fightin' in school, don't you?"

Tamarack Jack was one of the best freighters on the line. He caught his teams straight out of the wild bunch on the range, and broke them to work by dragging them into harness and working

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them. The blacksnake whip around his neck was merely a badge of office: he never whipped his horses. If their gait needed correcting, he threw rocks at them. Heaving from the saddled off-wheeler, on the go, he could hit as many as three with one rock. He never apologized for taking a drink of whiskey in the presence of a youngster, or volunteered long explanations about how it was only good for elderly men broken by exposure and sorrows. Instead, he always reached his flask back as if offering a swig, and then corked it and put it away, pretending solemnly that it had been refused. All the kids liked him in spite of the interest he affected in their schooling, which came either from politeness or because he had never had any schooling himself.

"This old Siwash can learn you things about Indian fightin' that I'll bet that school-teacher of yourn never heard of," he said. "I'll poke a couple of drinks down him, and you prop your ears and pay attention. You'll learn some history to take home with you. *Klahowyam,* Spencer!"

The old Piute was wrinkled and skinny, with two braids of gray hair end-bound with drugstore twine. He was all faded except at the eyes, which were black as obsidian. The Mother Goose conceit about beggars on horseback couldn't have been among his memory gems; but he was a beggar, and he not only rode a horse, but led two pack-ponies to take his plunder home on. His saddle had been inherited from the United States Army, and he ate a two-handed piece of apple pie with enjoyment until Tamarack Jack winked and stuck up one thumb. Then he dismounted, stowed the pie on a pack, and started the two pack-ponies home with a cut of his quirt. His people, it seemed, were fussy about getting their meals on time. Was there any brandy? For four drinks he was willing to do a scalp-dance with genuine scalps. For a bottle, he would—

"To hell with your scalp-dance," Tamarack Jack told him. "I'll give you two drinks, and then I want you to tell this kid about Indian fightin'. He's studyin' it in school, and it'll help out with his education. There ain't anything historical about watchin' you get drunk and jump around with your clothes off. Come around back of the wagon where everybody can't see us."

Whiskeying an Indian had to be done on the sly, because of the law which, in those days, was respected even when it wasn't obeyed. The old Piute came back, wiping his chin and breathing deep, and sat down. "White man *kultus,*" he announced, after a little thought. "Bad! Me kill 'em—shoot 'em, cut 'em, stick 'em—" He ran through a list of other things he had done to them in the days when he had his strength. It was pretty stout stuff. I hadn't imagined that Indian hostilities ever took quite such a personal form. The only Indian stories I had heard were from people the hostiles had failed to catch. Of the Indians, I had seen only a hard-riding, good-natured set of berry-peddlers who embarrassed townspeople by nursing papooses and settling family rows in the middle of the business district. Here was a new side to the subject. I stopped feeling uneasy about the country's waning wildness. There was such a thing as having a country too damned wild.

I must have looked shaky, for the old buck went back again to his table of premises, which he had laid down as a kind of ethical foundation to excuse his enormities. All white men, he reminded me, were bad. Columbus had been bad, for not staying at home and minding his own business. The freighters were bad. He waved his hand to take in all the men

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whose large-handedness with cooking measures kept him and his whole gang from starvation, or, worse, from having to go to work. They were all *kultus*, all lowdown sons of leg-lifters. Murders, mutilations, rapes, tortures and unnatural abuses were too good for them. Shoot 'em. Cut 'em.

And so on. The two drinks were beginning to take hold and talk up. The freighting trade was pretty well mangled by the time Tamarack Jack appeared from behind the wagon, about two-thirds drunk, and explained that he was going to leave us two to entertain each other. "I'll go over and borrow a piece of fresh beef for supper," he said, standing over us with one foot in the fire. Among the wagons, somebody sang "The Dying Ranger" to a fiddle, while a couple of his audience threw rocks at the dogs so they wouldn't howl and spoil it. Tamarack Jack took his foot out of the fire and put one hand on my head benignly. "Spencer'll tell you about this history business," he assured me. "Once he gets started, all hell can't stop him till he's finished. All he tells you is gospel truth. All them freighters got exterminated, just like he's told you."

He had, of course, mistaken Spencer's ill-natured spouting for historical reminiscence. Still, he was merely a few years ahead of time, for, though it wasn't history then, it is now. All the freighting traders did get exterminated, just as the old Piute who lived on their extravagance hoped they would.

II

Tamarack Jack claimed freighting as his profession, but he made most of his money out of his genius for horse-breaking. Of his string of ten horses at the start of a trip, six would be wild, new-shod cayuses that had never before felt iron or leather. At the end of three hundred miles of road, they would be honest, well-broken work-horses, worth from $50 to $80 apiece; and he would sell them and run in another bunch of fence-breakers from the bunch-grass. Three days in a dark barn, and they would step into the collar for him as if they had been doing it for twenty years, without a spark of meanness except to strangers and to one another.

He named them after public characters, probably because it gave a flavor to their habit of fighting on the picket-line. On the trip I went with, Frances E. Willard couldn't be staked with the rest of the *caballada* because she insisted on biting big hunks out of William Jennings Bryan; Laura Jean Libby and Susan B. Anthony got along excellently with the Great Commoner, but they bit each other, and would also slip their halters to chase off after any barefooted stallion that came within wind of them; and Alice Roosevelt and Emilio Aguinaldo had a mortal feud on, which ended with Emilio caving in three of Alice's ribs so that she had to be shot.

The name, it is gratifying to add, didn't perish with her. Tamarack Jack changed his horses a dozen times a year, but he never changed the names at all. His off-pointer, regardless of sex, color or disposition, was always Alice Roosevelt, and all the other monickers stuck as inflexibly. The horses didn't mind, and it saved Tamarack Jack the trouble of inventing and learning a whole set of new names every time he sold his string down.

Freighting and horse-breaking wasn't a usual combination on the road, but there were personal marks by which each freighter could be remembered. Big Simon and Little Simon Madance were father and son who looked alike, ran opposition

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lines to a little watertrough town in the Lava Beds country, and hated each other with a fury all the deadlier because neither was able to give any reason for it. They could neither stand each other nor let each other alone, and they ended along in 1909 with a challenge race down the old Sherar toll-grade, which Big Simon won by hubbing his first-born, outfit and all, over a three-hundred-foot pitch to die under his pile of tangled horses. The only thing about it that the other freighters appeared to mind was that it hadn't happened sooner, and that it hadn't killed both of them. Sociability died wherever they were, as it did around Big Foot Larsen, who, loyal to his racial tradition of Scandinavian gloom, had married a squaw and then eaten her during a hard and lonely Winter.

According, that is, to the story they told on him behind his back. It may have been merely their way of accounting for his expression, which was so Strindbergian that even squaw-eating seemed scarcely an excuse. I didn't believe he had eaten her, because he didn't look bright enough to have thought of it; but I was afraid of him anyway. I wasn't afraid of Greene Tucker, though he was even meaner on account of having been an Indian war hero. He had held a stone milk-house full of women and girls against a Shoshone war-party in 1877, and whipped the whole band with a neckyoke and two kettles of boiling water, fighting most of the set-to with a knife-rip across his abdomen.

It crippled him for life, for the rescued women all got sick when he called on them to sew it up, and he had to do it himself. Unused to needlework, he sewed too deep. The muscles drew up, and the only reward his heroism got him was a lifelong stoop, like a man looking for a four-leaf clover, and a lifelong grudge against creation for not doing something about it.

His sour temper would have made him a continental pest, if it hadn't been for the rip-staving set of tunes he could whack out of a fiddle. Nothing could have been a more compact study in overlapping humors than old Greene Tucker bowing it up on a wagon-tongue, his eyes set in a gall-shot glare as if he hoped his thrums and double-stops would poison everything they struck, while the tune itself—usually a slippery old hoe-down like "Leather Breeches" or "Hell Among the Yearlings" —cackled to his face that he was a liar, and that he didn't hope anything of the kind.

It would have been easy to have played badly if he had sincerely wanted people to feel badly; and it would have been impossible to heave himself into a mere piece of dance-music if his arteries had really contained as much bile as he pretended. I never heard him play any tune coldly or indifferently. Probably he never realized that his perkiness leaked out on him through his fiddling; probably he didn't even know that there was any perkiness in him at all. Good humor, it seemed, didn't always lie at the surface of the mind, nor bitterness always among the profundities; and either, if it set deep enough, could be involuntary and incurable.

Frank Chambeau was the only example, in the entire Eastern Oregon freighting country, of a man who babied his horses. Not merely to work them humanely and see that they got enough to eat. Everybody did that, for the same reason that a carpenter takes care of his tools. Chambeau hugged and kissed his horses, carried pones of bread to deal out to them every two miles, rubbed them down with expensive hair-tonic, and bought silver harness-studs,

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conchas, spreader-rings, hame-knobs, and even a full set of silver-alloy team-bells with housings of bright orange goatskin.

An ordinary team, strung with such a Siwash get-up, would have run away, out of self-consciousness. Chambeau's horses had no run in them. They were overfed, grizzle-headed old strawbellies that couldn't be left standing unwatched for ten minutes for fear they would all go to sleep and fall down. Resting them at the foot of a grade, he would distribute bread and endearments all round, and then address the string of dozing, limp-lipped old plugs with a personal appeal.

"Now, babies," he would explain, "here's this hill, and here's papa dependin' on you to pull it for him. You're goin' to do that for papa, ain't you?"

They did it for him, even over humps that other outfits were double-teaming to get over. He claimed it was because they appreciated sentiment and hand-holding, which I didn't believe then or thereafter. Yet he must have had some tap on them, or why should they have held his wagons dead still on the steep Shaniko grade for eleven hours while he lay drunk in the road with his head a foot from the wheel? No other horses would have done that, petting or not.

Windy Missou was the biggest-built man on the line—six feet seven, three hundred pounds with his shoes off and his pockets empty, and strong enough to dehorn a bull barehanded. He was also the biggest coward. He slept in his wagon because he was afraid of snakes on the ground, and he kept a lantern burning all night because he was afraid of the dark. He ended by killing a young feed-yard hay-peddler who had tried to shut him into an unlighted granary for a joke, and never came back from the penitentiary. Big John Payne had served in the Philippines, and carried a collection of dark, gristly objects which he claimed were dried ears of the gu-gus whom he had personally dispatched for Civilization and Liberty.

Uncle Ike Bewley had been a lieutenant in the Civil War, had buried seven wives —nearly all of them white—, and he chafed with uneasiness for fear his manly fires might cool before he could land an eighth. There was some excuse for feeling nervous, for he was seventy-four years old, and he had proposed to every girl in the country so often that they had all stopped being polite to him. His persistence was a regional joke; and yet there was a lot more to him than mere senile obsession. Uncle Ike had seen enough of death, between his wives and the Civil War, to know it well. Knowing it would land on him, he wasn't in the least afraid of it; only of life, for fear he wouldn't manage to spend the little he had left of it as he wanted to.

Those were freight-camp men. Not all of them, nor a just impression of any as I saw them in the clearing around Greene Tucker's fiddling-stand. They had unloaded a keg of whiskey from a saloon shipment, and, with a gimlet to tap it and a straw to imbibe it through, had given the place a tone shading from camp-meeting exuberance to camp-meeting prayerfulness. The keg helped the effect. It had become, because of the kneeling position in which they had to tackle it, a kind of sacramental altar, theological, compelling, and awful. The liquor was low. To reach it, each man in turn knelt, pressed his forehead against the keg-staves in a long, breathless fervor, and pulled loose with a soul-riven gulp that would not have disgraced any experience-meeting in the land.

Minors, however, were not welcome. Tamarack Jack wove over and ordered me

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back to our wagon. I embarrassed the men, he explained. They couldn't cut loose with me around, for fear it would be a bad influence. I had better go back to the old Indian, who, besides being educational, needed to be watched so he wouldn't prowl around and steal loose property.

"Go on back, now," said Tamarack Jack firmly. "Cook yourself a feed, and put enough in the pot so the Old Siwash'll have something to take home with him, and give him what's left of the small bottle. It's in Alice Roosevelt's nosebag on the trail wagon. Give him that, and he'll tell you some things that'll help with your schoolin'. You learn about Indian fightin' in school, don't you?"

I went back, feeling misused. Nowadays, I would treat a ten-year-old kid about the same way he treated me; but I would still deny that there was much sense in doing it. The freighters were, it was true, a little off-color in their merriment, and they played one game with a row of ten-cent pieces laid out on a wagon-tongue that was certainly no treasure to describe to the home-folks.

But the Indian wars had run through stuff that made even the freighters' little sub-surcingle competitions seem as harmless as antey-over. Why bar me from one and ram my nose in the other? I hoped the old Indian would have stolen himself a load and left with it.

He hadn't. He had found the small bottle, and had been bitten through the hand fooling around the horse-line in the dark. But he had no notion of quitting me with his homicide record half-told. With the tooth-marks red on his skin and whiskey dripping from his breath, he told me about Indian wars, past and to come, in a long, blurred monotony of murders and manglings that ended when the first team-bells jingled for the road at daylight.

III

The one season of the year when freighting was pleasant, with the happy, busy importance of peace-time manœuvres at an Army headquarters or protracted meeting in a cracker settlement, was the Spring rush of wool-hauling. Then, with the roads springy and dustless, new grass and water, and a sure cargo both ways for every rig that could carry one, the wagons packed the road with a close, double-columned line, flowing between horizons like a river. The team-bells shook out their first clatter at daylight, tolling dry goods, groceries, fence-posts, spring millinery, and Cyrus Noble's Favorite Prescription from railhead to the Shoshone deserts, with cow-town kids from the home bucksaw to tag along and see where they landed. The freighters welcomed company, or pretended to; and the bells, ringing so far out on the road that one could only locate mid-column by the far drift of vapor the teams shed into the sky, were too much to hold out against.

They were not the common bellyband castanets that one sees in pictures of sleighing scenes. Freight teams were too tony for such fifteen-cent-store tinware. They carried real music-making bells, with the same accuracy of tuning and much the same range as the chimes of a modern orchestra. Mostly, they were cast in thin bronze, and set five bells in a strap which fitted over the hames to ring in time with the horse's shoulders. Each set of five struck one major chord, as C, E, G, C, E. To protect them from the weather, and to prevent them from sounding harsh or tinny, they were muffled in a housing of goat's wool. It made them ring sweet and delicate and woody, like water dripping in a barrel spring.

All the freighters belled their teams,

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but no two of them ever gave the same reason for doing it. Tamarack Jack explained that the tone and rhythm enabled him to keep track of the team's action with his eyes shut. No horse, he pointed out, could drag back or fall out of step without registering the irregularity on the bells, and also identifying himself, so that Tamarack Jack, by noticing which chord was acting queer, could tell where to administer correction with his rock. Frank Chambeau, who never threw rocks at his horses, claimed the bells helped the teams gait themselves together; somebody else thought they were there to keep the driver from going to sleep, and somebody else that they were a kind of warning signal to notify stations ahead that a freight outfit was coming, so the girls would have time to find their hairpins and get downstairs before it pulled in.

That jibed with an old cow-town story about a freight-horse stampede in the night, which, old-timers related, had been headed by a quick-thinking citizen who wrapped a red bandanna around a lantern and tittered girlishly until the horses, thinking they were up against a red-light house, stopped meekly to wait for the boss to come out and pass around the nose-bags. But both story and explanation seemed a little too pointed to be true. The team-bells were part of freighting because they sounded pretty and gave style and ceremony to the business.

To the whole country, for that matter. There was never a wool-hauling column that all the towns didn't turn out for, yelling at the lead-wagons to ask where their freighter was, and mobbing his wagon when it wheeled out of line to weigh in and unload. Between towns, lying on the trailwagon out of range of Tamarack Jack's conversation, watching the sky turn round the earth like a flywheel around a slipping drive-shaft, I would hear the smooth, even-toned beat of the team-bells break, cast off, and swing into a sharp-stepped drum-time, which meant that the horses had sighted country people and were putting on dog to give them an eye-full.

If it was a ranch, Tamarack Jack would put on dog too, stiffening to sit straight and light in the saddle, left hand to hat, right hand on the brake-rope as if he expected his whole outfit to light off at a run any minute. The small kids would be lined along the fence by the watering-trough, the big girls by the front-gate, the women bareheaded by the house, shading their eyes and flapping their aprons in welcome, not merely to new dress-patterns and canned goods and phonograph records, but to the whole United States after a Winter of homesick separation. It was a dry line into that Duck Valley section, and there were times when the homestead watering-troughs looked mighty tempting; but not one of the horses ever spoiled the dignity of the occasion by trying to snatch a drink. They arched their necks and hoofed high and went thirsty to give those people the ceremonious parade their enthusiasm deserved.

They showed off the same way in front of the Indian camps, which Tamarack Jack never straightened up for except when some elderly buck made the recognition-sign of slapping himself open-handed across the mouth. Even then his response was only formally polite. The Indians came out to look at us, exactly as the farm women did; but the farm women came because seeing us meant something. To the Indians, we meant merely another object to gawk at, or, if it was a big day, to cheat in a horse-trade.

We meant that much to the other wild life of the country. Little herds of antelope

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skirmished along the skyline to look us over, pitching back their heads to get our wind, and snapping their tails nervously, all cocked to run if we acted too interested. Coyotes hung out of range, sociable, but cautious, hoping we would lose something they could eat; and bald eagles dawdled along overhead watching for the jackrabbits that our team-bells scared up out of the brush. Wild horse-herds drifted along the line sometimes, closing in after dark when the stallion could try his sales-talk on the picketed mares without getting himself shot. If the camp was small, the ground clear, and the mares responsive, he was likely to push his courtship along by stampeding his herd across the picket-line to destroy the peg-ropes. The weight of such a charge would destroy them, all right, and usually it destroyed the mares along with them.

The freighters didn't bother much about wild-horse scares. In open country they always corralled wagons; but none of them ever lost anywhere near as many horses to the wild herd as they got back from it. The wild horses, indeed, were one of the biggest assets the country had. Without them, the Indians, tied to their camps, would have become objects of charity fifty years earlier than they did; a cowboy could no more have afforded to own a saddle-horse than an airplane; horse-breakers like Tamarack Jack—and there were plenty of them—would have been stuck with a talent as unprofitable as writing poetry. Homesteaders would have been hurt even worse. In their lives, the wild herd was as essential as the sago palm to the South Sea Islanders. Broomtail horses were their hog-feed, chicken-feed, dog-rations, garden-compost; the hair made riatas, hackamores and mattress-stuffing; the hides were chair-bottoms, floor-coverings, water-buckets, belt-lacing, and cold-weather vests. Babies in the High Desert were born on horsehair, raised on horse-milk, blooded on horseback, and, pretty regularly, hanged from the neck of one horse in a noose braided from the hide of another.

There were beautiful nags in the wild bunch. The good ones, of course, were the hardest to run down, which accounts for the general notion that all wild horses were hammer-headed scrubs. Only the riff-raff got caught. Runts and runners, they are all gone now, fenced out by the wheat-farmers and either starved or else sold in bunches to fertilizer-factories at $3 a head. The country can't be the same without them, and it doesn't deserve to be.

It can't be the same without the old side-hill Indian burying-grounds, either. Even in the freighting days, they were going to pieces fast; but the spots where the dirt shoveled easiest all had them. They were dug shallow and skimpy, probably because the Indians enjoyed manufacturing corpses better than getting rid of them; and the old skeletons, washed out of the earth and wind-polished among the old burial trinkets—grinding-stones and fleshing-knives for the women, bowstaves and horse-furniture for the men, and little toy saddles, papoose-carriers and grass-stuffed buckskin dolls for the children, with big cylindrical stone beads for everybody—had so little of the ordinary graveyard unearthliness that we youngsters would have looted and wrecked them ourselves, merely for curiosity, if the freighters hadn't prevented.

Robbing graves, they explained, was bad luck, and we could either let them alone or else get off and walk. If it had been a fenced-in plot with white posts and epitaphs, money couldn't have tempted us to disturb even the rusty wire of an old wreath. We weren't callous about dead people. Only, they had to keep their

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skeletons out of sight and show certain conventional trimmings, or we simply couldn't tie them up with the fearful and spooky objects which, instinctively, we believed that death turned people into.

IV

The years 1905-1907 brought the West its heaviest spell of rainfall in recorded history. Draws and gullies flooded, cattle mired on the range, clothes mildewed, and crops, planted mostly by newcomers in ignorance and with a prayer for the deserving, boomed and bore enormously. Momentarily, the anomaly was a nice little stroke of luck. Its eventual effect took longer to work out, and played hell; for the crop-raisers, exultant over their big harvests, refused to listen to old settlers' forecasts for future precipitation, and sat right down to write back East to the folks about the bonanza in sagebrush farming.

The folks, also disregarding warnings, rolled in. Mostly, they didn't stay very long; but there were enough of them to mill heavy while they lasted; and they killed the freighting business colder than a wedge before they left. Crops were poor from the start; but they overlooked that, and concentrated their uproar on the right of a settled farming section to decent communications; and their combined thunderings brought in the branch railroads.

They brought plenty of them. The Shaniko branch, the Condon branch, the Heppner branch, two Deschutes branches, a stub-line East to Prineville, and a narrow-gauge north from the Humboldt River Basin, all piled in as if answering a riot-call; and the freighters jacked up their wagons, rolled the big wheels down to soak in the creek, turned their teams out to the wild bunch, and went out dismally to hunt for jobs.

Curiously, the improved communications didn't help the rainfall of the country at all. The weather turned dry, and, as had been its off-and-on habit for several thousand years, it stayed dry with the completest indifference to all the preparations that had been made to have it wet. The High Desert turned into a nest of hide-outs and cattle-thieves, the Wagontire and Owyhee sections into a God-forsaken, do-as-you-please waste. Neither faith, complaints, petitions, nor farmers' protest-meetings helped a particle. The railroads were there, and there was nothing to use them for. A late-started line, rushing steel east across the Cascades from the Rogue River Valley, got scared to a standstill after it had built about twenty miles. Ten years after the rush an auditor for one of the Deschutes lines told me that his company was going behind $15,000 a mile annually, and wishing that it had never been born.

The clamorers had all gone by that time. Their miracle hadn't happened; and their scheme of making it rain on their fields by the Indian system of informing God that it ought to, had worked as badly for them as their doctrine had for the Shoshones, the Bannocks, and the Northern Piutes of 1877, in the outbreak about which old Piute Spencer told me his stomach-turning stories in the freight-camp on the John Day River.

It had been a medicine-war, he told me. A lot of tribes went into it that year—the Sioux, the Utes, the Comanches—everybody. On account of an idea which their theologians had swiped from the white man's ghost book that a man holds up in front of you when they intend to put you in jail. The idea—he had fallen for it along with the rest of them—was that a man could get killed and then come back to life again.

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None of the medicine-men claimed credit for inventing such a notion. They admitted that a white man appeared to have done it first, but they argued that, if a white man could do that much, an Indian could do more and better. All that was needed, they promised, was faith. With that, they could lick the whites, restore to life all the warriors who got killed doing it, and bring back all the buffalo herds that had been slaughtered and crowded out by the cattle. Transubstantiation figured in the campaign, for they were ordered to slaughter all the cattle they could, so that the buffalo would have some kind of integument to come back to. For six months, old Spencer bragged, he had lived on nothing but the tongues of slaughtered cows, leaving the rest for the buffalo to inhabit. It was plenty of fun, but it hadn't worked out. The buffalo hadn't showed up. None of the casualties had been restored to health. A lot of them, trying to swim the Columbia ahead of an infantry column, had run into a gatling-gun detail on a steamboat and got cut all to flinders. When the enthusiasm started, he was chief of a big village. Now it kept him humping to stay chief of anything.

He went over a list for me of the men of his village who had got killed and crippled on false expectations, but he didn't mention, except to brag drunkenly, how many white people his witch-doctor plagiarism had got tortured and outraged and murdered.

It was the same with the freighters, driven out of their livelihood by the settlement-rush and railroad-splurge that ended in 1910. The financiers and farmers felt sorry for themselves, but none of them ever mentioned the freighters except to brag about having got the country rid of them. Things hadn't panned out, it was true; but, if they had done nothing else, they had brought modern communications to the sagebrush, and that was something.

It was a whole lot. Merely to have taken away the team-bells at morning ought to be enough to get them all immortality. I hope it will.

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THE MAKING OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

BY H. CARTER DAVIDSON

WE HAD met for an entirely different purpose, but an indispensable member of the group had been unavoidably delayed, and since time was too short for us to do anything else, we began a desultory conversation. Within two minutes the three other members discovered that they possessed a vital common interest; I sat back while they talked.

"I'll bet you fifty dollars," Sayre was saying—Sayre, the investment banker who had his finger in most of the political pies of our Commonwealth—, "that I can name the first ten men you had on your list. We went over the whole field, interviewed half the big educators in the country, and weighed the prospects for a whole year before we picked our new president up at the State university. I can't imagine that there was a single possible candidate we failed to meet."

Koontz, who I now for the first time discovered had been one of the backers and trustees of an endowed university for the past fifteen years, put his hand into his inner coat pocket and pulled out a card.

"Well," he smiled, "I know too much about the game myself to try to call your bluff on that proposition. But I can tell you that the man you picked for your job didn't hold first place on our list. As a matter of fact, he ranked number seven."

"The same to you, old man," Sayre returned. "Your prize package was down the line a piece in our All-American, too. And I'll bet you another fifty on something else. Your number one isn't your new president."

Koontz laughed.

"I suppose you're speaking from your own experience again, but you're right. The first man to whom we offered the position felt that he was settled happily where he was."

"Yes," said Sayre, "and the second and the third, too. I've never seen such a bunch of people for institutional loyalty and such stuff. Why, one of our men wasn't drawing half the salary we offered to pay him, and the school where he was president was just about on its last legs. But he had some excuse that he was going to make a success out of the place, that it was a challenge to his ability, and would mean more to him if he made it go. I admire the man's courage, but think what he could have done up at State with an annual budget twice the size of his whole endowment! All of them can frame some kind of excuse—duty, or climate, or even faculty."

"Of course," said Koontz, "it wouldn't do to let the world know that our offers were refused—and we handled our technique so that there was no real public rejection—but our committee was turned down more than once before it succeeded. And even then we weren't able to get a man with presidential experience."

Dunstan, the third member of the conclave, now leaned forward. He was a trustee of a small denominational college.

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"You don't mean to tell me that you were expecting to get a first-class president away from another university? Why, down on our board, we decided that such a thing wasn't even ethical. Of course, our school is small, and we would hardly——"

"What was the matter with you people?" interrupted Sayre, chuckling. "Did some big school take your other president away from you?"

"No, there was some trouble with the governing board of the Church, and we had to let him go."

"Oh! I see now why you were so worried about the ethics of the matter. But I disagree with your idea. If a man makes good as president of a smaller school, promote him to a bigger one. We always do it in business; why not in education? Give him a chance in the big leagues."

"It might interest you gentlemen," said Koontz, to divert what might have been an argument, "to hear the list of qualifications which our committee formulated to aid us in selecting a president."

He produced another card from his pocket.

Sayre winked at me: "I'll bet he's got a whole card-index in that pocket. Koontz the Kard Karrier—that's what he is."

Koontz smiled, adjusted his spectacles, and began:

"First and most important, he must be a man of eminent scholarly attainments and reputation."

"Sure," nodded Sayre, "he's got to have a college degree. And that," turning to Dunstan, "doesn't mean a graduate of some theological seminary, either. Being a preacher doesn't make a man a good college president."

"Nor keep him from being a better one," Dunstan retorted.

"Perhaps you gentlemen misunderstood me," Koontz flowed on, "but a mere college degree we considered insufficient. He must have done advanced study, hold a doctor's degree, and have a distinguished position as a scholar."

"Say, what are you looking for, a president or a teacher?"

"Our university, Mr. Sayre, has always had a reputation for its great scholars. We could not afford to have a president who would be regarded by the famous men on our faculty as their inferior in scholarship. All of our presidents have been eminent men in their fields of learning."

"Then why spoil them? You're going to run up against a snag some day with that method. Some big professor of Greek or history is going to turn out to be a mighty poor business executive. We had one like that down at State when I first came on the board. He'd won some big prize or other in chemistry, but he didn't win any medals with us."

"Nevertheless, I suppose you will agree that if you can find a scholar with executive ability, you will prefer him to the mere business man."

Sayre grunted condescendingly.

"Of course," Dunstan mused, aloud, "since ours is a church school, we have to make our first elimination on the basis of the candidates' religious affiliations and moral character. But if we can find a scholar among the remainder, of course we have no objections."

"I should hope not," Koontz said. "If you were to name the ten greatest university presidents in America, you would find that at least nine of them were great scholars before they became presidents—and afterward, also. But we aren't getting on with the list. Our second requirement is somewhat complex: he must be a tactful social mixer with both young and old."

"Which, I suppose, is your way of say-

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ing that you want a man who can get money from the old grads and college spirit from the students?"

"Yes, in a way. Though it's not only money or football victories we want. Our faculty has to be handled very carefully, and there are some members of the board who are perhaps over-sensitive."

"That was just what was wrong with our last president," Dunstan corroborated. "He could have believed what he wanted to and nobody would have paid any attention to it, if he had just gone about it in the right way. He told some of the members of the faculty what he thought about them and about members of the board, and it didn't take long for the newspapers to get hold of that. Then he blew up; instead of trying to pacify the papers and the people he had offended, by making some sort of apology, he tried to dismiss three of the faculty, and trod on the toes of some of the powerful church officials. I still believe he was a fundamentally honest man, but he didn't have any tact, and we had to ask him to resign."

"Where is he now?" asked Sayre.

"I understand he had a mental and physical breakdown after it was all over, and he's gone away to recuperate."

"I'm afraid that's the usual result when a president is called to a school and asked to clean house. He does the school some good, maybe; but as for himself, it would have been better if he'd never heard of the place."

Koontz turned the conversation back into the channel: "Our president is traditionally one of the leading social figures of our city, and we were thinking of that aspect when we formulated this second rule. He must be able to entertain well, play a part in the cultural life of the community, and find an entrance into our best homes."

"And that," said Sayre, "means he must have a wife almost as well educated and twice as tactful as himself. If she doesn't get along with the faculty wives, he won't last long with the husbands. We found that out ten years ago, and now we're making them bring their wives along with them when they come for an interview."

"But if they aren't married?" Dunstan objected.

"Then we don't ask them. Once there was a candidate who told us that if we selected him and insisted on it, he'd marry to satisfy us; but we decided it was too big a risk."

Dunstan looked at him in a puzzled manner, but finally decided not to take this statement seriously.

"We believe," Koontz agreed, "that the choice of a university's first lady is quite as important as that of its president. Though her name is not usually listed in the catalogue, she is really a very important executive. Not only have we a number of women members of the faculty who must be pleased, but the wives of the married professors, the women of the social circles of the city, and the increasing number of women philanthropists must all find in her a worthy companion and a perfect guest or hostess."

"You must have some difficulty in finding a perfect couple," said Dunstan. "We've never aspired so high. We've just taken it for granted that the wife will be good enough to satisfy the usual run of faculty wives, and in our town they constitute what society there is."

"We turned down one first-class man entirely because of his wife. Her disposition was enough to set the whole university against her husband within a week. And another candidate," Sayre added, "we placed high in the list because we figured that what he lacked his wife

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seemed to have. We don't offer to pay salaries to presidents' wives, but they certainly earn them."

"One of our earlier presidents had a wife to whom he used to entrust most of his difficult endowment cases," remarked Koontz. "The story goes that the money from which our new chapel and library have been built all came through her efforts."

"Of course most of our money comes from the State," said Sayre, "but our man has to have the knack of presenting our budget to the Legislature every two years, and that's as hard a job as wheedling a couple of million out of some foundation or billionaire. Seven years ago our president irritated the members of the Legislature so much that they shelved our budget until the next session, and we had to pay our faculty with I.O.U.'s for nine months—and that didn't help our reputation any."

"How much——" Dunstan paused as if the question he was about to ask would embarrass Koontz considerably—"How much do you require that your president get each year in gifts to the university?"

Koontz laughed. "I don't believe that's mentioned in the contract, and since business conditions vary from year to year and many of our gifts can materialize only upon the deaths of the donors, it would hardly be fair to a new president to mention it. However, to be frank with you, there is a feeling of disappointment on the board if the annual report doesn't mention at least five million dollars in gifts."

"More than our whole endowment," sighed Dunstan.

"But most of it is tied up in new buildings or special projects," Koontz amended. "Only a small percentage is ours to do what we want with it. But to get on with the list—our third commandment is that he must be a man of progressive ideals. If we can find a man with definitely progressive ideas in education, yet without actual university administration experience, we prefer him to a steady worker at the old methods."

"One of our sister State universities apparently thought that way a few years back," said Sayre. "They brought in a man as president who had never taught in a university and was engaged in an entirely different profession at the time. Some of the faculty seemed to like his progressive idealism, but some of them didn't."

"Well, it's sometimes hard to find a man of that type in the teaching profession," Koontz explained. "If they are good teachers, they are probably interested in their own subject to the exclusion of general trends; if they are interested in executive work, they are probably members of a business house. We usually ask for some statement from the candidate concerning what he hopes to do in the new position; sometimes we can tell from that. His past record is usually a good indication of what his future will be."

"Our board wants a progressive man, as long as he isn't a free-thinker," admitted Dunstan. "But by the time a man is old enough to be a college president he has usually lost most of his progressive ideas."

"Then take them while they are young," said Koontz.

"But not too young, either," Sayre amended. "I've seen them so young that the faculty felt insulted at being placed under the direction of a mere youth, and the man himself felt ill at ease in the unusual responsibility."

"The happy mean is hard to find," Koontz conceded, "but we of the board would prefer a younger man who can adapt himself, be molded into an effective

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officer, and then serve the university over an extended period of time."

"If a smaller school like ours, however," Dunstan objected, "should put a young man in the presidency, he would consider it merely a stepping stone to something higher."

"And therefore," Sayre growled, "you handicap your institution by appointing a man who is too old or inefficient to have an opportunity to go elsewhere. Our ideal age at the State university is forty-five. By that time a man's character is formed, and he has had sufficient experience, but he is not too old to fit himself into a new institution. At the same time he has in all probability fifteen years of active and efficient service ahead of him, and that is a long enough term for any man. Universities need an occasional change of administration, in order that progress can take place. We have a compulsory retirement age of sixty-five, and we intend to enforce it strictly. But I'm willing to admit you may find an occasional presidential genius under forty. What's your next point?"

Sayre appeared to believe that he had settled the matter of age; Koontz, therefore, glanced for a second at Dunstan and continued:

"Fourth, he must be an able organizer and leader."

"I should think that would be included under your last point," Sayre objected.

"Not at all—at least in our opinion and experience. We have investigated several cases of men who have had excellent ideas, but were never able to put them into workable form or persuade their boards and faculty to adopt them. The two abilities seem quite distinct to us."

"But certainly not on the same level. At State the actual labor of organizing is usually delegated to an assistant or to the deans of the various colleges. However, I suppose we can again grant that these qualities are desirable, can't we, Dunstan?"

Koontz was beginning to show a little irritation. He hurried on.

"He must be able to write effectively and speak persuasively. Perhaps I should explain that our president is constantly being called upon for addresses—to alumni, to graduating classes at our own institution and elsewhere, to business and civic organizations, to women's clubs and educational conventions—perhaps an average of three or four a week. Since the quality of our teaching is sometimes judged by the effectiveness of his speaking, this element is very important in our choice."

"Yes," Dunstan corroborated, "though we usually have to guard against putting in a great preacher. He makes an excellent man for the daily chapel services and for these occasions which you mention, but he rarely has anything else to offer. It is a fine thing, however, to go to college for four years under a president who can really talk."

"But as for writing, I can't see much use in that," said Sayre, who seemed quite obviously a man who had never attempted more than a business letter. "If an article needs to be written, you can usually find half a dozen men around a university who are only too glad to write articles for him."

"Undoubtedly," Koontz countered, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice, "we could find men who could do each of the president's many tasks better than he. But we are seeking for a man who can handle his own business. Beside, it is essential that our university come before the public in print as well as in speech, and no one could be more appropriate for that task than the president."

Sayre seemed surprised at Koontz's show of irritation, and fell back upon: "Elimi-

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nate—Delegate—Concentrate. Those are my ideas of the duties of a good executive."

"And excellent ideas they are, provided the executive doesn't delegate the important functions, and provided he can himself do the work which he assigns to others. But perhaps our institution is unusual in wanting a man who can write. State institutions are undoubtedly more limited in scope, and are not striving to make a national or international reputation."

Sayre breathed hard for a second, but calmed himself to call for the next item on the list.

"Our sixth requirement seems self-evident—he must be in good health. We cannot afford to keep a semi-invalid in the president's chair. It is a strenuous position, and taxes the most robust constitutions."

"From the pictures of the man you picked," Sayre grumbled, "I should say you were looking for a handsome man, also."

"Certainly there can be no objection to that. A good appearance is surely no handicap to a man."

Dunstan apparently felt that he must say something.

"And a bad one is. Our last man was always scowling. I believe that's what set people against him so."

Koontz glanced at Sayre to see whether there was any objection, and continued.

"He must be a man of unimpeachable morals."

Dunstan heaved a sigh of relief.

"I was wondering how long it would be before that came," he said. "With us it is the first law. Our president cannot have been divorced, or involved in any scandal of an immoral nature, or connected with any movement which is immoral in its nature, such as that for birth-control."

"Now what has all that to do with his being a good president?" Sayre asked. "As long as the man is upright, couldn't scandal have been false about him, couldn't he have been the wronged party in the divorce case?"

"Right or wrong, the institution can't afford to risk its good name by employing or retaining a man whom the public considers immoral."

"Well, the number of divorced men is certainly growing, and there aren't many who haven't been involved in something that women gossip about; if you add to that number those who have opinions on public issues which don't happen to coincide with yours, it seems to me you're cutting out half your best men. I've heard of institutions which won't take a man who smokes or drinks," Sayre laughed as he pulled a cigar from his pocket and bit off the end.

"You may laugh, Mr. Sayre," said Dunstan, waving away a second cigar which Sayre offered him, "but we limit ourselves to men who do not use tobacco or alcohol. We feel that it sets a bad example to the young men and women of our college if the president himself indulges in that way."

Sayre spluttered.

"When you start prying around in a man's private habits, it appears to me you are going too far."

"I quite agree with Mr. Dunstan," Koontz put in, "though we should not go to the extreme of excluding a candidate because he uses tobacco."

"I'll say you wouldn't!" guffawed Sayre. "At least not as long as the president of your board of trustees is also one of America's leading cigarette manufacturers. It would hardly be the thing to do, you see."

Koontz evaded the issue.

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"Other matters of morality, however, we investigate carefully. Several years ago a president was appointed without such investigation, and the board was very embarrassed when his enemies dug up some very disagreeable scandal about him. It was necessary to let him go, though the reason given was not a moral one."

"Any more on your list?" asked Sayre.

"No, gentlemen. Those are our seven requirements—scholarship, tact, progressive idealism, organizing ability, speaking effectiveness, good health, and unimpeachable morals."

"Let me give you another one—a very important one for us. He must be a man without previous political connections in the State, and therefore without political enemies."

"In other words," Koontz amended, "he must be a newcomer in your community."

"Not a former member of the faculty, I presume," added Dunstan.

"One of our neighboring State universities," Sayre explained, "was foolish enough to appoint a former State superintendent of public instruction to the presidency. Within three months every newspaper in the State which had opposed him as State superintendent was howling 'political appointments' every time he made a change in the faculty. The other party machine trained its guns on him, and now he has not only become a party issue, but he is also on the road to being removed."

"We have found it best," said Dunstan, "to look outside our own State and certainly outside our institution for presidential material. The dean of the college perhaps knows more about the local situation than any other person, but his prejudices have been formed, and a new man can perhaps see the issues somewhat more clearly."

"Yes," Koontz sighed, "our university is a wonderful training ground for presidents—of other institutions. Every year we lose two or three of our best men in that way, but when we want a president for ourselves, we must go elsewhere."

At this moment the footsteps of the remaining member of our committee resounded in the corridor, and I, who had become intensely interested in the conversation, asked my one question:

"And are you perfectly satisfied that your present chief executives fulfil all these requirements?"

My only answers were a boisterous laugh of derision from Sayre, a cynical, pitying smile from Koontz, and a look of despair from Dunstan.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Business

THE WHITE-COLLAR UNEMPLOYED

By Brooks Shepard

We have long been accustomed in the United States to the troubles of unskilled laborers—the men who sweep and dig and push things about, and hold the other end. They are always the first to be fired when business goes limp, and the last to be hired when it stiffens. A crashing series of labor-saving inventions has made their position, of late, very precarious, but they are not a new kind of unemployed, and they have not been, until now, numerically a serious one.

Almost as familiar as the unemployed laborer is the unemployed mechanic. A decade ago, fully half of his unemployment was voluntary; today it is largely technological—a term which should be better understood, for many people think that it means imaginary, whereas it is as real as granite. The old-time mechanic simply cannot compete with the huge and infinitely accurate machines which now perform the work of half a dozen skilled men; such machines as the one of which a foreman recently said in my presence, "Honest, I've heard it ask me for a chaw of tobacco!" This progressive unemployment of skilled workers, however, is really no new thing, and though in the past it has delayed the march of industry, it has nowise altered its course.

A new problem is presented by the wholesale appearance of a new unemployed class, larger today than it will be when the slump has passed, but with every indication of becoming a permanent thorn in the industrial flesh. Close upon the heels of the automatic machine came management's intensive study of office methods, with the result that office employés began to appear in increasing numbers among the marching unemployed. Fortunately for these surplus white-collar men, the industry of that day had adopted forced sales as an answer to its problem of surplus capacity, and much of this capacity was expended in the production of luxurious gadgets for the liberation of the housewife. So regiments of deputy-salesmen were recruited, and an orgy of house-to-house distribution was begun. It was not difficult to interest the housewife in the idea of shaking off her traditional chains, and looking like Clara Bow; but she was not naturally speculative, or she might have wondered what could be the source of the seemingly inexhaustible supply of young men—and oldish men—who showed such a fervent interest in her domestic economy. These were the deferred unemployed, carried for a time on the tidal wave of industry, before it crashed and fell. Today she is not buying. What will they do, these superfluous clerks and bookkeepers, tomorrow?

Last of all, and hugely accelerated by the slump, has come a wholesale dismissal of junior executives. Many of these men will never find good jobs again. Indeed, the growing tendency to select chief executives from other concerns, and even from other industries, has made tenure of office un-

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certain from the top to the bottom of our business organizations. As an observing lady said recently: "You used to think of unemployment as something that happened to your washerwoman's husband; now it's happening all about you, to people you really know!"

It is logical that this should happen. Competition has forced management to consider very carefully the cost of the executive group closest to the top—the group which makes the item of administration an impressive figure on the operating statement. American tradition has always held that promotion should be made from within an organization; that the men best fitted to direct it are the men who have grown up among its mysteries; that everybody is stimulated by the hope of advancement. Thus there must be enough trained understudies to insure the continuity of the business, and the entire executive group must be so well paid that its mental freshness will not be impaired by worry. But this gentle tradition, with all its undeniable quiet charm, is following a thousand other traditions into limbo. It doesn't work. Most industries can now function smoothly with a mere handful of high-salaried executives. Most junior executives, like most day-laborers, appear to be best inspired to effort by the fear of losing their jobs.

The manager of a manufacturing concern, becoming aware of these truths, and pricked by competition into doing something about it, is faced with two alternatives: he may dismiss part of his staff, or he may reduce their pay. He finds it easier, on second thought, to dismiss them. From a business standpoint, a demoted employé is a disgruntled employé. From a personal standpoint, he is a living reproach. The manager usually takes the easier course.

Perhaps, again, he is relieved of the need to take either. His plant, let us say, is in Evansville. Evansville is not a large city. He and his juniors attend the same clubs, and his wife helped their wives found the East End Browning Society. He gags at a deed which would be thought socially dirty. But the majority of his owners are not even mildly interested in the social life of Evansville, for they are scattered from New Rochelle to New Guinea. So presently he is quietly removed from office, and his place is filled by an alert young fellow from Troy. This young Trojan is unhampered by awkward friendships; he finds the concern riddled with privilege and incompetence; and he proceeds, after a decent interval, to clean house. He is showing good business judgment, and doing only what he was summoned to do. But half a dozen men of executive caliber have joined the ranks of the unemployed —a fair vice-president, a middling treasurer, a good but too assertive sales manager, a couple of able youngsters who weren't indispensable, and a plant superintendent who supposed he had a lifetime job and an assured pension, and had saved accordingly.

The office force has been saved to the last in thousands of moderate-sized concerns, because each manager knows its people as individual human beings, and is himself human. He reduces the shop payroll with godlike detachment, but he cannot bring himself to use the ax upon his friends in the office. Yet a still, small voice whispers that if he doesn't do it, a new manager will be brought from Troy to do it for him. So presently the ax is red with office blood. Unhappy clerks tramp from door to door in search of work—any kind of work—and dazed junior executives pore feverishly over their bank-books to discover how long they can withstand the siege of unemployment. I talked re-

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cently with a former fellow-employé, a middle-aged man who received a high salary up to the time of his dismissal. Four years of unemployment, complicated by illness in his family, have punished him more cruelly than any term in prison could have punished him. He has lost his home and his investments. He has borrowed all that he can borrow on his life insurance. He owes his butcher and his grocer for three months' food, and he has contracted debts which will require the remainder of his life to pay, if ever he can pay them at all.

What have they done, these ousted clerks and executives, to meet their new problem of unemployment? A few of them, through ability, personality, influence, or chance, have found new and good jobs, but most of them have done surprisingly little. They had no previous experience to guide them. "Let's not get rattled," was the steadying thought; "this can't last long." Many had been released with vague reassurances as to what would happen when business picked up. Nearly all were misled by the imbecilic messages of cheer which emanated from Washington and Detroit. They could not realize that the administrative policy of thousands of small and middle-sized concerns has been *permanently* changed as a result of the gruelling experience of 1930; that having gone through the agony of cleaning house, these concerns will continue to support a policy which they know to be socially barbarous, because they cannot abandon it if they are to live.

These ousted ones clung for a time, with the stupid tenacity of limpets, to the notion of their own personal security. They rested for a while, wearied by a decade of tense effort. They began to make casual inquiries. Then they began to make desperate inquiries. Months too late, they stopped asking for positions and began to apply for jobs—any old jobs. Families whose members had seen little of one another for years began to combine in single dwellings. Homes, wholly or partly owned, were dumped upon a stagnant market. In the city of Cleveland a dwelling-house may be bought for less than two-thirds of its value in 1929. At the table, stews replace roasts, and baked beans replace stews.

A few typical experiences will illustrate the helplessness of these new unemployed. One case is that of a man of forty-five, a graduate of an Eastern university, who on July 31, 1930, ceased suddenly to be a District Vice-President. He had a very small independent income, and a house which he had built with the savings of twenty-five years. His wife, a woman of gentle breeding, owned a little property in her own right. Their daughter was a junior in an Eastern college. After his dismissal, he interviewed people and wrote letters, pathetically, for a few terrible months; then he and his wife sacrificed their home, dismissed their servants, and moved into an ancient flat with a tapestry brick front and a brown-papered entrance hall. The wife was a woman of courage as well as charm, and for a time they entertained their friends with good-humored apologies, and were entertained in turn. Their daughter gave up college, but was unable to find work. Presently they began to decline invitations, and finally they dropped out of view. We are told that he tried vainly, for a time, to sell insurance, and it is rumored that during the Christmas rush he held a two-weeks' job as a floor walker in a department store. The news was broken to him recently that he need never expect to return to the firm in which he grew up, for its administrative group has been permanently reorganized on a smaller scale.

Another case is that of a somewhat older

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man, a plant superintendent, whose income ran into five figures. The stock market crash left him financially gutted and disembowelled. When the administration of the factory was transferred to the comptroller's office, he was dropped, virtually penniless. More fortunate than the vice-president, he was able to sell a little insurance to a group of personal friends. Today he lives with his married daughter, in the house he gave her, occupying a small room over the garage and spending his time in a vain effort to sell, for half its value, a small tract of farm land upon which he had planned one day to build a country home. It has been gently hinted to him that his industrial days are over. His own plant doesn't need him, and other plants don't want discards.

A third case comes to light in a roundabout way. A fine grand piano was advertised for sale, in a district of cheap rooming houses. The white-faced, level-voiced young woman explained to an inquirer that she was selling the piano to pay for her husband's burial. Nearly everything had been sold before he was taken sick. They were strangers in the city. Her husband had been an officer of an advertising firm in the West, and when he lost his job they had moved here. He had heard there were opportunities. No, he had found no work, and undernourishment had had something to do with his illness. He confessed that he had eaten no luncheon for months. They couldn't afford a good doctor, and of course the free medical and hospital services were not available for people of their kind. No, she didn't know what she would do next; they had no relatives who could help, and her education had been rather impractical for a working girl. Perhaps she could cook for somebody . . .

These people, and hundreds of thousands of their class, have learned for the first time what unemployment really means. Most of them will find work again, of one sort or another, but the specter of insecurity will be their constant companion. Many will not find work, for the slump has taught small concerns to adopt methods of economy which in the past seemed too cold-blooded, but which, once adopted, they cannot afford to abandon. The burden now laid upon them for the first time is certainly not more "unfair" than the burden which the humbler ones have carried since the birth of the factory system. Being more intelligent, they should have saved substantially, and might have been expected to weather the siege with less discomfort. Actually, as a group, they have not saved substantially in this age of spending. They do not know how to live on nothing a day, and they will not ask for help from the social agencies they have so long helped to support and direct. But they cannot complain of discrimination, certainly not of unfairness, for they have been spared until the last; and if they suffer more than their humbler fellows, it is only because they have been trained to think in terms of the future, which they now view with a lively terror.

Yet their appearance among the ranks throws a significant light upon the whole problem of unemployment, for these marching ranks now comprise a complete cross-section of industry. Former top-sergeants, lieutenants, and captains of industry are now given the opportunity to study an industrial system which leaves them idle and hungry in a land of worrisome overabundance. While they are, in general, the less able workers of their group, they are by no means the less fit members of our society; so that it is hard to dismiss their case, as we have so long dismissed that of the dull-witted laborer, with the

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comforting thought that unemployment is the penalty imposed by nature's immutable law of the survival of the fittest. When a college graduate, recently the assistant buyer of a huge department store, rakes leaves from a bootlegger's lawn at thirty cents an hour, nature and her immutable laws seem curiously remote.

The truth is that unemployment has had little effect, in the past, upon American industrial progress. It has never injured great masses of the people simultaneously, nor for long periods of time. Those affected by it have been, for the most part, the less able ones, which seems sensible, and industry's ruling class has hitherto escaped its ravages. But today our own friends are suffering; men whom we know to be able and intelligent, men of our own background and tastes. Our business associates and our social companions are walking the streets in search of work; our former superiors, abler than we, are pleading with us for humble jobs, any jobs, at any salary. Sensitive and intelligent people are able to endure the existence of misery if they do not have to witness it; and social barriers have hitherto provided a protective screen. Today that screen is withdrawn, for these new unemployed are our own people. Tomorrow we may join them. We once thought of ourselves as the "controlling" class in industry, but it has been borne in upon us, suddenly and shockingly, that industry has no longer a controlling class; it has grown out of control.

Of all the omens of our times, this realization is the most significant, and lends the most convincing support to the prophets of change. There may be no change, for a great new industry may absorb our human surplus and rescue us from our unemployment problem, as we were rescued by railway expansion in the '70's, and by the orgy of automobile production in the past decade. A fool-proof airplane might do it. But in the absence of such a miracle, change seems at least possible. Whole regiments of new forces are already being marshalled against the problem of idleness. The remark of a Cabinet officer that "Labor cannot stand many of these shocks" is rendered a little more ominous by the fact that not only labor but a complete cross-section of our population has felt this last shock, and is likely to tingle under it for a long time. The problem is far too big for industry to handle alone, for industry is at the mercy of its owners, the Public; but if industry is to save its own hide, it must take an active and perhaps a leading part in the solution of this problem. If industry does not take part, it is likely to be rather savagely ignored by those who attempt to solve it; for public sentiment, led by intelligent and embittered men, will presently demand the rescue of those luckless ones whom industry has left to drown in its wake.

Nursing

SHALL WE HAVE CHEAP LABOR OR GOOD NURSES?

By Martha Dreiblatt

In the United States the education of nurses is intrusted in the main to institutions whose primary purpose is not education at all. Except for a handful, the 2,205 American schools of nursing are all parts of hospital organizations, and usually parts of a department, that of nursing service.

Each is controlled by a hospital board of trustees. The administrative head may be entitled, variously, superintendent of nursing service, superintendent of the hos-

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pital, night supervisor, or head of the operating-room. In the smaller institutions these heads not only supervise the education of student nurses and the nursing of patients, but plan also how the hospital laundry shall be washed, the meals served, and the supplies bought. The school is thus only a means to the larger ends of the hospital, and *qua* school plays but a minor rôle.

Unless you employ a special nurse when you go to a hospital, you will very likely be cared for by student nurses. Though nursing schools were originally undertaken by hospitals because of their need for trained nurses, their major nursing load is now carried, not by graduates, but by students. Yet there are now more than 210,000 active graduate nurses in the United States, and at least 26,000 more will finish training this year.

The hospitals do not use students to carry their major nursing load because they believe it is necessary to the students' education. They do it because it is the best way to staff their nursing departments at low cost. The 2,000 training schools that have appeared since 1873 were not organized primarily because the hospitals fostering them seemed to be suitable for educating nurses. "It became the custom to establish a nurses' training school in every new hospital. . . . It was not interest in education which brought this about, but because it was the recognized and easiest way of obtaining nursing care for the patients," wrote Dr. Winford B. Smith, director of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, reviewing nursing education in the January, 1924, issue of the *Modern Hospital*. Other hospital administrators admit with equal frankness that the schools are primarily an answer to the problem of getting the work done, and cheaply done.

Thus they must both nurse the sick and educate the nurses. Because more and more patients need nursing, more and more students are brought into them. They harbor about 83,000 today. Every superintendent of nurses is continually torn between the clamoring needs of her patients and the urgent necessity of some regular schedule for her students.

"When the needs of my patients and my students' programmes conflicted, naturally the patients took first place," I was told by Miss Emily J. Hicks, a former superintendent of nursing, now executive secretary of the New York State Nurses Association. This getting the work done, in spite of the best of intentions, naturally relegates education to a back seat in hospital affairs.

The result of that policy is that we have today an over-supply of poorly trained nurses and a serious shortage of those really qualified to care for the sick. The trouble is no longer that a sick person cannot get a nurse when he needs one, but that he often cannot get the kind he needs.

Of late a nation-wide survey of nursing schools has been undertaken by a Committee on the Grading of Nursing Schools, composed of nurses, doctors, hospital representatives, educators, and laymen. The work, directed by May Ayres Burgess, deals with 1,458 schools and some 70,000 students.

It shows that there are a number of genuinely good schools in the country, graduating whole-hearted, efficient, intelligent nurses. There are also some fine nurses who have survived poor training by some mysterious attribute of mind or soul. But there are far too many schools in which the apprentice nurses stumble through their work without guidance; schools that overwork their students, yet give them inadequate practical experience; schools in

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which the students put in more than ten hours a day of physical labor, aside from classes. These schools produce the incompetents who add to the miseries of being sick.

Nursing schools are attached to hospitals of all types and sizes, from municipal ones with more than a thousand patients daily to private ones with a twelve-bed capacity. One school has only two regular students, and sixty have less than ten. The typical American medical school has 255 students; the typical nursing school, thirty-seven.

Small schools, of course, are usually connected with small hospitals. Fully one-fourth, or 307, of those studied average forty-two patients or less a day. Half belong to hospitals averaging less than seventy-five patients a day.

Schools with a student body of seventy or less, to which class three-quarters of all of them belong, are surely open to the suspicion of not providing adequate teaching personnel and equipment. The small hospital, with few or no wards—and this goes for about half of those operating training schools—can hardly be expected to furnish sufficient clinical material. They are running nursing schools simply because they want their work done.

You may complain that you cannot get a nurse for your youngster, down with scarlet fever. This is a common ailment, and one for which doctors frequently advise a trained nurse. Two out of three American nursing schools do not, because they cannot, give their students experience with contagious diseases, so that, as graduates, they "register against" such cases, afraid that they cannot fill the bill.

The larger schools, connected with large hospitals, demonstrate that other ills may also arise from dependence on student labor for nursing. They can afford to, and often do, provide classrooms and laboratories, though their administrative and teaching staffs are usually inadequate. Many patients, suffering from assorted ills, are there. But for reasons apparent in the next paragraphs, this splendid clinical material is often quite wasted, and so is the classroom equipment. The students must work too hard to think about what they are doing, and are often too tired for lectures and study to do them any good.

Few schools belong to hospitals employing enough graduate nurses to direct the student work for its training value, to say nothing of its immediate end of caring for patients. It is still rare for general floor-duty nurses to be accredited graduates. Head nurses are quite often only senior students, and a student may get the greater part of her ward teaching from a classmate little more experienced than herself. A study of 954 hospitals shows 73% without any graduate floor-duty nurses. Twenty-nine schools are connected with hospitals having no graduates on the staff, except the superintendent of nurses.

Thus students must carry the major nursing load. Particularly in the large hospitals, there is never enough of them. They are set to work, not where they will learn most, but where they will serve most the insistent needs of the hospital. They have so much to do that they cannot stop to think about what they are doing. They emerge from such training, unless they are of unusually fine stuff, mere mechanized hands and feet, with little of the qualities of heart and head that a good nurse must have.

In fully a third of the schools studied, the students put in more than an eight-hour day. In 264 schools night duty runs twelve hours or more. Even the eight-hour day is no leisurely affair, and classes are usually not included in it.

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A typical day for a junior begins with breakfast at 6.30 A.M. and a routine of "A. M. care" of from three to fifteen—or even more—patients from seven to ten: baths, bed-making, breakfasts, medication, special treatments. The next three hours are "off duty"; the student nurse goes to class if one is scheduled, studies, or snatches some sleep, and gets her twenty-minute lunch. From one-thirty to four-thirty she does chores of various sorts, and then goes back to the wards to tidy beds, rub backs, and give special care. Her feet burn and her arms ache, but another call comes for a hot-water bag, or a patient collapses and requires concentrated emergency attention. Twenty minutes for supper, and she is back, from five-thirty to seven, to get things ready for the night nurse.

"I have yet to see one on duty who wasn't in a hurry," commented a patient, on the back of a questionnaire blank. "The poor creatures forgot little things, but they were *that* tired at the end of a day," said another.

"Long hours for the students have been for a quarter of a century the greatest stumbling block to progress in nursing," wrote Adelaide Nutting, pioneer nurse educator, in her "Curriculum for Schools of Nursing" (1927). "Good teaching—any teaching—is wasted on students who have been engaged in prolonged, heavy physical effort." Certainly such long hours are dangerous to the patients. A fatigue-dazed student nurse does not notice an impending hemorrhage, or a slight but serious change in color and respiration.

These crowded hours are supposed to march in steady progression from simple routines to more difficult techniques, giving adequate experience with surgical, medical, obstetrical, and children's cases, in the diet kitchen, and at least some experience with contagious and nervous diseases. But getting the work done often turns the schedule into a mere patchwork of expediency.

The standard curriculum allots four months of training in surgical work, but one 1928 graduate actually spent 750 days in this department alone! Hundreds of others spent 365 days in it—and others had less than a month. Obviously, students who spent a solid year in the surgical service were graduated in serious ignorance of other types of illness. What chance had they to learn about caring for pneumonia, or children's diseases?

In one school some of the students spent 355 days in the operating-room, some a month or less. So the variations go, between and within schools, as day-to-day needs dictate.

What is the result of such lopsided, patchwork training? "The graduates of our local hospitals have no real training for children's work, cannot take the pulse of an infant, get up formulas," complains a physician. "In this section of the country, most nurses have excellent operating-room training, but poor bedside training," observes another. In short, in spite of the large-scale graduation of nurses, we still lack good ones for children's cases, and for obstetrical and psychiatrical work.

Students are often assigned to jobs of practically no educational value. On a day in the week of May 12, 1929, when 59,285 students reported their activities, 505, or almost one in a hundred, were operating switchboards; 3,365, or more than 5%, were making supplies; and hundreds more were painting furniture, running errands, pushing chairs, doing kitchen police or slicing oranges. They did these things in hours upon hours that should have gone into real training.

Classes, study, the formal aspects of edu-

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cation as most of us know it play a very minor part in the American student-nurse's life. About half those reporting, except for the four-month probationary group, had not been to class or studied the day previous. The standard curriculum allots one hour in twelve to classes, but schools giving as much as this are greatly in the minority.

The harried superintendent still runs down the hall to catch an errant doctor by the coat-tails for the lecture he is about to forget; and herself doubles as teacher of chemistry, anatomy, ethics and what-not. That classrooms and trained teachers are valuable adjuncts to nursing schools is still news to some of their trustees. Yet the testimony of nurses, patients and doctors shows that nurses without a sound background of principle as well as practice are careless about such essentials as asepsis, reporting changes, and giving treatments that call for intelligent application.

Many more examples might be given showing how the conflict between the two functions of the nurses' training school results in a defeat of its educational aim. No one will deny the constant need of larger nursing staffs in the hospitals. Nurses, like money, seem a congenital lack with them. But is this need a sufficient reason for setting up an institution of learning? Would we consider the need of a law firm for clerks a proper excuse for opening a law school?

The problem is a complicated one. But members of the Grading Committee, who have studied it for years, have come to these convictions:

> The decision as to whether or not a school of nursing should be conducted in coöperation with a given hospital should be based solely on the educational experience that hospital is prepared to offer.
>
> The fact that a hospital is faced with financial difficulties should have no bearing upon whether it will conduct a school of nursing. The chance to recruit cheap labor is not a legitimate reason for opening and maintaining a school.

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THE INEVITABILITY OF WAR

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

Battles are brutal and bloody. War is destructive. In itself and if we take the world as a whole, it does not pay. Wars give occasion to many sins and crimes which would not otherwise be committed. Not a few religious teachers have held all war to be sinful, and certainly many wars have been wickedly declared and still more wickedly waged. Ever since the Sixteenth and especially since the middle Eighteenth Century men have fought more and more for merely "national interests", unjustifiable by any common morality. Meanwhile, the increasing size and complexity of the civilized world and its advance in physical science have helped to increase the strain of war upon society. Some might add that the degeneracy of the human intelligence through the democratic theory has also contributed to this result. At all events, the crescendo of strain reached such a point in the recent World War that in 1917 one whole province of Christendom, Russia, collapsed, and most of the belligerents were threatened with a like disaster. Everywhere today we hear of efforts to abolish war altogether.

Is this possible? No, it is an unreal folly. Indeed, its unreality is such that belief in it may well recoil upon its authors and upon all of us if we permit it to continue. Wars will continue as long as man is man.

To say this is by no means to condemn efforts to limit the means and devices of war, to avoid or reduce causes for conflict, and to persuade people to peaceful courses. Obviously, such efforts are both wise and timely. Only when it is proposed not merely to limit, diminish, or postpone wars but to abolish them altogether does the unreality and therefore the danger begin.

The unreality of pacifism does not stand alone; it is part of a general worship or cult of unreality to be seen all around us. To expect a permanently warless world is no sillier than to hope for religion without authority, civilization without inequality, art without culture and tradition, good manners without long training, society without some conventions, and so on to weariness. An Anatomy of Modernism is much needed to trace the connection between the various varieties of this contemporary monkey-chatter.

Turning now to the various arguments against war: If battles are bloody so are slaughterhouses and surgical operating-rooms. That surgery or the Chicago stockyards are in themselves attractive to sensitive people no one will maintain; the argument in their favor is that they serve good and useful purposes which outweigh the unattractiveness of the means used.

The term brutal is hard to define. It is sometimes used of anything the user does not like; in Mexico a slight and unintentional breach of courtesy may be called a *brutalidad*. If used accurately the word would seem to cover everything we share with the brutes—the physical life, primitive emotions, etc. But in this sense it is not condemnatory; to tell a man that he

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is as brutal as a good dog is surely not a very formidable insult. To condemn physical things in themselves is to land plump in the detestable error known to theologians as the Manichean heresy, which involves the condemnation of all human life on this earth. Logically, it leads to suicide, as actually practiced by the Albigensians. If we condemn any act performed in a state of violent emotion, temporarily blotting out much of the contemplative or reasoning faculty, then we must condemn not only combat but also the act of generation to which we owe our existence.

Sometimes the term brutality is used to express dislike of the soldier as a type. Traders and men dedicated to gain value him only as a policeman or servant to protect them; when he achieves power he hinders their operations. The intolerant cult of honor with which he seeks to fortify the courage necessary to his trade fosters a temper in him which is not that of bargaining. Thus, written as it was from the mercantile atmosphere of Nineteenth Century Boston, Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" delights in the final triumph of the Dutch traders over the Spanish soldiers, and the astonishing victories won again and again by a handful of Spaniards against overwhelming numbers of Dutch leave him cold.

As the business man has more and more come to dominate society, his rise has perhaps caused and certainly been followed by that of the subversive or social revolutionary, who also dislikes the soldier. Hilaire Belloc showed long ago that the subversive is essentially a barbarian desirous of enjoying the fruits of civilization without submitting to the discipline that all civilization must impose. Therefore, he dislikes soldiers, for they police society—and for that matter he also dislikes priests, for they maintain the moral order on which physical order must repose. Thus, when business men or subversives speak against soldiership it is well to remember that they may be moved by envy of men better than themselves.

II

The argument that war is destructive, that it doesn't pay, is not always true and would not be conclusive if it were. Few sports or pleasures can be said to pay those who indulge in them. Nor do all virtuous actions. A man who did only that which he thought would pay him would be an unthinkable monster. Even he who approaches that goal is certainly a bore and often a scoundrel. Answering H. G. Wells, Chesterton once remarked that if it were true that war did not pay, then that would be the only certainly good thing about it.

In any event, many wars have paid and will doubtless continue to do so. Take, for instance, wars between civilized men and barbarians: the latter are usually beaten and when the civilized men afterwards occupy and organize formerly barbaric countries they become vastly more productive than before. Will anyone say that the destruction of life and property in the Indian wars of the United States has not been many thousandfold repaid by the development of what is now our own territory? Between civilized men, too, wars have certainly seemed to pay. The Prussian wars of 1864, '66, and '70-'71, if indeed they did not themselves enrich Prussia and the countries finally included in the *Reich*, certainly did not prevent their rapid enrichment. I have even heard it hinted darkly that the war of 1914-18 did not completely impoverish the United States.

The most sweeping form of religious and moral argument against war is that the use of force is sinful in itself. Some

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oriental sects are said to refuse to kill any living creature, however harmful or annoying, still less for food. The Christian tradition of the Western world has never gone as far as that. Certain sayings of Jesus as reported in the Gospels are often quoted by pacifists: "Resist not evil . . . Turn the other cheek . . . Love your enemies . . . All that take the sword shall perish by the sword." St. Thomas Aquinas comments that while these precepts should be borne in mind, nevertheless it is sometimes necessary to act otherwise for the common good or for the good of those against whom one fights, since nothing is more hopeless than the happiness of unpunished and triumphant sinners. He then very sensibly argues that the magistrates of a community cannot be said to take the sword, since they have it by nature as a part of their office of securing the public peace and safety. Even rebellion, he continues, may be justified by tyranny: the sin of it is upon the unjust ruler, not upon the rebels. Further, there are other texts of a very different sort, such as, "I came not to bring peace but a sword".

Although there was much pacifist opinion in the Early Church, one looks in vain for any defined dogma on the subject. Pacifism has often cropped out here and there in Christendom. It has even appeared in the Roman obedience; recently a certain Father Stratmann, a monk of the Dominican Order, published in England a book advocating the condemnation by the Pope of all wars. Since that would imply the condemnation of the many previous Popes who incited to war and even—in their capacity as temporal princes—waged it themselves, we may safely assume that nothing of the sort will be done. In her Sixteenth Century Articles of Religion the Church of England laid down that "it is lawful for Christian men to wear weapons and serve in the wars at the command of the magistrate". Of all Christian bodies only a few sects—local and all but one obscure—are pacifist.

The one notable group of pacifist Christians is the Society of Friends, better known as the Quakers. First of all, let it be noted that they are not seldom of a commercialist acquisitive type. If the writer correctly understands their doctrine, their objection to war is not the absolute pacifism which holds any use of force immoral; when they controlled Pennsylvania they had constables, although no organized militia. Their theory is simply that since war is both the effect and cause of evil, ambition, pride, greed, and hatred, it is therefore contrary to the mind of Christ and not to be indulged in for any cause, however good.

To do them justice, they do not primarily object to the risks of war. During the late unpleasantness Quaker opinion in England decided mine-sweeping to be a form of life-saving, and many young Quakers, although exempt by law from all military service, volunteered and vigorously engaged in that dangerous and uncomfortable duty. Even as to actual combatant service some Quakers have wavered. During the American Civil War not a few of them are said to have been sufficiently impressed with the holiness of Negro emancipation to fight for it, especially against Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863. In China our Quaker President once had much reason for gratitude to the Cossacks and other European troops who defended his wife and himself from the none too amiable treatment the Boxers were giving such Europeans as they could catch, and to date there seems to have been no attempt to put him out of meeting for recommending considerable naval and military expenditures.

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III

Having thus briefly reviewed the argument from sensibility, based upon the ugliness of war, the economic argument based upon its wastefulness, and the religio-moral argument based upon its alleged sinfulness, let us now consider what may be called the historical argument, based chiefly on an interpretation of the admitted facts of the recent World War.

Although akin to the economic argument, the historical argument is not identical with it. It is, briefly, that the strain of the last war was such that its repetition would endanger the political and economic structure of the whole civilized world, with painful consequences to practically everyone. Furthermore, it is pointed out that the existing instruments of destruction are already more efficient than those used in 1918. All of which is true. It is only when these undoubted truths are stretched to justify the claim that all warfare can and should be abolished that one is compelled to dissent.

Another and lesser form of the historical argument is that individual dueling, once a recognized institution, is now abolished. This can be countered with the fact that dueling has been abolished only over a part of the world, and long and securely abolished only in England and in parts of the United States. To say that it has everywhere disappeared is mere provincial ignorance. Also, it may be questioned whether the limited extent to which it has been abolished has been an unmixed gain. While the abolition has certainly lowered the general standard of good manners (one remembers Owen Wister's cowboy in "The Virginian" and his, "When you call me that, smile"), it has certainly not raised the standard of public morals, for the gunman and his kind find an enlarged field of operations when no other considerable number of citizens go armed and pride themselves on a readiness to engage in combat. If dueling was indeed murder, then it was obviously murder of a far less despicable sort than that practiced wholesale today.

With the intention of presently returning to the historical argument, let us now consider the permanent human facts which make an endlessly unbroken peace impossible. Of these the first is that large sections of the human race have never been, are not now, and presumably never will be, convinced that war is an unmixed evil. On the contrary, many have always insisted and do insist on a certain amount of it as a positive good. The most absolute of such statements are those of Nietzsche who, as Chesterton has justly observed, if impotent as a system-builder was nevertheless a man whose mind worked very vividly in flashes. Nietzsche said, "They have said unto you that a good cause makes any war good, but I say unto you that a good war makes any cause good." And again, "Let man be formed for war and women for the recreation of the warrior; everything else is foolishness." From Homer down, those sad dogs, the poets, have obstinately persisted in glorifying warriors, and Homer added:

> Oh my friend, if indeed, but once this battle avoided,
> We were forever to live without growing old and immortal,
> Neither would I myself go forth to fight with the foremost,
> Nor would I urge thee on to enter the glorious battle,
> But—for a thousand fates of death stand close to us always—
> Let us go forward! . . .

An Elizabethan,—I think it may have been one William Shakespeare, an author of some reputation in the pre-Shavian era, at any rate an Elizabethan—calls war the

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. . . great corrector of enormous times,
That cures the earth of the pleurisy of people.

Nor is this opinion confined to versifying fellows and others who have not smelt powder. Quite the contrary. One of the kindliest men the writer ever knew, Mike Donovan the pugilist, who had served in the Civil War, used to be fond of saying: "Ah, what's the good of a man if he won't fight?" During the same war—to be exact, on the morning of Fredericksburg—a certain Virginian gentleman, one Robert E. Lee, also a conspicuously kindly man, is reported to have said: "Longstreet, it is well that war is so terrible—if it were not, we would grow too fond of it."

When Europe mobilized in 1914 every people did so with an exaltation like that of some supreme religious service. The soldiers themselves went off singing and shouting. Talented Jews, like Maurice Samuel, the author of "You Gentiles", looking on with the detachment of that ancient people, found themselves bewildered. The resulting war proved exceptionally disagreeable and yet its opening delight in battle was not lost by all the participants. A professional kicker like Shaw notes with a sour honesty that not a few of his war-hating young friends, described by him as "brilliant" and "creative", having volunteered, "were rapidly promoted, and found themselves actually becoming artists in war, with a growing relish for it."

The present writer, sitting a few years ago in a group of half a dozen peaceable New Yorkers nearly all of whom had been in action, heard the question raised, "If you could live over again one year of your life, which would it be?" The unanimous answer was "Nineteen-eighteen!"

Apparently, the explanation is that everyone likes excitement. The amount emotionally appetizing to each individual varies with age, sex, state of health and other characteristics, but the appetite is always there. Henry Adams remarked in "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" that the wealthy laymen of the Eleventh Century, fighting men all, seem to have troubled about pain and death about as much as healthy bears do in the mountains. Most young men are not only willing but eager to purchase excitement at the cost of physical risk, often a high degree of risk. War supplies not only excitement but also the great boon of comradeship. If the risk is so high that one's chances of life are obviously slim, then of course there is no fun in the proceedings. In such cases men must be nerved by other motives, of which more anon.

Further, people almost cease to notice accustomed dangers. In our automobile-infested streets we are an inch or so from death every day of our lives. How many of us care? Any city can show elderly women skipping like mountain-goats from before these destroyers with the same bored adaptability probably shown by their remote ancestresses in fleeing from the sabre-toothed tiger. And why? To save half a minute's time. So slight a thing is enough to persuade people into dangers that have become familiar.

IV

Beside danger, war has the further drawback of hardship and physical discomfort, which men have always found harder to bear than the chance of wounds or violent death. This point has not gone unnoticed. If the present age will pardon another Shakespearean quotation, when the poet's Octavius praises Antony's soldiership he speaks not of his battles but of his endurance of hardship:

. . . at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against

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Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer . . .
On the Alps
It is reported thou did'st eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on; and all this . . .
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not . . .

One of Washington's papers expresses the same thought, that endurance of hardship, rather than danger, is the chief test of a soldier. Settled populations, and especially city populations, accustomed to abundant shelter, recoil from discomforts which would be second nature to pioneers or to more primitive folk. Thus in Winter the A. E. F. used to jest that it was no wonder that the French had fought so many wars, for their houses were so cold and short of plumbing that they suffered little out of the ordinary when they took the field. And yet those same comfort-loving Americans would charge recklessly again and again against German machine-guns, with a dash of which four years of trench fighting had robbed the 1918 French. Men who walked over our fresh battlefields around Château Thierry say they found three rows of American dead in front of most such guns.

When danger can be had without previous discomfort, for instance in driving a car faster than one should, many women and especially young women enjoy it as do young men. Some Frenchman is indeed reported to have said, "You shall be young as long as you love the risk of death." Although the writer has quoted in another place the bit of Hergesheimer's admirable "Quiet Cities" that follows, nevertheless it shall be quoted again here, for it aptly meets the point:

> I found myself, lately, in a small and very swift automobile at night; . . . the charming young person driving me was in her appropriate and most relieving element. She drove inattentively, with one knee swinging over the other and a cigarette in an often otherwise unengaged hand. I said at last resentfully that a needless risk was mere folly and she smiled at me with a candid charm. You couldn't, she pointed out, live forever.

All of which brings us back to Homer.

Certainly no one in his senses will maintain that all men have an equal appetite for excitement and danger. And that the blood cools as we grow older, few will deny. But can the most timid man honestly say that he dislikes even the suggestion of risk? He may, of course, get his enjoyment as second hand by contemplating the perils and gallantry of others. But even after this pale and distant fashion, his enjoyment shows a spark of the old fire smoldering within him.

All told, therefore, it is obvious truth that great masses of people refuse to think war altogether evil.

But the abolitionist must contend not only that mankind believes or will believe war an unmixed evil; he must also maintain that it can be made to believe it the greatest of evils. He must say either that human groups already are or will become collectively so amiable and righteous that they will never wrong other groups. Or else he must say that to endure no matter what collective wrong will seem better than to resist in arms. In its crudest form this argument was often put in the form of a wartime question: Would you stand calmly by while another man ravished your sister?

I well know that even so personal a proposition might admit certain shadings. For instance, one might see that the man who proposed to wrong one's sister was far bigger and better armed than oneself. Then the only chance of success would be

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in case he was for the moment so occupied that one might overcome him by surprise in a sudden and unexpected attack. Failing this, some might argue that an attempted relief of the sister would not save her and would merely involve the would-be rescuer in evils he might otherwise escape. The trouble with such reasoning would be that most men might be just a little ashamed of it later.

If anyone says that secular virtues such as courage have no standing before the Christian virtue of charity or love, let him be answered in the words of Boswell's Dr. Johnson: "Courage, Sir, is not, strictly speaking, a Christian virtue, but without it a man is in danger of losing all the others." And again, in Cardinal Mercier's remark when the Germans invaded Belgium, that charity has greater scope after justice has been done than before.

The mention of Mercier and Belgium puts the matter on a political footing, so that personal arguments, such as that of the endangered sister, no longer fully apply. If resistance is hopeless, then in the immediate military sense it may be permissible to yield unless the time gained by unsuccessful resistance is of value. But even if one cannot make the enemy lose valuable time, still the resistance may be morally of enormous value. On December 17, 1688, James II of England, himself a soldier and believing firmly in his own right, refused to let his guards fire on overwhelming Dutch numbers come to assault his palace. And yet, as his biographer, Belloc, observes, so honorable an incident might have proved symbolic and thus have influenced the future. Certainly in 1914 the resistance of Belgium, even though it delayed the first German rush little if at all, was of enormous symbolic effect.

However, to refute the absolute pacifist argument we have no need of such desperate examples. The more usual case is that of a state which sees some other state threatening its citizens with what seems intolerable wrong — for instance, with armed invasion looking towards wholesale robbery. The first state can, if it choose, prevent this by armed resistance, but in no other way. Will either the spiritual state of its own citizens or of those of the invading state be improved by passiveness on the part of the invaded? It seems difficult to answer yes.

V

The universal judgment of mankind is against the proposition that war, even if an evil, is the greatest of evils. Only the constant repetition of such nonsense makes refutation worth while. Obviously, if all men always perfectly obeyed the same moral code then crimes would not be committed nor disputes arise. Unfortunately, moral codes differ, crimes are committed, and disputes do arise. From immemorial antiquity all communities have tried to discourage crime by the use of force—that is, by police. We have seen that even the early Quakers in Pennsylvania found they had to have constables. When total disarmament is proposed, the immortal French reply is always ready: "Que Messieurs les assassins commencent."

If it be objected that war is different from policing, that amounts to saying that a community has the right to protect itself against individual criminals but not against numbers, which is absurd. If any valid distinction between war and police work has ever been drawn, then the writer after diligent search has failed to find it.

If we say that defensive war is not sinful but aggressive war is, then we are faced with the difficulty of defining aggression. The Carnegie Foundation for International

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Peace has recently put out a pamphlet on the matter which is a masterpiece of confusion and futility. In it a French international lawyer is quoted as saying in despair, "One must, all the same, leave words their sense." To exaggerate such difficulties of definition is to aid the sham philosophers who try to bewilder us with riddling questions instead of working on at least a few answers. In most cases it is reasonably clear who is the aggressor. I merely note that so far no workable rule-of-thumb definition of aggression has been framed. And even if such a rule could be framed, it would remain true that if force be permissible at all, then action perfectly aggressive in form must sometimes be justly taken when the intention is to promote some object admitted by everyone to be good.

Thus the matter glides from the sphere of law into that of equity or morals, thereby approaching the still more difficult sphere of religion. And since nationalism is chief among the contemporary religions, with communism looming in the offing, no tribunal or central body clothed with moral —that is religious or quasi-religious—authority superior to patriotism seems likely soon to appear. Nor can such authority be manufactured to order. As Talleyrand remarked to Robespierre over the failure of the latter's highly liberal and rational new religion, "Just work some miracles, that is if you can possibly manage it. Then get yourself crucified and rise again on the third day and your success will be assured." Lacking moral authority, our World Courts or Leagues of Nations must either do nothing or impose their decisions upon patriots or worshippers of proletarian humanity by force—which is surely not a peaceful solution.

At this point someone may object as follows: Granted that by no means all mankind will agree that war in itself is altogether evil, and granted further that it is certainly not the greatest of evils, even so, is not the pacifist delusion both amiable and harmless?

No, reader, it is not. It is an acid jest of Irving Babbitt's in his "Democracy and Leadership" that "One might without being too fanciful establish a sort of synchronism between the prevalence of pacifistic schemes and the actual outbreak of war. The propaganda of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre was followed by the wars of Frederick the Great. The humanitarian movement of the end of the Eighteenth Century, which found expression in Kant's treatise on Perpetual Peace, was followed by twenty years of the bloodiest fighting the world has ever known. The pacifist agitation of the early Twentieth Century, that found outer expression in the Peace Palace at The Hague, was succeeded by battle lines hundreds of miles long."

Today, with the dead of 1918 barely twelve years in their graves, with Kellogg Pacts, and with pacifist novels on the horrors of war high on the list of best sellers, the temper of Europe seems far from ideally peaceful. Certainly most European nations are armed to the teeth. And of those comparatively disarmed most are so by compulsion which they would prefer to escape.

To say that war of some sort is sooner or later inevitable is by no means to say that the world will soon set about repeating 1914-18. The experience of the race proves that war can be limited in various ways. Often the cause of some threatening conflict can be removed. Within reason, something can be done to spread peaceable habits of mind. Only when such sensible efforts become mixed with the lie of absolute pacifism does danger appear. It is always dangerous to believe a lie.

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AMERICANIZATION: A CASE HISTORY

BY ALBERT PARRY

BOSTON was the first American city I beheld and wondered at. I felt that to wonder at it was the proper thing to do. For I had heard, in translation, that Boston was the ancient seat of American culture and that it was still going strong.

Our ship docked, but for many hours we, the immigrant herd, were kept on the deck waiting to be examined and released to early Harding prosperity, or to be sent back to the sores and sorrows of post-war Europe. Meanwhile, we were the subjects of curiosity for clerks, men and women. They stared at us from the windows of the second-story dock offices. They stared, their jaws going up and down, up and down, up and down. The American cultured were discussing the European unwashed. So I thought, feeling ashamed of the discarded American suit which only a month before a Stamboul bazaar hawker had unloaded on me for one lira, feeling ashamed of my inability to speak or understand the English language. I felt a dwarf, a piker, an ignoramus before these clean-shaven, rosy, cultured jaws going up and down, up and down, in their calm discussion of our miserable appearance.

But I noticed that as the jaws moved, the heads did not. The American cultured were not addressing their remarks to one another. Why, they were not even remarking anything! They were simply chewing gum.

Chewing gum was an awful thing. That much I knew about America. It was something like eating sunflower seed in Russia or playing the accordion in Germany; only the lowly and the stupid did it, and they made no pretense at culture. But here were white-collared men and well-dressed women openly and calmly despising us—and chewing gum!

Somehow I got over the shock. In my first few weeks in the States I continued to believe in the wholesale intelligence and culture of these wonderful American people. They actually kept their steamers and trains running on time. They did not ride on the roofs of the trains with their families and belongings. They had an abundance of white bread for sale at ridiculously low prices and demanded no ration cards from customers. Their workers wore white collars on Sunday and actually went to work in automobiles. And the freedom! The first evening in New York I was invited by a friend for a walk.

"Just a moment," I fumbled in my pockets. "I'll make sure that my passport is with me."

"Passport? What for?"

"Suppose some policeman or army officer stops me and asks me for my passport?"

I would not believe my friend that policemen and army officers in America did not stop people to scan their passports. Nobody carried a passport in America: could it be possible! You did not have to report to the police when changing your address, nor submit your documents to

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fresh stamps and signatures. You could even go from one American city to another without getting a commandant's permission. In fact, there were no commandants ruling lives and property in the American cities. A paradise, a virtual paradise!

I felt ill at ease. I could not get used to it. Instinctively, I quickened my steps whenever I saw a uniformed man or a priest or happened to be passing in front of a police station, an armory, or a church. I still registered all my letters to my uncles in Brooklyn and Los Angeles. I would not trust the simplest message to an ordinary two-cent stamp. I was dumbfounded to find unregistered mail promptly delivered to me. Slowly I began to trust the American post with my joys and troubles.

But as these marvels of order, efficiency, and liberty continued to puzzle and charm the post-war immigrant, the chewing gum popped up again and again, marring the picture. The chewing gum was soon a symbol. To my disgust, I found it everywhere. The baseball craze, the tasteless American lettuce, the absence of good wines and liquors, the vulgar haircut on which the New York barbers insisted, all these things were low, sticky chewing gum to me.

I shuddered at the thought that this wonderful, well-arranged land permitted pimply Salvation Army youths and maidens to shout religion on street-corners. I could not understand how these seemingly intelligent Americans could occupy themselves so much with religion, taking it so seriously. Why, I said, a civilized country should pay no more attention to religion than it does to stamp-collecting. I wanted to laugh at a teacher who asked her class in English for Foreigners to name the English book most popular in all the foreign countries and who, when all the guesses were exhausted, named "Pilgrim's Progress" herself. Chewing gum, chewing gum!

Yet, in parenthesis, with much surprise, I noted that beside the Billy Sundays and the Baptist shouters there were clergymen in America who were really civilized. It was the most amazing thing to me. It deserved to be put in my diary as one of the inventions purely American but not as yet quite accepted or numerous even in America. Something like the automatic restaurant, the escalator, and the New York skyline. It was such an anomaly to me that for a long time I was suspicious of it. I squinted my eye at every John Haynes Holmes and Percy Stickney Grant, trying to discover in him an *agent provocateur* in the pay of the capitalistic government. These priests talk and act liberal, I argued, to draw anti-government sentiments out of their auditors and then to denounce them secretly to the police.

I decided to be careful, very careful. I ran away from a young South American, who, on the steps of the State Capitol in Albany, talked radical ideas to me. I mumbled an excuse and edged myself out of his acquaintance when he mentioned that he lived in a Y.M.C.A. room and that it would be a good thing if I moved there, too. Radical ideas and a Jesus hotel? That certainly smelled like a frame-up. A little later I tore up my application for a room in International House in New York. I chided my friend, a resident in the House, for not telling me that prayers were said before meals and meetings. Prayers in a students' house! That was certainly a heavy payment for the comforts given to the foreign guests. Imagine luring an unsuspecting foreigner into solid comfort by the good revolutionary-sounding word, International, and then blackjacking him with prayers! What next? Would these

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students be obliged to pay for their appointments by helping the troops in the next American revolution?

I learned that International House was built and endowed by Rockefeller. Well, well, that explained much. Indeed, only a crafty capitalistic mind like his could think up a scheme for winning the students, those traditional friends of liberty and the people, over to his side of prayer and oppression. I begged my friend to leave this shameful trap at once for the honest smells of my cheap rooming-house. But he only laughed at me, and I went away suspecting him of something terrible, something that I would not dare to name, even in my own mind.

To this day, even after a decade of Americanization, there is something queer to me in either a student who believes in God or a priest who mourns Sacco and Vanzetti. My mind admits their plausibility, but my instinct calls them queer. Perhaps, however, my Americanization has been rather superficial. Perhaps I am not Americanized in spite of the fact that I have learned to love iced water, American coffee, and central heating.

II

Years back, in my Russian salad days, I read and revered in translation Upton Sinclair and Jack London. The average Russian *intellighent* believed in the next American revolution, a social revolution, of course. In the young days of our own upheaval we were convinced that this great American reckoning with the bosses was just around the corner. Some of my friends in Eastern Europe envied my American visé not because I was about to see American skyscrapers and to partake of American comforts, but because I was going to see the bombardment of Morgan's palace by the downtrodden American sailors and peasants.

I accepted the idea of the inevitable Sovietization of America. Yet I hoped that it would not come for at least two or three years. I wanted a rest for at least that long from the gunplay and breadlines of the Russian revolution. After that, come what may, I was philosophically resigned to meet the new bloody heroics in the new country. But, of course, I was not a Communist and therefore was not planning to take too active a part in the bombardment of the American palaces. As in my old days in Russia, I would try to be on the sidelines of the fight, making sure that it was on the left section of the sidelines and not on the right. For I was a left pink, willing to coöperate with the reds but free to criticize them in a friendly way and to withdraw from them when I was displeased.

In the early Spring of 1921 I saw hordes of the unemployed and thought them to be the first harbingers of the approaching revolution. Later, I saw red in coal strikes, railroad strikes, race riots. Still the revolution was not coming. What was delaying it? What was this American mass? I decided to look into the matter more closely. I left my job on a Russian newspaper in New York and became in turn a baker's helper in a ghetto, a Western Union messenger in the theatrical district, a candy-store salesman in an Irish-Italian section, a paint store all-around man near Chinatown, a bookkeeper in a wholesale diamond office in Nassau street, a travelling salesman in the West, and a clerk in a Los Angeles produce house.

Once, in the Summer, I tramped in the Catskill mountains and stopped over night in a farmer's decrepit house. The farmer extracted a few coins from me and fed me a greasy supper. Afterwards we talked

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of the weather and President Harding. The man told me that he had tried farming all over the country, from Oregon to Louisiana, but it was bad everywhere. Now, for the last year or so he was trying it in the Catskills, and it was worse than anywhere else. Aha, said I to myself, here is peasant material for the next red fun in America. I questioned the farmer, but my excitement made my inadequate English even more butchered.

"Where do you come from, furriner?" asked the American peasant.

"Russia," I admitted.

"Oh, is that the country where they make revolootions?"

I admitted that such, indeed, was the chief manufacture of my old *Heimat*.

"Well, well," reflected the man cozily, "in America we aren't great hands for revolooting. No, sirree! In America we don't want to chop off Rockefeller's head, as you do in Rooshia. Everyone wants to go to the top and is sure that he, and not the next fellow, will become another Rockefeller. So there!"

In subsequent months and years I thought much of this encounter and the man's words. I thought that the American mass psychology was perfectly summed up by him. It is now my favorite story in my lectures both to grim Russian workers and suburban American ladies.

I also like to tell them that the garment workers of New York are not the only American workers. I tell them of the shock I once experienced at a convention of the American Federation of Labor. I expected to see fat hirelings of capital sitting in the name of the workers. Instead, I saw real workers. Some of them were, indeed, fat. All of them were contented with their jobs and their leaders. Suddenly I beheld a vision of legions of fourteen-dollar-a-day bricklayers, ten-dollar-a-day carpenters, Buick-owning plumbers, haughty railwaymen, all the aristocrats of labor who made castes of their unions and castles of their bungalows. As I kept coming to the convention day after day, I noticed many things. For instance, costly cigars held by clumsy, calloused hands. Oh, they were not hirelings, they were workers all right. But what workers' movement could there be among them?

The one liberal note was struck by the delegates of a teachers' union. These underpaid intellectuals were the only timid brethren-in-spirit to the tubercular garmenters of New York. Later, I found that the coal miners of Pennsylvania and West Virginia were as badly off as New York's East Siders. But they were not as red. They listened with awe to Mr. Lewis' patriotic sentiments and signed yellow-dog contracts almost cheerfully. Then came the industrialization of the South, but even there Gastonia was an exception. The rest accepted their slavery. And all these red New Yorkers and meek coalers and spinners were overshadowed by the prosperity and smugness of the vast A. F. of L. I learned that you could not cross out these satisfied legions from the calculations about American labor. As I jogged around the country Eastern Europe and the East Side were slowly losing their grip on me. I was sad but I was sober. I was sorry to see the prospect of an American social revolution melt before my opening eyes.

Accordingly, I came to new conclusions about American liberals and radicals. Inwardly, I became cynical about both. When I heard a liberal air his loftiest ideals I instinctively eyed his girdle and made mental notes of the diamond pin in his tie. I liked Heywood Broun because his pants were never pressed. I tried to imagine a social revolution in America and the rôle of liberals in the mess. I

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pictured a Stephen Wise or a John Haynes Holmes as fleeing from a Sovietized New York to the King's London, there to bewail the loss of family jewels and to plot the return of Cal to the repainted White House. I imagined an Oswald Garrison Villard or a Professor Dewey cleaning the sidewalks of Manhattan or digging Pennsylvania coal while the Amer-Red soldiers read old volumes of the *Nation* and the *New Republic* to them. I got a huge kick out of such imaginings. But still later I grew mellow. As I bought new and costlier suits I began to see a place for well-to-do liberals.

I never particularly liked American Socialists. This was one attitude which did not undergo any material change in the ten years of my Americanization. When I see a group of them today I count the number of insurance men who have joined for the possible business, the doctors and lawyers who love homage, the union officials who are eager to solidify or better their positions. I have yet to see ordinary workers in any gathering of this so-called workers' party.

And yet, there are many decent if placid men among them. They could save the situation by calling themselves Progressive, Liberal, Modern—anything but Socialist. Their name is their white elephant.

On the whole, I prefer American Communists. At times I find something virile and pathetic about them, and I like personally at least some of them. I find true ascetics and idealists among them, even though they often try to raise an issue where there is none and even though their noise smacks of neurasthenia. I think it significant that so many of them speak wretched English and that you cannot find a good-looking girl in their demonstrations (unless she happens to be interested in Mike Gold). It's the inferiority complex that drives many of them into the party. Since the party is not a clinic and cannot cure them, they leave it after a year or two, sometimes sooner.

I feel sorry for the Mike Golds and the Joe Freemans. They deserve a better entourage. They are real writers and fighters, real enough to fit into the blazing glory of a genuine party of revolution. Had there been genuine masses, and not a wistful illusion of masses, for them to begin with, they might have developed into true leaders of historic significance. The American radicals of all shades are in great need of leaders, although the radicals themselves do not seem to be conscious of it. An average European chokes with amazement when he sees the mediocre quality of the men and women who are called prophets and extolled as leaders and orators in this country.

My greatest disappointment was to hear Eugene Debs' speech at Madison Square after his release from Atlanta. It sounded so trite even though we were ready to be profoundly moved. It was with difficulty that I retained my regard for him as a leader. My friends from Paris, where even conversation can be sparkling oratory, happened to hear William Jennings Bryan in New York at the Democratic Convention of 1924. They shrugged their shoulders in disgust. Was this the oratory that the Americanos proudly compared to that of the ancient Greeks? Was this the Great Commoner and Boy Orator whose silver tongue even his political enemies admired? It began to dawn upon me why the Americans, contrary to the European custom, kept their political center away from their metropolis. They did not want the numerous foreign visitors of New York to see the shame of their so-called leadership.

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Also, for a long time I could not stomach the ease with which the American liberals and some of the radicals chummed with the capitalists after fighting hours. I could not quite see a place for Christian tolerance in politics and class struggle. I rubbed my eyes in surprise when I saw Otto Kahn give a dinner party in honor of John Dos Passos. I gasped in indignation when Dos Passos accepted it, and other radicals thronged to it. But later I grew calloused. Now I can understand all this as a purely American phenomenon. I learned to take drinks with Republicans.

But I continue to hate White Guard Russians. I remember that once at Elfenbein's, on Second avenue, where Trotzky used to eat his daily *Blintzes*, I rejected a seat at the table where a White Guard Russian publisher was drinking tea.

III

Do not think that during all these years I worried my head off about the American liberals and radicals and the next American revolution. This was by no means my main quest. I found time to learn the language, to go to the movies, and to be interested in the American tempo, girls, and food.

I came to this country with no knowledge of the English language. Everybody who spoke English seemed to me to be extremely intelligent. For some time after I learned to speak and write the language passably, the English of an East Side Jew sounded no different to me from the English of a Southern colonel. My memory is principally visual. I cannot learn a word unless I see it in print or writing. I was told that the better I learned the English idiom the sooner I would be a master of the language; also that I must never, never pronounce *w* as *v*. But I mistook slang for idiom, and I overdid the *w-v* business. In trying not to say vell-vell and vhere do ve go, I began to pronounce all *v*'s as *w*'s. Even now, in my tired, unthinking moments, I say wery, adwantage, awenue, and I call my wife Ewangeline.

I learned to love the English language, or rather its American version, for its economy and slangy humor, for its rich rhythm and utter lack of logic. By logic I mean a complicated but orderly grammar, such as most other languages have, and a good dose of phonetics. It charmed me that in this totally unphonetic language you wrote almost every word in one way and pronounced it in quite another. The chaos appealed to the immigrant from Russia. I liked one of my Columbia instructors not because of his erudition but because he pronounced "idear" totally unaware of the final *r*. I was moved to tears when the "sure" of my American friends sounded exactly like "shoe" and "shoo." A great language, that!

Thus, at the height of my interest in it, came the beginning of my least critical period toward America and Americanization. It was then that I changed my name from Paretzky to Parry, not dreaming how sorry I would be afterward. It was then that I began to love the dynamics of New York, forgetting for a time its filth and noise. I took pride in the long numbers of the streets and the houses in which I lived. In the Western movie thrillers, in vaudeville and musical comedy I thought I saw the same elements of swinging beauty as in "Processional" and Carl Sandburg's poetry. The sweating bodies of American burlesque, for some uncanny reason, reminded me of Whitman's images. I associated clumsy skyscrapers with Dreiser's labored but lovely word structure.

I even tried to understand chewing

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gum. I actually chewed it several times—in public, too. Never once did I forget that the American capitalists boosted baseball and boxing to take the minds of the nation off politics. Yet, a few times, heroically, I went to games and bouts to cheer for both sides. Baseball and boxing remained Chinese puzzles to me, but I thought that I loved the smell and frenzy of the American mob. I felt it my duty to follow it wherever it went.

In barber shops, as before, I did not like what I termed the baseball player's haircut. I resented the barbers' attempts to sell me race tips, instalment jewelry, and joy girls' addresses. But I thought the revolving chairs utterly and delightfully American. Here were marvels of American technical genius brought to the mass for a small fee, here were comforts to the general! Sinking toward the floor in an American barber's chair I felt a thrill. I almost believed in American democracy. I drank hot chocolate and ate bananas and pineapples in enormous quantities because in pre-war Europe these things were for the rich only. I did not particularly like chocolate, but the drink and the fruit, at their low price, were touching symbols of American democracy to me.

But I missed the European cafés, the general jollity of the European sidewalk. It was darn hard to make casual acquaintances, which are the only sort of acquaintances one should have in a big city. I longed to talk to men and women without the necessity of learning their names and inviting them to my room or being invited to theirs. Hello, what do you think of politics, economics, love, books, sports? . . . Why, that's very interesting . . . Let's watch the passing crowd . . . Waiter, another couple of beers! . . . New York is certainly a great city. Here is what I think of politics, economics, love, books, sports . . . Let's argue it out . . . Let's have some more beer . . . Well, good-bye, sir . . .

But alas, there was no such geniality on the sidewalks of any American city. The only occasional groups were those of sport fans listening to radio reports of the World Series or great boxing bouts, and they were dull and silent in their excitement, preoccupied with their bets. On the corners one saw raw youths leering at every young skirt. That was all. Outside of New York, all went to sleep at 9 P.M. One was left to walk the empty streets with one's *Weltschmerz* for hours, hoping against hope for some excitement, color, human variety, warmth.

The uniformity of the American dress was appalling to a fresh eye. In Europe everyone dressed according to his soul. Here store clothes crushed the individuality. A different hat or suit was a circus attraction. Even in New York people seemed drab. The immigrants appeared cowed by the stifling atmosphere. They toned down the richness of their customs. The picturesqueness and the social significance of the push-cart district were vastly overrated. "What's the use of these New York markets," complained a Russian, "when even pickles are being sold in stores and not under the open sky? I can't learn the news of the day in the American bazaars, I have to look for it in the newspapers. It's simply terrible." The gabbing quality of a Pullman smoker was a myth, too. And as to the railway coach, that setting of so many European debates and romances, it was the deadliest thing in America.

But the deadness of all this was soon a masked blessing to me, for I found how uninteresting an average casual conversation can be in America. The most intelligent person in this land, caught unawares,

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is likely to blurt out the grossest stupidities and most unwitting insults. It comes from lack of conversational training, I suppose. Once on a train I met a professor's wife who spoke to me about Cabell, argued about Bolshevism, and readily agreed with me on American drama. She paid compliments to my intelligence, and remarked that her husband taught biology.

"Do you know this word?"

"Pardon, which word?"

"Biology, do you know it?"

I laughed in reply, saying that some people asked me whether I ever rode on a trolley car or saw an electric lamp before I came to America. The lady did not see the point.

IV

I was amazed by the general unwillingness of an American to argue, unless he was tipsy. A sober Americano, I found, readily agreed to your views, reversing the opinions expressed by him just before you joined the discussion. He did it because he wanted to be nice to you. He was most innocently oblivious of your subsequent anger and boredom. Even some intellectuals were unconsciously guilty of this offence. I thought it came from the fact that this was a country of business. Don't argue with a man; he may yet become your customer.

I also discovered how difficult it was to make interesting love in America. One had to be very careful about it.

From the very start I preferred American girls to immigrant girls. I preferred them because they seemed to be the most intelligent element of the nation, had fair complexions, and were not inclined to early fat. Also because they made provincial fuss about a European intellectual.

I discovered that it was enough for me to translate a Russian quotation, a German folk saying, or a French *bon mot*, salting it here and there into my conversation, and they would go into a trance. But one had to be very careful because they claimed too much of one's time. They wanted to go places, see and do things, and drag you along. They wanted you to talk sex with the crowd of intellectuals and pseudos, in the atmosphere of dense smoke and tense drinking. They insisted on making love in public.

I learned to hate Saturday-night parties as Americans practice them. I grew morose and refused to drink rotten gin and perform with Russian quotations. I refused to talk sex. I said that I avoided the subject because a well-known American firm of Sex Boys wrote so much about it. I jeered that it would be trespassing on private property. That the imposing estate of the Sex Boys was nothing but a jerry building. That in a self-respecting European country, taking her sex calmly but profoundly, such trash as they were ladling out here would be regarded as a slightly better grade of boulevard literature. That sex, like journalism, was so obvious that any text-book on either would be so much American poppycock.

Soon enough I divorced myself from these gatherings. I began to take a sadistic pleasure in shouting my Greenwich Village neighbors into silence. To my "Oh you barbarians!" they would yell, "Go get naturalized!" but they would then close the windows and let me read or sleep in peace.

I began to like the American street and parlor because they were noisy and offered no temptation. More and more they drove me to books. I discovered American libraries in all their richness and efficiency. To get to the books of the Bibliothèque Nationale or the Round

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Room of the British Museum you have to wade through an unimaginable amount of red tape. Recently, in London, I was grilled and made to sign my name and sent from one official to another before I was admitted into the Round Room—and my pass was for one day only. Once there, I had to wait the customary half-hour for the book to reach me. I discovered that the library was closed in the evening, that you either worked for your living or had a chance to go to the library; you couldn't do both.

What a relief to came back to New York with the Public Library open till 10 P.M., with no passes demanded, with books delivered to you within five or ten minutes. The Los Angeles library is even better; it is open till 11 P.M., and as many books as possible are on the open shelves, so that you don't have to file your slips and wait. The American library is the only place in the country where you still meet human freaks and can exchange exciting even though hushed opinions. There is only one gap in the American library system. It is the fact that the richest library in the country is the Congressional in Washington. I was never there, but I suspect that it simply rots away, with not many reading and researching eyes peering into the opulence of its shelves. The thought often drives me into despair. It should have been in New York and not in Washington.

I believe that it was an average American library that brought me back to my early admiration for American efficiency. The American telephone in comparison with the European is perfect. Trains run on time. Plumbing really works. Things done on time and properly with the least amount of red tape, that is my America. I love my comforts of mind and body; this love was born in America; it may be shocking and demoralizing, as some of my friends say, but it is comfortable. I even subscribe to the American dictum that for these comforts one must work hard. The ladder of success is not an escalator! I grow mellow and condescending to the notion of American Success, even if not salaaming before it.

But I staunchly refuse to take part in the American rush. My early love for the crazy poetry of an overcrowded subway train has passed. Now I try to live within walking distance of my office. I am fast in my work but with no American frenzy or strain. I am a slacker in the great American psychosis of whoopee and bridge-playing. I discovered that there were other men and women in this country who also abhorred parties and the institution of Saturday Night Noise. They knew how to drop in for a quiet evening's talk and sip, and accepted my casual visits without feeling obliged to stand on their heads. I discovered civilized social life in America. It was as much of a thrill as the early discovery that in America you did not have to stand in line all night to buy a pair of shoes.

I figure that since there are in America many other men and women who feel as I do, and since there are quite a few natives among them, I am not totally un-American in my hatred of whoopee. As a matter of fact, I learned that I was not very much un-American in many other things. My Americanization crept upon me whether I wanted it or not. Last September, in London and in Paris, I was taken for an American both before and after I opened my mouth. I was not flattered and I was not annoyed. At first I was somewhat surprised about it, but then grew quite philosophical. Almost fatalistic.

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MEMOIRS OF A PEARL DIVER

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

WEINSTEIN had a bad reputation for gyping his help. This was the first thing I heard when I became dishwasher in his hash factory on the six-to-six day shift. He also insisted on the kitchen force eating stew and goulash instead of the more expensive dishes, docked them for every minute they were late but never paid for overtime, would never give any employé an advance of wages in case of emergency, and when a man was fired or quit, always made him wait a few days for the week's salary he held back on everyone.

Of course he got away with it. What could a poor stiff of a dishwasher, counterman, bus boy or cook do about it? It was their word against his. Usually you needed what was coming to you right then and there, and were not disposed to raise questions that might cause delay in getting it. If you tried to act tough and threatened him, he'd call a cop and swear you were raising a disturbance, declaring that he'd offered to pay you but that you wouldn't accept it, or something like that.

Bad as the job was, with no rest except a few minutes twice a day for meals, I was glad enough to get it. What did it matter that I must stand on my feet for twelve hours a day in a tiny, hot, steamy, unventilated kitchen with my hands in hot water strengthened with soft soap? Eighteen dollars and meals looks mighty good after several weeks of visiting employment offices, answering the newspaper advertisements and trudging the streets. It was the pearl-diving job at Weinstein's or nothing.

The place was downtown and was crowded from early morning to late at night. During the noon-hour rush customers were eating on radiators and window sills. There was a continual stream of dirty dishes overflowing the galvanized iron trough at my side. There was supposed to be a man helping me by scraping the dishes into the two swill barrels under the trough and stacking them up for me to grab by the half dozens and souse in the steaming water, but there wasn't.

The very first day I got stuck during the noon-hour rush. Dishes were almost up to my shoulders and overflowing on to the floor. The bus boys were lined up at the door waiting for me to clear space for their loads. Clean dishes were rapidly vanishing and the countermen were howling for more.

Weinstein, a nervous little fat man with glistening bald head, a shiny skin, bulbous eyes and a rudimentary mustache, rushed into the kitchen, shoving past the bewildered bus boys, screaming at the top of his voice: "Whatsmatter here, boy? Git dese dishes out! For what you think I pay you? Come on! Come on! The customers they are waiting. My Gawd! My Gawd! The customers, we lose them!"

"Customers, hell!" I hollered back. "I

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can't scrape all of these dishes and wash them too! You must think I'm an octopus. Why don't you get a scraper?"

"We don't need no scraper. We never had no scraper. Scraper! Bah! *Work*, and you won't git stuck!"

"You get a scraper or I quit," I yelled, pulling my sodden hands out of the greasy water and wiping them on my apron.

Seeing that I had the better of it, Weinstein calmed down. "All right!" he yelled to the bus boys, wildly gesticulating, "you boys help him out. I'll pick up the dishes."

Almost the same thing happened every day for the next week. The bus boys complained bitterly, the countermen grumbled while customers had often to wait for dishes. The boss ran from one part of the restaurant to the other, denouncing the men for their laziness, waving his arms, rolling his eyes to the ceiling, hunching his shoulders and charging that he was being ruined.

Considering the volume of business the place did, there should have been almost twice as many employés as there were. Every department was short-handed and everybody was complaining about it. Few if any were prepared to quit, however. None had been on the job more than two or three weeks and the fact that they had accepted work was evidence that they had been broke. It was Weinstein's game to pick up an impoverished crew, work them short-handed for a fortnight or so, and hire others in their places when they fled.

Tuesday, our payday, came and passed without anyone getting paid. Weinstein came back into the kitchen to explain it all, his head cocked on one side, his palms turned out and an injured look in his eyes.

"Now boys, business has been awful. No money. Dunno whut's comin' over th' people. They ain't eatin' like they used to. I'm awful short to-day, boys—hardly had enough to pay my rent. I—I pay you all Saturday. All right, eh?"

It wasn't all right. We argued with him but he was as full of excuses as a porcupine of quills. The second cook wanted to call a cop, but Nussbaum, one of the bus boys, suggested a better plan and we separated, smiling grimly, until the morrow.

We were all on time next morning. Everybody was in good spirits for once. Breakfast went off as usual. After the rush, the whole crew ate heartily of big slabs of ham and from three to a half dozen eggs apiece. Weinstein saw, and wrung his pudgy hands in anguish, but seemed to feel instinctively that under the circumstances it was best to say nothing.

Ten-thirty arrived. The chef and the second cook lifted the heavy soup cauldrons up on the stove and preparations were made for the noon-hour rush. There was much jesting behind the counter as the coffee urns were filled. Eyes gleamed maliciously.

There was comparatively no business after ten-thirty until about five minutes after twelve, when the stores and shops disgorged their hungry thousands. Then the restaurant filled in a trice with clamoring customers.

Just before twelve o'clock Weinstein came back into the kitchen as was his wont. He seemed to be pleasantly surprised to be greeted with smiles instead of the usual scowls. He expanded visibly, patting me on the back, cheerfully hailing the chef, and glancing with satisfaction and approval at the steaming vessels on the range and steam table. Then he bounced out to meet the advance guard of the hungry mob.

In a minute they crashed the door and lined up at the counter four or five deep.

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"Goulash!" yelled a customer.

"Goulash!" echoed the head counterman.

"Goulash!" repeated the other countermen, rushing back into the kitchen.

"Goulash!" cried the bus boys, doing likewise.

"Goulash!" whooped the kitchen crew, lining up with the rest at the kitchen door.

"Goulash!" chanted the entire crew as with arms on each other's shoulders, they lock-stepped single file through the gaping crowd of cash customers and out to the street, where they lined up on the curbstone.

Weinstein dashed out behind us, almost in tears and more agitated than a dozen tap dancers, asking what was the matter.

"Goulash!" we replied in a chorus.

He threatened to have us locked up.

"Goulash!" we answered.

Then he grew more rational and asked what we wanted. Nussbaum replied for the crew:

"We want our pay, a two-dollar raise and more help before we go back."

"No!" Weinstein yelled. "I'll serve 'em myself." He rushed back inside, hired a couple of fellows from the crowd to man the counter and flew into the kitchen to save the day.

The cries for service had grown to an uproar. "Goulash! . . . Soup! . . . Ham and eggs! . . . Apple pie! . . . Coffee!"

Weinstein tried to serve but there was nothing to serve. The soup cauldrons were full of steaming water. The meat pans were empty. The pots and kettles on the steam table held only hot water. The coffee urns were filled with the same liquid. There were only enough salads, cake and pie to mask the barrenness of the counter, and worse, neither the countermen or the chef had ordered anything. There was ham but it wasn't sliced, and there were eggs but they were in the basement cooler in crates. The dishes stacked upon the kitchen shelves were still caked with the breakfast eggs.

Weinstein dashed out to us more sober and conciliatory.

"Come back," he begged, "an' I'll pay you off tonight."

"Nuthin' doin'," replied Nussbaum. "You pay us now or we stay right here."

"What about you?" asked the boss, addressing the rest of us.

"Goulash!" we replied.

In despair he threw up his hands and capitulated, mourning his losses. He ran inside, returning almost instantly with a fistful of currency.

We served ham and eggs for the rest of the noon hour but our rebellion must have cost him many hundreds of dollars.

When we came to work next morning we found the crew reinforced by a new bus boy, counterman, dish scraper and second cook. After that, whenever Weinstein forgot himself, we only had to yell "Goulash!" to set him straight.

II

The Quality Grill was an up-to-date eating place. The service couldn't be surpassed, the food was excellent, and the prices were reasonable enough to attract the patronage of white collar slaves, petty shopkeepers and office girls.

As I walked through the place to the kitchen I wondered why anybody should quit as night dishwasher at $28 a week in a place like this. The day cook greeted me with a rather mocking leer but every pearl diver expects initial hostilities with the food burners, so I paid no attention to him.

Finkelstein, the tall, hatchet-faced proprietor, who boasted a tooth-brush mus-

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tache and little eyes set close together, was showing me back into the Vale of Odors. He gave me my orders in a hard voice.

"You get here at eight every night, see? An' I don't mean eight-five or eight-ten; I mean eight o'clock. Get me? You wash dishes until we close at two o'clock, an' don't be gettin' stuck, either, 'cause there aint nobody to help yuh out. Then yuh clean all th' pots an' pans, empty th' garbage, scrub th' kitchen, mop th' rest'rant, an' don't slop th' walls, either. When yuh get through that, clean up th' basement an' help th' night cook prepare th' vegetables. Understand? No loafin' now! You go home at eight o'clock in th' mornin', an' that don't mean seven-fifty-five; it means eight o'clock. Is that clear?"

It was, but I wanted to know what day I would have off to recuperate from these arduous duties.

"You don't get no day off here," he answered with emphasis, "an' if that don't suit yuh, hunt for another job."

I saw right away that the boss was a tough egg. If I hadn't been broke I'd have passed up the job. Twelve hours a day, seven days a week, was more than I'd bargained for, but twenty-eight dollars was twenty-eight dollars.

The night cook made the job bearable with his sense of humor and steady flow of anecdotes. In the early morning he prepared the most toothsome cutlets and steaks for us two, contrary to Finkelstein's orders, and for the first three or four nights he helped with my work until I could get the swing of the job. Daniels was his name, a jolly, fat, black fellow with big white teeth and a laugh that could be heard for a block.

Over our meals and while peeling vegetables, he would keep up a running fire of tall talk:

"Brotha, Ah'm jus' gittin' by. Aint nevah took no lessons in cookin' or nuthin'. Jus' picked it up, heah and theah, now an' then. . . . Caint keep uh good man down, though. No Suh! yuh caint keep ah good man down. . . . Ah doan know no French, Brotha, but Ah knows whut them French words means on that menu. Yas Suh! Yuh see how Ah fills them o'dahs, dontcha? . . . Yas Suh! Ah knows whut Ah knows. Aint bin cookin' foh twenty yeahs 'round dis country fo' nuthin'. . . . That ole Frenchman think 'cause he's Frenchman that he knows more'n Ah do 'bout cookin', but Ah got 'im fooled, Chile. Ah nevah let no w'ite man know all Ah knows. 'Taint good policy. Ah bin ah nigguh fo' fohty yeahs an' whut Ah doan know 'bout w'ite folkses an' nigguhs too, ain' wuth knowin'. . . . Bin South? W'y ma—an, Ah wuz raised in Mississippi! An' that's so fah South folks hang they clothes on th' South Pole. . . . Yes, Brotha, Ah bin South all right, an' whut Ah doan know 'bout th' South ain' wuth knowin'. . . . Ah had tuh git outta thah, Big Boy. Ain't no place fo' no man like me. Ah'm too quick wi' mah knife an' gun. . . . But yuh caint keep ah good man down, Brotha. Naw, Suh, yuh caint keep ah good man down. . . .

"Eef Ah feels to-mor-row-w
Lak Ah feel-l-l to-o-day,
Ah'm gonna pack mah grip an'
Make mah git a-way."

After the first week I felt sure the job at the Quality Grill would be too much for me unless I could get a day off. I stood it another four days and then I asked Finkelstein for it, explaining that I was worn out.

"Nuthin' doin'," he snapped. "You got th' softest job here—workin' on th' night shift with nobody to bother yuh after th'

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place closes. What do yuh think I'm payin' yuh twenty-eight dollars for, charity?"

I just had to quit the next morning, which was Friday. The regular pay-day was on Tuesday, but the cashier said I could get my money if I returned that evening. My room rent was due on Saturday, I was nearly broke, and my landlady was pretty hardboiled.

At five I returned to get paid off.

"What do *you* want?" snarled Finkelstein, glaring at me.

"I want my money," I replied. "I quit this morning".

"Oh, yuh quit, did yuh?" he sneered, winking over my shoulder to three toughs who sat at a nearby table. "Well, take off your hat!"

"What for? I'm not sitting down."

"I don't care. Take off your hat. I won't have you coons comin' in here with your hats on, see?"

"I won't take it off."

"Then you don't get paid until Tuesday," he announced triumphantly, adding, "an' maybe not then."

I pondered this. Of course I could call a cop. . . .

"Pull off that hat," he repeated, "or I'll throw yuh outta here."

The restaurant was full of diners who had stopped eating and were looking our way and listening. Finkelstein nodded to the three toughs. They rose and approached us. White solidarity! I took off my hat.

III

The Alvord Lunch on Batavia street never closed. It was the last word in American garishness. It was 150 feet of blazing electric lights, tile, brass, nickle, enamel and glass. Two big crews of skilled help slaved in twelve-hour shifts, six days a week. Pay-day was sure every Tuesday and the dishwashers got $22.50 a week. Sam Karlin, the jovial, cigar-chewing owner, gloated over the fact that he fed close to four thousand every day with satisfaction and dispatch.

It seemed to me, a dishwasher on the six-to-six shift, that we fed four thousand at each meal. What swarms of people! What an avalanche of crockery! Even Schwartz, the fastest dish-scraper I'd ever worked with, sometimes got stuck during an unusual noon rush. A tub of soft soap was used every day; three cans of garbage were taken out after each meal; it required four bus boys to keep the tables free of dirty dishes. Six countermen labored feverishly in front and six men toiled in the little fifteen-by-six kitchen with its two dish tubs, its enormous cooking range, its huge hot-water tank, its big scraping trough, its silver and glass tub and its slippery floor; while two men in a shed farther back prepared vegetables and salads all day long.

Everything was done on a huge scale. Three and four cauldrons of soup were sold daily, three and sometimes four crates of eggs and several hams disappeared during the breakfast hours along with scores of loaves of bread, baskets of hard rolls, four huge urns of coffee, great pans of fish and meat, gallons of goulash and stew, and great cans of potatoes and other vegetables during the day. One grew sick of seeing so much food and especially of smelling it when mingled with the odor of sweating bodies, soft soap, garbage, greasy pots and wet sawdust. Every man had special working clothes which were left on the job but even so it was a task to get the odor out of the skin and hair.

Everything went smoothly at the Alvord Lunch. The rotund proprietor interfered with his help as little as possible, was al-

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ways ready to let a man borrow against his pay and when a big rush was on, as when the Fleet was in and forty or fifty sailors would saunter in and all order ham and eggs, he would get behind the counter, the kitchen range or the dish tub and work as hard as anybody else. He owned a chain of three or four smaller eating houses and was reported to be well fixed financially, and yet he would readily don an apron and help Schwartz scrape dirty dishes during a brisk lunch hour.

"Lemme give yuh uh hand there," he would say when we were getting stuck with the enormous quantities of dishes. "Dis is my best graft, Brudder. Why I brought dish scrapin' tuh dis country."

A few minutes later he would probably be behind the counter helping to serve out coffee, cakes and pies, and the next time you saw him he'd be out in the shed helping to cut meat or make salads.

If a man was late in reporting to work, Sam Karlin wisely let the first protesting squawk come from the fellow who had been kept overtime. Other bosses might insist that the customer was always right but not he. He always stood by his help and if the offended customer didn't like it he could go to Hades.

Consequently the help were deprived of almost every reason for disliking him. There was no hatred of the boss to make for solidarity among them. The hours were terribly long, the work very hard and practically every man suffered from some form of foot trouble, either corns, bunions, broken arches or all three, but conditions were no worse at the Alvord Lunch than at other big hash factories, the pay was better than at most places, and you were sure of getting it.

There being little or no ground for class prejudice, racial and nationalistic antagonisms flourished among the crew. And what a hodge-podge that crew was! Schwartz, the scraper, was a German whose Prussian patriotism had not been dimmed by thirty years' residence in America; Carl, the chef, was a Pole enthusiastic over the new Republic of Paderewski and Pilsudski; Nick, the vegetable man, was a little Muscovite who worshipped Lenin; George, the silver-and-glass man, was a British West Indian Negro from Jamaica who shouted the praises of Marcus Garvey; Clarence, the adenoidal short-order cook, was a cockney from Limehouse who vociferously lauded the excellence of everything English; Juan and José, two of the bus boys, were Colombians, while Eddie, the head counterman, like his assistants, was Irish.

Schwartz, a thin, tall, stoop-shouldered ex-brewery worker with straggling gray hair, a stringy mustache, one eyelid hanging lower than the other, a long, red, watery nose and an obvious aversion to ablutions, hated Clarence because he was English and Carl because he sang the praises of the new Poland made partly at the expense of Germany. He despised the two Colombians as inferior because they were "spiggoty people". He expressed his sharp and frequent opinions to me in low tones out of the corner of his mouth. During the lull between meals, it was his duty to scrub the many pots which the two hash burners delighted in piling up.

"Dot damn Englishman!" he would growl. "Him and dot dirty Pole. Ugh! how I vould like to strangle dem! . . . Von vord dot swine Clarence says and I poonch him!" Saying which, he would viciously attack the pot he was scraping, shooting wicked glances at the backs of the white-coated cooks.

His favorite expression was "Easy on de vip, it's a hired horse!" when the grinning,

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slick-headed bus boys would pile too many dishes in front of him. "Ach!" he would say out of the corner of his mouth, "dese damn spiggoty peoble. Dey tink dey're as goot as a vite man!"

Schwartz never expressed his opinion of Negroes, since there were three working on the shift and they could understand better than the Colombians what he said. But he always agreed vociferously with George, the silver-and-glass man, when the latter denounced the British government for handicapping the work of Marcus Garvey. George frequently admitted with a trace of pride in his tone that he was a British subject but he talked most of the time of "Thawt great mawn, Marcus Gahvey" and of "Awfricah, the blawck mawn's nawtionawl home". Several times Clarence and the black Britisher nearly came to blows when the cockney asserted that "this Gawrvey fellow 'asn't an 'arf pint o' sense".

Perhaps the greatest enmity was between the Polish chef, Carl, and Nick the Russian. Back in the shed where the vegetables and meats were prepared, they could often be heard quarreling over the respective merits of their native lands. Nick was voluble and quick-witted. All day he talked of the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Soviets, Lenin, and the New Economic Policy, and mourned the fact that Russia had lost so much territory, including Poland, because of the interference of the French and English capitalists. Carl, slower of speech and somewhat dull, would stand over the meat block, his sleeves rolled up, cutting and chopping more savagely as his anger grew. Suddenly he would start brandishing his cleaver and cursing all of the foes of Poland, particularly the Bolshevists, whereupon Nick would accuse him of being counter-revolutionary or reactionary. In fact, all who disagreed with Nick were tools of the capitalists. One day the argument in the shed grew hotter than usual and Carl threw his cleaver at the Russian, chasing him out into the kitchen, through the dining-room and into the street.

Nor was there any love lost between Eddie, the head counterman and the cockney cook. Eddie yelled most of the orders through the serving window and a dozen times a day misunderstandings arose that ended in mutual exchange of insults. The Irishman, a smart wisecracker, usually got the better of these exchanges. With his ever-ready wit, he bombarded the Englishman with shafts and digs, to the vast amusement of the crews on both sides of the window.

Eddie's wit found its best expression in devising new nicknames for the dishes he ordered through the window. Quite a number of wisecrackers and jokesters who worked around the neighborhood patronized the Alvord Lunch just to hear him clown.

When the fleet was in port, ham and eggs became Sailors' Delight. At the time when the newspapers were full of accounts of the fight at the Lambs' Club between McGraw, the baseball manager, and a club member, a lamb stew became One McGraw. A New England boiled dinner was a Yankee Feast. An order to Clean Up the Kitchen meant Hamburg steak. Pork and Beans was Old Army Standby or Musical Fruit. Milk Toast was Graveyard Stew. Spinach was grass, Pig's feet became Walk One, and Shredded Wheat Biscuit a Bale o' Hay. Porterhouse steak brought forth the command to Burn Up a Bull and chicken was Harlem Special. Quips and puns flowed from Eddie like oaths from a drill sergeant.

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When fights arose between members of the crew, Sam Karlin, the boss, took the rôle of peacemaker. He very shrewdly sympathized with all points of view. To the Irish he denounced England; he sided either with the Russian or the Pole, depending on which he was talking to; he was Republican, Democrat or Socialist as circumstance demanded; within the period of five minutes he would tell George that Marcus Garvey was greater than Napoleon and assure Clarence that the Provisional President of Africa was a damn fool.

Thus every employé swore by instead of at Sam Karlin. They called him "a good guy", "a prince", "the best boss in town" and "a kike, but a reg'lar feller". A man was seldom fired and rarely quit. Once a Negro bus boy fresh from South Carolina, who had been working at the Alvord Lunch for about three months, decided to return to the Palmetto State on an excursion. Like many Southern Negro workers he was actually afraid to ask for his time. When he finally did screw up courage enough to hint about it to the boss, Sam jumped back in mock astonishment and asked in an incredulous tone: "Yuh dunt mean tuh say yuh wanna quit me? Do yuh wanna put me in uh hole? How'm I gonna git anodder good man like you?" The bus boy shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, looked sheepish and went back to work.

Finally, he grew desperate and slipping Eddie a dollar, asked him to help him with a plan he had thought of. The Irishman agreed. The bus boy then gathered up several dishes in his tray and deliberately dumped them in the center of the tile floor, startling the customers and arousing the boss.

"Hey, you!" shouted Eddie, adding some very choice epithets for good measure, "You wanna quit breakin' so many —— —— dishes aroun' here or you'll git canned".

Feigning great indignation, the lad tore off his white coat, rushed up front to the cashier's desk where the boss sat and shouted, "Ah wants mah money; Ah'm gonna quit! Ah ain' gonna be dogged 'roun heah by nobody. Gimme mah time!"

"Now, now", Sam remonstrated, soothingly, his round head cocked on one side, while the entire crew enjoyed the scene. "Dunt let dat white trash git yer goat. Yore workin' under me, see? Here, take uh good seegar an' go back an' cool off. Whadda we care 'bout uh few lousy dishes? Yore too gooda man tuh lose aroun' here 'bout a little t'ing like dat. Dunt let dese white boys run yuh away. . . . Dat's uh good fella!"

The bewildered bus boy looked helplessly around, put on his coat and went back to work.

IV

No gang of pirates on the Spanish Main ever looked more villainous and disreputable than the crowd of bums and wastrels that crowded into old Mrs. Williams' immaculate dining-room on that first day the construction job opened. Lured from the smoke dens, flophouses and cellars of A street and environs by the labor agent's promise of $3 a day and meals, they had come up the country to grab a stake and then blow to other parts as is the way of their type. Mrs. Williams, a silver-haired, kindly widow, had taken the feeding concession and I had been hired in town for the exalted position of kitchen mechanic and table waiter.

There were thirty of the roughnecks to feed and it certainly took some provender

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to satisfy their appetites. It was the first opportunity many of them had had in years to eat good, wholesome food and plenty of it. The bread was baked in the kitchen, the coffee was real coffee, the cream and milk were rich and raw, the eggs right from the henhouse, the ham hadn't traveled over 200 yards, which was also true of the vegetables. This was unheard of on a job of this kind, where usually the construction company has its own cook shack, where canned goods and the cheapest cold-storage meats and eggs are slung at the savages.

I reported for work several hours before the first meal and received the shock of my life when I walked into the old colonial dining-room. There was a big fireplace at one end, blue pottery on the mantelpiece, bright rag rugs on the freshly-scrubbed floor, and cheerful curtains at the windows. The long table was covered with a linen cloth; there was gleaming silver and a ringed napkin at each place, and two or three vases of fresh apple blossoms down the center.

Boisterously blasphemous, unwashed and uncombed, the gang grew silent when they lamped the layout. They glanced alternately at each other and the table in amazement, scratching their tousled heads and corrugating their brows as they gingerly sat down in the prim, high-backed chairs. Bustling around in a blue dress and dainty white apron, the old lady beamed on her charges, asked first this one and then that one his name, quite unaware of their astonishment and bewilderment.

"Now boys", she warbled from the head of the table when all were seated, "for you all *are* my boys now, aren't you? I just want you to make yourselves *right* at home. There's plenty of *everything* here; if you *don't* see it, just *ask* for it. We want to be just *one big family* during our weeks together".

The half-starved huskies squirmed impatiently, their hands on the edges of the table, aching to reach and grab as had been their custom in the 15-cent hash houses along Atlantic avenue. But something restrained them and although the aroma from the steaming tureens and platters was making them suffer the tortures of the damned, they waited respectfully until the garrulous hostess concluded her spiel. Then a dozen hairy claws shot out to clutch the dishes but Mrs. Williams restrained them.

"Now, boys", she chirped reprovingly, "we must say blessing; we mustn't forget God. Mr. Jones, will you say grace?"

Cincinnati Jack started and gaped in open-mouthed amazement at this unexpected invitation. He shifted uneasily and shot a furtive, apprehensive glance at the grimacing bums, looked appealingly at the old lady, hesitated, and then, at a vicious nudge from Bully Boy, began mumbling a dimly-remembered blessing.

He ended with a loud amen and all was set for the grabfest, but the prayer affected the bunch in a curious manner. Or perhaps it was Mrs. Williams' presence. Anyhow, they asked each other awkwardly to pass this and that dish, took light helpings and didn't shout "coon", "Jack Johnson", "Rastus", "snowflake" or "Libah" at me as I had anticipated.

"Oh, I think they're *such* a fine, *upstanding* lot of men", the old lady remarked enthusiastically while I was bathing the crockery after the meal. "And just to *think*, the foreman told me I might be *sorry* I'd taken on the job of feeding them. Why, they've got *good* manners, considering everything."

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The next two days saw a transformation in the appearance of the gang. They washed their hands and faces before the two meals, scraped their feet before entering the dining-room, and tried to brush up on their table etiquette. Mrs. Williams grew more pleased, and Wilson, the red-faced foreman, looked puzzled.

But on the fourth day the boys began to revert to type. They didn't look so neat and there was some grumbling. Cincinnati Jack allowed he was "sick o' all dese frills" and several others agreed with him. Skagway said he felt "like he wuz in stir" and a big Pole named John, whose shock of hair, red pug nose and unshaven jaw made him resemble a newspaper cartoonist's idea of a Bolshevist, declared that it took too damned long to "grab a feed".

On the fifth day the murmurings grew louder. Two or three of the boys stated within the foreman's hearing that they were going to "pull outta dis Sunday-school joint". Wilson's immediate investigation revealed that practically the entire crew was in rebellion against Mrs. Williams' arrangement.

About four o'clock that afternoon he strode into the kitchen where we were busy preparing supper. He pulled off his hat, shuffled his feet uneasily and then announced in his bluff way: "We'll haffta put these bums back in their place, Ma".

"Why, what do you *mean*, Mr. Wilson?" she asked.

"Well, yuh see", he explained awkwardly, "these people aint use' to no nice, clean place like this. They're nuthin' but a bunch o' damn bums. They don' want no table cloths an' all that sort o' stuff. Why, they're all sore an' talkin 'bout quittin' me!"

Well, the whole upshot of it was that I went to town in Wilson's car and got the material necessary for the change. When the crowd marched in that night at six o'clock, the table was covered with cheap oil cloth, agate dishes and kitchen cutlery had replaced the china and silverware, the bright rag rugs were gone, and Mrs. Williams was conspicuous by her absence during the meal.

And what a meal it was! With deep sighs the men opened their collars, charged the table, snatched dishes right and left, filled their agate plates to capacity, reached five and six feet down the table, splashed coffee and gravy about, complimented the repast with sizzling oaths, and ate prodigiously, wiping their mouths with their sleeves and their hands on their trousers.

"Come on, Dark Spot, let's have more coffee. . . . How 'bout s'more dat meat, Rastus? . . . Hey dah, Libah, gwine gimme some mo' dat bread dah? . . . Shake it up with th' spuds, Big Boy! . . . Hey, ya big bum, pass dat gravy! . . . Jeez! Dis is whut I calls uh real feed!"

For fifteen minutes there was an uproar. It sounded like a pack of wolves fighting over a kill. Gorged at last and the food supply exhausted, they stumbled out of the place while I cleaned up the débris.

Later I went down to the bunk-house to find everybody in fine spirits. Buffalo Benny expressed the feelings of the mob: "Now a guy kin feel at home aroun' dese diggin's".

"Yeah", agreed Oklahoma Joe in a slightly homesick tone, "it kinda remin's yuh uv dat joint on Park row near Chatham square!"

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MUSIC

HORATIO W. PARKER

By Edward Robinson

The conviction forces itself upon one that if music as a creative art has never flourished in America, the musicians themselves are to blame, rather than any fundamental deficiency in the cultural capacities of the American people. Art is a means of group expression, not merely of self-expression. It is an instrument which voices the common aspirations of a whole body of people, not the insignificant desires of a few querulous members; and its successful negotiation occurs only when the artist is able to identify his purely personal wants with the common cultural ideals of the group. The native composers of the United States have never managed to achieve that necessary identification, but on the contrary, have consistently shown an inability to comprehend either the nature of American civilization or the psychological structure of the American mind. In a mistaken anxiety to "preserve" their art from the "onslaughts" of an industrial society, they have isolated their lives from the general experiences of their people.

European music rests on two great social traditions: the religious ideal, which culminated in Palestrina and Bach; and the romantic ideal, which produced the great dynasty from Haydn and Beethoven to Brahms. The first sought expression in the worship of Christ the Saviour, the second in the exaltation of Nature. America has found neither ideal useful to its needs. The religious tradition was emasculated by Puritanism at the start, and early pioneer necessity, augmented later by the advent of the industrial era, invoked not a love, but an immediate and bitter exploitation of Nature.

What the typical American of the last generation understood best, what he lived with and depended upon for his daily existence, was the sweaty gloom of a coal-shaft, the heat of a steel-furnace, the rush of a locomotive, or the spurt of an oil-well. In these wonders he found the thrilling realities of life, realities whose significance seemed in no way related either to the remote and mystical approach of the church, or to romantic Nature-worship. Yet American composers were apparently hopelessly severed from any understanding of this development. The great music of the past had stemmed from the church and from the kindly fields and rivers; *ergo,* they reasoned, the new music must grow from the same ancient and honorable sources.

Their singular folly is exemplified in the career of Horatio W. Parker, one of the first names considered important in the history of American music. Parker was afflicted with the religious rather than with the romantic virus, but this is explicable in the circumstances of his birth, which took place in Auburndale, near Boston, in 1863. He was a typical product of New England. Both of his parents were descendants of English colonists who had emigrated to America early in the Seventeenth Century. His father was an archi-

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tect; his mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and an intelligent and cultured woman, who exerted a powerful influence upon the career of her son. Herself a musician, she not only gave Parker his first lessons in piano and organ—until he undertook advanced study in his sixteenth year with Chadwick and Emery—, but also supplied a great many of the texts for his later cantatas and oratorios, the piety of her verses being equalled only by the dutifulness with which her son set them to music.

In 1881 Parker went to Munich, where he studied for three years at the conservatory, chiefly under Rheinberger, the organist and composer; and where he met and married the daughter of a Munich bank official. He then returned to New York and became a teacher, organist and choral director, holding various posts in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven and other cities. In 1894 he was appointed chief professor of music at Yale, which position he held until his death in 1919. Under his direction orchestral and choral societies were organized among the students and faculty, and Woolsey Hall was built to house the musical activities of the university.

As a composer, Parker certainly did not suffer neglect. He won many prizes, was given an honorary degree by Cambridge, and his oratorio, "Hora Novissima," performed in 1899 at the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester, England, was the first American composition to be so honored. This work, with others, spread his fame over Europe and insured him the honor of a four-column notice in Grove's Dictionary.

Yet the inappropriateness of his music to the time in which he lived is almost beyond belief. The titles of his compositions, indeed, read like the catalogue of a Sixteenth Century monastic in the service of the Italian church. Starting with Opus 1, a male chorus entitled "The Shepherd Boy," he continued with "The Ballad of the Normans," for chorus; "The Holy Child," a Christmas cantata; "The Legend of St. Christopher," an oratorio; "Adstant Angelorum Chori," a motet *a capella;* "King Gorm the Grim," a ballad for chorus; "Morven and the Grail," an oratorio; "The Dream of Mary," a cantata; and many other odes, psalms and sacred songs. Occasional chamber music and orchestral pieces made up the secular portion of his compositions, but they constituted the smallest and least important part of his work.

All of his music is well-written, conventional stuff, showing very fair skill in handling voices. But the rhythmic structure is weak, vague and wandering; the melodies are of amiable banality, even at their best; and the harmonic scheme is childishly obvious, with occasional exceptions when, attempting to be modern, it becomes stupidly confused, strained and illogical. Each of his works is practically the same as every other, in that they manifest an astonishing ability to recall almost every composer, from Palestrina to Brahms, who ever wrote. Thus, the Suite for Trio, Opus 35, offers nothing in any way peculiar to Parker, his age or his people. The prelude is a conventional arpeggio accompaniment to a string theme whose only distinction is its resemblance to the first movement of Schumann's piano concerto; the minuet is a diluted imitation of Haydn; the romance a mixture of the worst in Tchaikovsky and Saint-Saëns; and the finale a botch of obvious *bravura* used by all third-rate composers since the time of Liszt. Here, for example, is the theme of the minuet. It was written, remember, in 1904:

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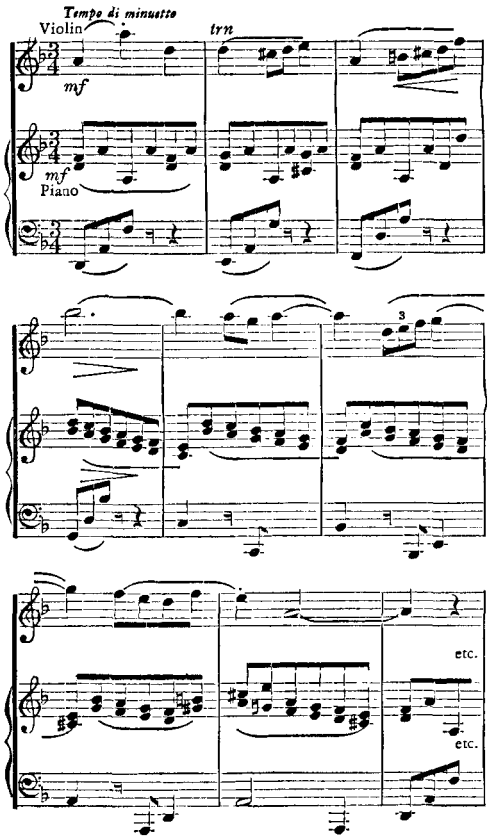
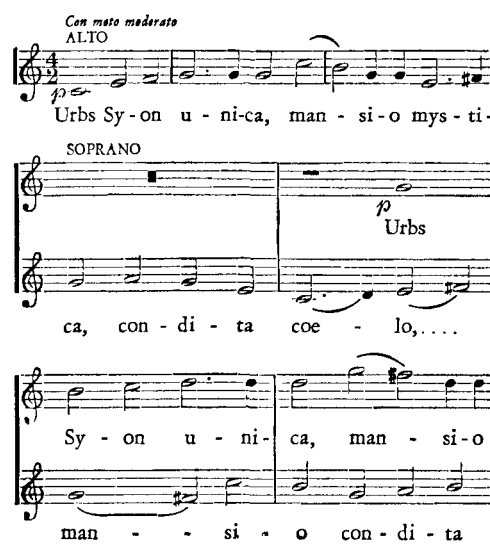


If it may be objected that this is not a representative work, then certainly "Hora Novissima" is, for it established Parker's reputation. But it does little to alter our judgment of his worth. It is the dullest kind of music, following the conventional church style in a way made familiar, and contemptible, by hundreds of unimaginative predecessors.

The text is from "The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix On the Celestial Country," translated by Parker's mother. The voice writing is easy and grateful, and hence the work finds favor with choral societies, but the music is heavy, pious, lugubrious stuff, unbelievably derivative and reminiscent. The opening of the alto solo, "Gens Duce Splendida," for example, contains almost direct quotations from Chopin's polonaise in C minor, from the first movement of Brahms' C minor symphony, and from the *basso ostinato* in the coda to the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—all of this in the space of two short pages!

But even apart from the sin of obvious plagiarism, the work as a whole is mild and characterless, cheerfully content to take its place beside the many respectable models which preceded it. Indeed, what other alternative was open to a composer who in 1892 essayed the expression of a religious spirit which had flourished at its greatest intensity more than two hundred years previously?

How incongruous that, in a period characterized by such things as the Pullman and Homestead strikes, the bellicose adventures of the White Squadron, and the historic march of Coxey's Army, an artist should look for musical inspiration in the words: "City of high renown, Home of the saints alone, Built in the heaven!" Here is the music which accompanies these words; I quote the first three entries from the chorus *a capella*, "Urbs Syon Unica":



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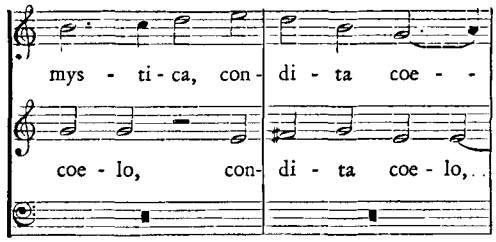
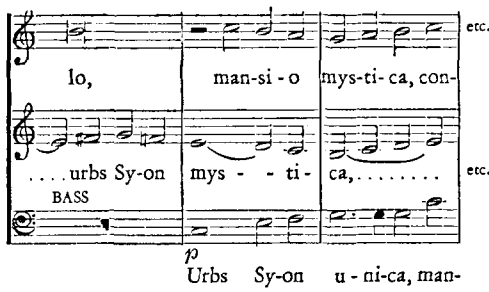
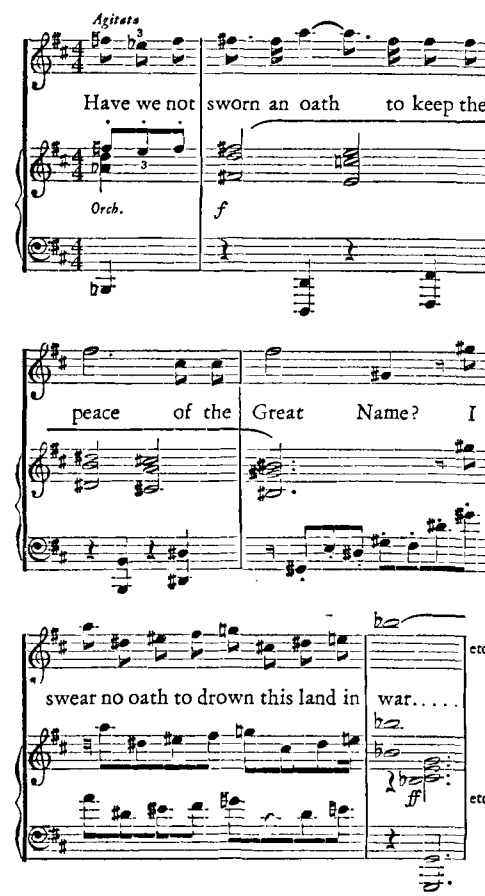




In 1911, the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York offered a prize of $10,000 for the best opera written by an American composer. Parker temporarily doffed his clerical robes, and entered the contest with "Mona," the libretto by Brian Hooker.

It is an amazingly ridiculous piece of work. The story is laid in Britain in A. D. 100. Princess Mona loves Gwynn, son of the Roman Governor; but, alas! their love is doomed to tragedy. She dreams a dream commanding her to lead a revolt against the Romans. Renouncing her love for Gwynn, she leads the hosts forth, and slays her lover. But the uprising fails, and she herself is captured and killed. There is all the usual hocus-pocus of forest glades, mystic swards, Druidic signs, Mona praying in the moonlight, and the rest of the trappings inevitably linked with Ye Anciente (in this case not Merrie) England. There are very noble speeches, such as: "Thou hast failed thy duty! Wilt thou teach me mine?", which receive equally noble answers, like: "Truth, spoken by a traitor, still is true!"

To this puerility Parker wrote page after page of insufferable pseudo-recitative—monotonous, unmelodic music, awkward, pointless and profoundly irritating. There is not a single good tune in the whole opera. The style, as a whole, is a polyglot mixture of everything from Monteverdi to Wagner, fumbling feebly in the artificial silliness of its mock heroics. A Mozartian oboe melody is followed on the same page by a tempestuous Straussian declamation for the double basses, neither of which, in the first place, is suited to the words it describes. Innumerable illustrations might be adduced; I content myself with a passage chosen at random from the first act:



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A New England Puritan self-consciously indulging in a timid flirtation with the sinful theatre! It need hardly be added that "Mona" won the $10,000 prize. Parker never saw fit to mend his ways. Almost the last thing he published was "The Dream of Mary: A Morality for Solo, Chorus, Children's Chorus and Congregation, with Orchestra," which appeared in 1918. There is some advance in ease in the contrapuntal writing and in consistency of mood; but still the shepherds chant:

> And the angel voices sang
> Sweeter than the Psalmist's lay;
> Gloriously their voices rang,
> Glory, God, to Thee to-day.
> Hark! again their voices ring!
> Hark! again I hear them sing!

It does not require much perception to realize that this kind of thing did not serve to advance the cause of American music. Rather, it but emphasized in the minds of the American people their previous conviction that music was an idle and useless form of diversion, wholly unrelated to the profounder aspects of their lives. Parker was all too conclusive a proof of their belief; and if American society is to blame for anything, it must be for the undue generosity with which it tolerated his activities. For already it is obvious that he received far more recognition than his music ever deserved.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SYMPHONY *No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 39.*
Orchestra
By Jan Sibelius. *Columbia*
$7.50 Album of 5 12-in. records *New York*

The recording of Sibelius's symphonies, underwritten by the Finnish government, is but a continuation of national favors; since 1897, when the Finnish Senate granted him a life income, he has enjoyed immunity from the prosaic cares of making a living, and has been able to concentrate his powers upon the production of compositions that have brought honor to his country. In his early works, still recognizably under Russian and Norwegian influence, Sibelius reveals the personality that is to become so puzzlingly distinctive in such extremely introspective documents as, say, his Seventh symphony. In his First, of course, he is not yet the musical hermit, meditating upon half-communicable mysteries. His austerity is revealed by his form rather than, as later, by his material. A certain starkness eschews traditional development of his themes; his rhythms bite in; his melodies flow at last, but only as waters breaking through ice. Above all, his choice of instruments serves as excellent translation of his moods. . . . Kajanus as conductor, and an unspecified orchestra, serve the project well. . . . A lively march from the "Karelia Suite" fills the second face of the final record.

SYMPHONY *No. 4 in E Minor, Op. 98.*
The State Opera Orchestra
By Johannes Brahms. *Brunswick*
$9 Album of 6 12-in. records *New York*

Those who recall Max Fiedler as the smiling, corpulent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra many years ago—and memory tells us that he was frequently as late to the podium as the proverbial German professor to his lectures—will be pleased to discover him making his début, at this late date, before the microphone of the gramophonic electrical recorder. Fiedler, an old hand with Brahms, presides over an eloquent, if at times noisy, reading. The "ballad" symphony makes easy listening, and under this baton blossoms now and then into lushness.

"ROMEO AND JULIET", *Overture.*
The Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam
By P. I. Tschaikowsky. *Columbia*
$4 Two 12-in. records *New York*

Temperamental affinity to the theme, as well as biographical and amorous complications during the composition of this overture, made Tschaikowsky an ideal interpreter for Shakespeare's drama. Nor can all turgidity of the Russian, and his willingness

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to tear a passion to tatters, conceal the value of this score whether as delineation or as absolute music. This is a peculiarity of the man that becomes more triumphant with deeper study of his works; for Tschaikowsky, *pace* the purists, is a spirit of undeniable greatness. The love themes and the striking use of the French horn bear the seal of mastery. . . . Mengelberg, for all his overemphasis, meets his composer more than half way. . . . It would be pleasant to have, as companion piece, Tschaikowsky's all but unknown overture to "The Tempest".

DOUBLE CONCERTO *in A Minor.*
Violin, Violoncello & Orchestra
By Johannes Brahms. *Victor*
$10 Album of 4 12-in. records *Camden*

Place a triple star against this release. Jacques Thibaud and Pablo Casals, masters of the violin and the 'cello respectively, are companioned by Casals' orchestra of Barcelona; for this special treat the band is under the direction of that master pianist, Alfred Cortot. In every aspect, then, a happy occasion. The double concerto was written in 1888 for the great Joachim and the 'cellist Robert Hausmann; its presentation today finds it striding toward its jubilee with unwavering step. . . . Its melodies, developed with the typical symphonic texture of Brahms, are among the composer's most felicitous inspirations, and the blend of the soloists is accomplished against a background that frequently glitters with the verve of bandsmen clearly upon their mettle. There are culminating moments when 'cello and violin achieve so vivid an illusion of actuality that one's palms almost join in applause.

QUINTETTE *in G Minor (K. 516).*
The Lener String Quartette, with
L. d'Oliviera, viola
By W. A. Mozart. *Columbia*
$6 Album of 4 12-in. records *New York*

Here is a rarity among Mozart's compositions that has been made into a rarity of phonographic performances. Messrs. Lener, Smilovits, Roth, Hartman and D'Oliviera seem to have hit, intuitively, upon the very mood and ideal tone of the composer, and to have "felt into" this simple, tender, exquisite music so as to bring out its unpretentious profundity. Perhaps in the very choice of an additional viola, and the consequent coloration of the ensemble, Mozart gave more than a hint as to the unforced sobriety that he would superimpose upon the uninterrupted stream of lyricism. . . . Familiarity with his piano sonatas and with the G Minor symphony will suggest to listeners various parallels of melody and treatment.

REQUIEM MASS.
Soloists, La Scala Orchestra & Chorus
By Giuseppe Verdi. *Victor*
$15 Album of 10 12-in. records *Camden*

This important venture is under the practised direction of Carlo Sabajno, familiar to us as leader of numerous Italian operas. The soloists: Maria Luisa Fanelli, soprano; Irene Minghini-Cattaneo, mezzo-soprano; Franco Lo Giudice, tenor; Ezio Pinza, bass. The Mass consists of a (1) Requiem e Kyrie, (2) Dies Irae, (3) Domine Jesu, (4) Sanctus, (5) Agnus Dei, (6) Lux aeterna and (7) Libera me. . . . Frequently, but for the words, it is not easy to make a valid æsthetic distinction between sacred music and profane; this, in the case of Verdi, becomes strikingly manifest. (Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is another obvious case in point.) The Verdi Mass, considered psychologically, is in reality just another Verdi opera. The Kyrie is a set piece; the Dies Irae is a glorious pageant scene, trumpet flourishes and all, less fraught with terror than veined with the lyricism of the stage. The man who wrote "Aïda" and "Trovatore" wrote the Requiem. He was a natural genius, essentially a simple man, conquering by his sincerity. The "Libera me" is intensely dramatic; the "Lux æterna", as technical recording, is especially successful. All in all, a very pleasant album, with the male voices sounding somewhat more gratefully than the female to the ear.

GRAND FUGUE, *Op. 133.*
The Lener String Quartette
By L. van Beethoven. *Columbia*
$3 Two 12-in. records *New York*

The Grosse Fugue was intended originally as the final movement of the master's

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quartette, op. 130. For this, however, Beethoven wrote a different ending, issuing the fugal finale separately. It is, as are all the string scores of the composer's closing years, a most interesting document, apart from its intrinsic importance as music. The Lener group plays it with a certain unctuousness, in their usual carefully styled manner that seeks for subtleties of dynamics; there are moments, however, when one wishes for a little more abandon and less refinement.

SONATA *in B-flat Minor.* *Piano*
By F. F. Chopin. *Victor*
$6.50 Album of 4 10-in. records *Camden*

This is the sonata of the chromatic scherzo and the too-familiar funeral march. It is not heard as often as it should be in its entirety, and this, with Rachmaninoff at the piano, is as good an opportunity as any to make acquaintance with the whole opus. Rachmaninoff lyricizes all music at will; he can, as multitudes of pleasured hearers will testify, make even Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody sound rhapsodical and new with the newness of imperishable writing. The blurred effect of the finale may be an inescapable fault of technical transcription; everywhere else the Russian composer-pianist is very successful with the poetry, the dignity and the intense emotional undercurrent of the sonata.

FANTASIA *in F Minor, Op. 49.* *Piano*
By F. F. Chopin. *Columbia*
$2 Two 10-in. records *New York*

This is an importation from France, with the gifted Marguerite Long at the instrument. Miss Long may be remembered for her remarkable phonographic performance of Chopin's Concerto No. 2. This time, however, she is somewhat less fortunate, and one strongly suspects not her but the technicians. There is an unpleasant whang to the piano that recalls the earliest efforts of electrical recording. (The same peculiarity, by the way, is noticeable at the talkies, more—and this is rather strange—in the films made by the photo-electric process than in those using the disc method.)

SHEET MUSIC

SELECTIONS FROM "FINE AND DANDY". *Piano*
Lyrics by Paul James; Music by Kay Swift
Harms
75 cents 9 x 12; 11 pp. *New York*

An instrumental arrangement, by Hans Spialek, of such hits as "Fine and Dandy," "Can This Be Love?" "The Jig Hop," and so on. The authors—it is now an open secret that they are Mr. and Mrs. Warburg—have quickly risen to a leading position among those who manufacture our musical comedies; they have wit and breeding. La Swift, indeed, once a pupil of the septuagenarian Martin Loeffler, aspires to the subtleties of chamber music.

FOUR SONGS FROM "ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT." *Voice & Piano*
Words by Reisch & Robinson; Music by Robert Stolz. *Harms*
75 cents 9¼ x 12¼; 16 pp. *New York*

Foreign talkies—musical section—bring with them their own theme songs, just at the time when Follywood has, for the moment, given up "musicals". The American version of the German words, in this instance, has been made by Joe Young. The music is a little different from our own, but hardly superior. As they occur in the German talkies, the songs serve as pleasant diversion; in themselves they are innocuous, for all their gabble about dear old Vienna.

FOUR & TWENTY FOLK TUNES.
For Young Bands
Arranged by Irving Cheyette. *Carl Fischer*
$1.50 9¼ x 12½; 83 pp. *New York*

Part I of this excellent manual is a virtual treatise on the modern orchestra, beautifully illustrated and graded to the emerging intelligence of youth. The illustrations of the various instruments are considerably better than those found in the general run of books on orchestration. The instructions to the teacher are full and based upon intensive experience. All in all, a most valuable manual for school or home.

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BOOKS

A GATEWAY TO MUSIC.
By Wilton W. Blanké & Jay Speck.
D. C. Heath & Company
$1.48 6¼ x 9⅜; 178 pp. *Boston*

A well-printed elementary guide in three parts, devoted respectively to notation and scales, to the instruments of the symphony orchestra and band, and to music terminology. There are numerous musical illustrations, photographs of the various instruments and, beside a dictionary of terms, a good index. The section on instruments is exceptionally detailed and adds much to the value of the volume.

THE AMERICAN SONGBAG.
Edited by Carl Sandburg
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$3.50 10⅜ x 7½; 495 pp. *New York*

This reprint is identical with the original edition, published at $7.50. The defects of the collection are obvious: there are serious gaps in it, and some of the songs, especially the soldier songs, are cruelly Bowdlerized. Nevertheless, it remains the best thing of its sort ever published in America. It covers a wide range, nearly all the songs presented are intrinsically interesting, and Mr. Sandburg's notes are informative and amusing. He has been collecting American folk-songs for many years. It is to be hoped that he keeps on unflaggingly, and that later on he publishes a new and extended edition of the present volume.

NEW HARMONIC DEVICES.
By Horace Alden Miller. *Oliver Ditson*
$2 5½ x 8; 206 pp. *Boston*

This is a "treatise on modern harmonic problems" and it emphasizes the important fact that the new music is hardly to be understood on the simple foundations of the orthodox harmony. Mr. Miller's treatise fairly bristles with modernist terms, and he has much to say of vital interest concerning dominant elevenths and thirteenths; synthetic harmony; chord-building by fourths, and other musical esoterica. He has many musical illustrations to make his doctrine clear and, to a concluding chapter on atonality, adds a glossary of modern terminology; in this list are to be encountered such teasing phrases as dissonant counterpoint, linear counterpoint ("melodic lines combined in unorthodox counterpoint with atonal relations"), and superdominant. Together with the other new theorists, Mr. Miller bases his studies upon an enlarged view of the harmonic series. . . . His work is not for beginners, but those with a fair knowledge of conventional harmony will learn a great deal from his pages, and will be convinced, first of all, that the new theories are strictly scientific, with a firm basis in physics.

PAMPHLETS

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE WORLD'S BEST RECORDED MUSIC.
Compiled by Richard Gilbert.
The Gramophone Shop
25 cents 5½ x 7½; 371 pp. *New York*

This, the second annual issue of the encyclopedia, is in every way superior to its predecessor and forms the most complete catalogue, in any language, of current phonograph records. In addition, the claim of the publishers that it is more than a catalogue finds full justification in the well-printed pages. The composers, listed alphabetically, are also indexed. The contents include also special references to artists, church music, a special blue-page section listing imported records of popular, educational and historic interest (this section has a special contents page), instruments and accessories and the records of the International Educational Society. Every gramophile should own the Encyclopedia.

THE FUTURE OF TONALITY.
By Joseph Yasser. *The League of Composers*
75 cents 7 x 10; 24 pp. *New York*

This is a special supplement to the November-December, 1930, issue of the *League of Composers Quarterly*, but its importance is such as to merit special consideration. Mr. Yasser, who has, for the past nine years, made a special study of tonality, submits a report that has much to commend it for cogency and for its strictly scientific spirit. It is not for the

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general reader, but rather for the student of music, who should not allow himself to be scared away by the Hegelian beginning. The theorist traces the evolution of the twelve-note scale from the five-note (pentatonic), and, applying the same principles, predicts the evolution of a nineteen-note scale. And, just as, in the twelve-note scale, the pentatonic scheme remained as a chromatic series, so in the new scale will the present diatonic octave remain as the new chromatic series. It is difficult, without diagrams, and in the small space of a notice, to make this as clear and persuasive as Mr. Yasser has done. His monograph should be studied by all who make any pretence to acquaintance with contemporary experimentation in the enlargement of musical resources.

JUVENILIA

SIX CHARACTERISTIC SOLOS *Op. 25.* *For Piano*
By Cedric Lamont. *Carl Fischer*
30 cents each 9 x 12; 3 pp. each *New York*

Pleasant and easy material for young fingers, weaving their way through "A Little Hornpipe," a "Dutch Dance," "The Funnies," a "Rondino," a "Mill Wheel Intermezzo" and a "Little Burlesque." There is nothing in the rhythms, melodies or harmonies to excite the child beyond the generally salutary feeling of digital triumph; the purpose is well served.

"THE HAUNTING HORN." *Piano*
By Nicolas Slonimsky. *Oliver Ditson*
30 cents 9¼ x 12¼; 3 pp. *Boston*

FOUR PICTURESQUE PIECES FOR AMBITIOUS YOUNG PIANISTS.
Ibid. *Riker, Brown & Wellington*
50 cents each 9¼ x 12¼; 3 pp. each *Boston*

The word "ambitious" is used in the general title advisedly, for the youngster who tackles these pieces (and we may include the well-known automobile horn that has been blown into a quasi-Viennese waltz) should have an appetite for melodic spice and harmonic red meat. The suite of four picturesque pieces includes "The Opening of the Piano," "Dreams and Drums," "Kiddies on the Keys" and "Country Dance." Mr. Slonimsky's rhythms, especially in the middle section of "Country Dance," are original, though not uninfluenced by the finer sort of jazz. His humor is not confined—as one always fears it will be in similar cases—to his titles. "The Opening of the Piano" is a grateful whiff of well-tempered Bach. Here is the very thing for modernists in the tiny bud—easily one of the outstanding examples of musical juvenilia in recent years.

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THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Life in the Marxian Utopia

THESE RUSSIANS, by William C. White. $3. 8 x 5½; 376 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

TWICE BORN IN RUSSIA, by Natalia Petrova. $2. 7½ x 5; 194 pp. New York: *William Morrow & Company.*

THE ECONOMIC LIFE OF SOVIET RUSSIA, by Calvin B. Hoover. $3. 8½ x 5⅝; 361 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

THE RUSSIAN EXPERIMENT, by Arthur Feiler. $2. 7⅜ x 5; 272 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

Dr. Hoover, who is professor of economics at Duke University, went to Russia in 1929 as a fellow of the Social Science Research Council, and spent the better part of a year there investigating the economic situation. Herr Feiler is a German, and has been in and out of the country frequently. Mr. White is a Princeton graduate who studied Russian, went to Russia in 1926 to stay four months, and then returned in 1927 to stay two-and-a-half years. Mme. Petrova, a Russian by birth, passed through the war and the revolution in Petrograd, Moscow and the Crimea, and is now living in Moscow. Thus there is plenty of first-hand information in these four books, and in two of them, those of Mr. White and Mme. Petrova, there is information not easily obtainable elsewhere.

What is its burden? In brief, that the Bolshevik experiment is going badly. Dr. Hoover, perhaps, is the most optimistic of the four reporters. He believes that, by discreetly modifying the celebrated Five-Year Plan, Stalin and company may avert a crash, and that if they do so "the Soviet Union, within a decade, will be in a position to offer a standard of living which will compare favorably with that of the more poorly paid manual workers in capitalistic countries". But meanwhile, Russia continues in agony, and "life is so bitter and so oppressive that one feels as though passing from darkness to light when one crosses the Soviet frontier." Herr Feiler is a shade less hopeful. "The tension," he says, "has increased. Carrying the maximum load, the machine is running with strange noises which betoken danger. It is creaking and cracking as it revolves." Mr. White and Mme. Petrova go still further. Passing over statistics (always unreliable, but especially so in Russia) and the fine plans of dreamers and doctrinaires, they present mordant and appalling pictures of a great nation in collapse and despair.

Mr. White's volume, in many ways, is the most interesting that has yet come out of Russia. The author, as I have said, studied Russian before he made his first visit, and was thus able to undertake first-hand observations. On his second and much longer trip he settled down in the country, entered himself as a student of law at the University of Moscow, spent his holidays travelling in the interior, and lived precisely like the Russians. His book is made up of a series of chapters showing how definite individuals among them, each typical of a large class, get on from day to day. First there is the story of Marfousha the housewife, come in from the country to be in the whirl of things, and reduced to a miserable life in one

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room in Moscow. Next there is the story of Vladimir Alexeitch, a professor of physics at the university, struggling to hold his place against Red aspirants rising from below, and beaten in the end by poverty and persecution. And then there are the stories of Adamova the wild-eyed Red student, of Abram Mosevitch the Jewish merchant, of Georgievitch the engineer, of Father Pavel Nestorovitch the village priest, of Sonya Petrovna the village doctor, of Gavril Borisovitch the village judge, and so on. These sketches all have a great vividness. One gets the feeling that Mr. White actually knew the people he describes. Now and then, as in the portrait of Dmitri Petrovitch, late commander of the Horse Guards of Poltava, there is a certain amount of apparent pointing up, but that is not often. In the main, the portraits have the air of simple transcripts from life.

They show, like Mme. Petrova's account of her adventures, a truly staggering amount of misery. What could be more poignant, for example, than the tragedy of the elderly professor, deprived of all contacts outside Russia, harassed by ignoramuses incapable of understanding his work, jailed on vague and preposterous charges, and finally turned out of his laboratory to make room for a quack? To be sure, he eats, and he has a couple of rooms to live in, but everything else that makes life bearable to such a man is gone. No one is interested in the things that engross him. In the shell of his old university, now swarming with uneducable peasants and cocksure proletarians, he leads the same dismal life that an American colleague might lead among Mississippi Baptists. It is, in fact, far worse, for he cannot escape. It is even dangerous for him to be caught talking to a foreign visitor. His work is ruined, his laboratory is a wreck, and there is no hope. In the end he disappears, no one knows whence or why. "The loss of his laboratory made him bitter. He may have said something, or have seen someone. . . . If he doesn't walk home one day, then sometime his wife will get a postcard from him saying 'Here I am—in Narim or Beryeozev—please send me some warm clothes.' "

One searches the chronicle for a happy man or woman, and in vain. In the professed Bolsheviks—for example, La Adamova, the fanatical student—there is a certain fiery exaltation, but it is always corrupted by implacable hatreds. Everyone is furious about something. Life is one long pursuit of enemies, hobgoblins, witches. We know in the United States how unpleasant that sort of thing can be, what with the Anti-Saloon League, the American Legion, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, the D. A. R., the Ku Klux Klan, and all the other ghastly bands of imbeciles bent on harrying their betters. But in Russia this harrying is the main business of the state, and so there is no escaping it. It is as if the late A. Mitchell Palmer were recalled from his obscurity and made absolute dictator of the country, with power to frame laws extempore, and to execute them with rope and faggot. Every Russian—even every Bolshevik, as the case of Trotsky shows—is in constant peril of denunciation and persecution. Day in and day out, he is in the position of a communist in California, a Negro in rural Mississippi, a Darwinian in Holy Tennessee. No wonder Herr Feiler hears "strange noises which betoken danger"! Only a half-Asiatic people, made docile by centuries of slavery, could have borne it so long.

The end is not clear. The Bolsheviki themselves seem to believe that the Western Powers will fall upon them anon, and

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that there will be another World War, with Bolshevism triumphant everywhere. It seems to me that neither the assumption here nor the conclusion is probable. It is much more likely that the Western Powers, soon or late, will have to pass the hat again, and so save Russia from its own crazy incompetence. The process is not unfamiliar in this world, nor, indeed, in this country. We are now contributing millions to feed hordes of peasants who prepared us for that charity by assaulting us with Prohibition. In the long run inferior peoples always come crying to their superiors. I see no reason to believe that Russia will ever be dangerous. The alarms of the Fish Committee are simply the tremors of professional politicians, eager to make the first pages. But for a long time to come the agonies of 150,000,000 Russians will constitute a first-rate international nuisance.

Sidelights on an Heroic Epoch

BREAKING THE SILENCE, by T. St. John Gaffney. $3.50. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 358 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

FROM STEERAGE TO CONGRESS, by Richard Bartholdt. $4. 8⅜ x 5⅜; 447 pp. Philadelphia: *Dorrance & Company.*

Mr. Bartholdt, a German by birth, was a member of Congress from Missouri in 1914, and had long been active in the International Peace movement. Mr. Gaffney, an Irishman, was consul-general of the United States at Munich. Both, when the World War began, were dubious about the Allied pretensions to virtue, and both, in consequence, were retired to private life. Their memoirs are valuable contributions to the history of the Wilson "neutrality." They show that it was bogus from the start. Dr. Wilson, in truth, was an Anglomaniac of the most earnest and even passionate kind, and his State Department, once he had got rid of the moony Bryan, functioned magnificently as an outhouse to the British Foreign Office. It is a shameful story, and it deserves, some day, to be told at length. Meanwhile, such contributions to it as the present ones provide excellent fodder for the future historian, whoever he may turn out to be, and it is to be hoped that more like them will come from other men.

That they will ever dissuade the great masses of Americans from the nonsense disseminated by the Creel Press Bureau is too much, of course, to expect. The official view of the part that the United States played in the war is now taught in all the public schools, and by at least nine-tenths of the so-called historians who practice in the colleges. It depicts Uncle Sam as an idealist pure and undefiled. For more than two years, it appears, he held aloof from the combat, seeking to do exact justice between the belligerents. Then, forced into it by the unprovoked and barbarous assault of one of them, he entered reluctantly and unselfishly, with no thought save for righteousness. This is what will be believed, I suppose, for a century to come, and perhaps forever, at all events by the common run of Americans. They seem doomed to reel from lie to lie, world without end. But there is still room for the truth on the higher levels, and perhaps it will be cultivated and cherished there soon or late. Certainly the highly dubious rôle of the United States deserves to be investigated as realistically as the question of the original war guilt.

Mr. Bartholdt, though the war must have been a shocking calamity to him, shows no bitterness about it. He describes his adventures in politics calmly, and even with a touch of humor. He has pleasant things to say about various American statesmen, including Dr. Coolidge. He dis-

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cusses the oblique manœuvres of Dr. Wilson without heat. Mr. Gaffney, Gael-like, is more indignant, and perhaps with good cause, for the Wilson janissaries pursued him ferociously, and at one time the Alien Property Custodian actually seized his property, though he was unquestionably an American citizen, and had served the United States for ten years. He has much to say that is unfamiliar—about the doings of American diplomatic and consular officers during the period of "neutrality," about the inner operations of the English propaganda bureau, and above all, about the highly partisan attitude of the American Red Cross. It is, as I have said, a shameful story, and it would be hard to imagine any self-respecting American reading it without blushes. Both books are illustrated, and Mr. Bartholdt's has a good index. Mr. Gaffney's is badly damaged by the lack of one.

The Foliage of Man

CONCERNING BEARDS, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $1.50. 7½ x 5; 84 pp. New York: *Dodd, Mead & Company.*

In 1916, when Mr. Justice Hughes leaping down from the woolsack to contest the Presidency with the Archangel Woodrow, the late Colonel Roosevelt remarked sneeringly that the only genuine difference between them might be removed by a barber in five minutes. It was a good *mot,* and perhaps it persuaded Dr. Hughes to that stealthy abatement of his whiskers which presently followed, but I am glad, for one, that it did not induce him to chop them off altogether, for it seems to me that they become him mightily, and that they add a good deal to the dignity of the Supreme Court. There is, in these standardized and timorous days, far too little foliage on our great men. Shaved and polished, they all look substantially alike—and unanimously bare and hollow. I point, for example, to Dr. Hoover. There is little more in his face, as he stands, than you will find on a boxing glove or a billiard ball. He surely doesn't look wicked, but neither does he look brave or wise. He might be anything—a used-car dealer, the sales manager of an aluminum coffee-pot factory, a Congressman, a bookkeeper in a lumber-yard, the president of a building and loan association, a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post.* The complete blankness of his countenance is unrelieved, even, by anything so modest as Dr. Coolidge's poniard of a beak or Dr. Harding's shaggy eyebrows. His eyes, his forehead, his nose, his mouth and his jaw are all respectable, but quite undistinguished. Now imagine him with the fierce walrus moustachios of a Hindenburg or the sinister torpedo beard of a Jo Davidson. At once he would be a man among men—alive, different, and arresting. People would notice him, speculate about him, fear him, respect him, remember him. And as he thus took on character and color the high office that he adorns would take on honor and glory. The President would cease to be Any American, and become Somebody.

Mr. Mitchell, in his instructive volume, describes the important rôle that the beard has played in human history, sacred and profane, and shows how often and for what long periods it has been the accepted symbol of male puissance and dignity. He does not plead directly for its revival, but there can be no doubt that he longs to see it come back. I believe that if the insurance actuaries do not deceive him he will live long enough to do so. Throughout the Western world, in fact, there is a quiet movement in favor of whiskers, and they may burst into flower at any moment. Let a second judge with a

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set as sightly as Dr. Hughes's mount the Supreme Bench, and at once there will be a lush sprouting of beards among young assistant district attorneys and law clerks. Let Dr. Irving Babbitt and Dr. Paul Elmer More go the whole hog for Plato and throw away their razors, and half the young *Privat Dozenten* in the land will follow suit. Let Colonel Lindbergh cultivate a Van Dyke, and millions more will be under way within a month.

I believe that this change would be a great improvement, and I believe that it is coming. For the safety-razor is the enemy of every man who patronizes it, and every reflective man must be well aware of the fact. He knows that shaving is not only a daily torture to his face, but also an *attentat* against his masculine grandeur and integrity. It takes away the one device left to him to give public notice that he is not as women are, and need not fear their competition. More, it robs him of his chief means of differentiation from the great masses of obscure and undistinguished nonentities of his own sex, and so reduces him to their level. If he let his beard grow he would become, at one stroke, indubitably a man, and what is better, a man of a certain definite attitude and character. It would enable him to display his taste, his ingenuity, his private view of himself, his bearing and policy toward the world. He could, at his will, be meek or truculent, philistine or æsthetic, conventional or bizarre. But with his face scraped and polished he can attain to little more individuality than a pea in a pod. All Americans, shaved, look substantially alike. Everywhere in Europe they are spotted, and everywhere, for reasons that lie deep in human psychology, they are disdained. It costs a smooth-shaven American at least five times as much to induce amiability in a Frenchwoman as it costs a moustachioed Frenchman to induce amiability in an Américaine.

In this great Republic nothing can be done without a national organization and a staff of high-pressure executive secretaries. I propose that an American Beard Association be formed forthwith, with Dr. Hughes, Dr. Henry van Dyke or Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson as its president, and Ernest Boyd and Mr. Mitchell as its staff literati. Boyd has one of the noblest beards ever seen on a critic, and it has been of immense value to him, both personally and professionally. In the horrible years from 1916 to 1921, when most other literate Irishmen were either hanged or cast into dungeons, he went in and out of Ireland unscathed, and in fact put in part of his time posing as the Redeemer for a Dublin altar-piece. No other literary jurisconsult in practice among us is better esteemed today: his bitter Gaelic prejudices, which are lamentable and in part almost seditious, are forgotten in contemplation of his whiskers. Let anyone who wants to know what a beard may do for a man write to him politely, and a polite answer will be forthcoming. Like most other bosky men, he is a philanthropist, and takes pleasure in sharing his happiness with others. Also, he has much that is useful to say about getting the thing started, and training it decently once it begins to proliferate. I nominate him as the Ivy Lee of the Beard Association, and promise to give him a good start by getting him investigated by a committee of Senators from the cow States.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ERNEST BOOTH *is serving a life sentence in Folsom Prison, Calif. His "We Rob A Bank" in* THE AMERICAN MERCURY *for September, 1927, will be remembered. He later incorporated it in his book, "Stealing Through Life."*

H. CARTER DAVIDSON *was born in Louisville, Ky., and received his early formal education in its public schools. He later studied at Harvard and at the University of Chicago. He won his Ph.D. at the latter, and is now teaching English there.*

H. L. DAVIS *is living temporarily in Arizona, where he is collecting material for a book on American folk-lore.*

MARTHA DREIBLATT *was born in Brooklyn and took her B.A. at the University of Wisconsin. Since her graduation she has been engaged in newspaper work in Philadelphia and New York.*

HOFFMAN NICKERSON'S *latest book is "The American Rich." He is also the author of "The Inquisition: A Political and Military Study of its Establishment" and "The Turning Point of the Revolution."*

THE REV. HERBERT PARRISH, D.D., *is a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He lectures on philosophy and religion at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. His latest book is "A New God for America."*

ALBERT PARRY *was born in Russia, and has served in both the White and Red Armies. He came to the United States in 1921. He contributes frequently to the* New Freeman, American Speech, Asia, *and* Variety. *He is now at work on a history of early American Bohemianism.*

RICHARD R. PEABODY *is a Bostonian, and a graduate of Harvard. Between 1915 and 1925 he was in business in New York and Boston. Since the latter year he has been devoting himself to the rehabilitation of chronic alcoholics. He is the author of a number of papers on inebriety, and of a book just issued, "The Common Sense of Drinking."*

EDWARD ROBINSON *was born in New York City and educated at Columbia, where he obtained an A.M. in music. He teaches piano and composes.*

WINIFRED SANFORD *lives in Wichita Falls, Texas. She is a frequent contributor of fiction to the reviews.*

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER *has been a porter in a drug-store, a machine-tender in a brass foundry, a sweeper in a piano factory, a dishwasher, a hodcarrier, a stevedore, and a track walker. He is now a columnist for the Pittsburgh* Courier, *and recently published a novel, "Black No More."*

BROOKS SHEPARD *was born in Cleveland, and educated at Yale. Since his graduation, he has been engaged in manufacturing. He is a member of the board of managers of the Brush Foundation.*

SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR., *was educated at Washington University, and was formerly on the staff of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

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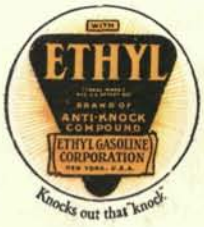

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